THE JĀTAKA

OR

STORIES OF THE BUDDHA'S FORMER BIRTHS

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TRANSLATED FROM THE PĀLI BY VARIOUS HANDS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF

PROFESSOR E. B. COWELL.

VOL. III.

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TO

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THE EDITIO PRINCEPS OF THE PĀLI JĀTAKA

THIS THIRD VOLUME IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE TRANSLATORS.

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2,500th Anniversary of the Buddha-sāsana

PREFACE.

This volume of translation corresponds to the third volume of the text, and the translators, Mr H. T. Francis, and Mr R. A. Neil, have endeavoured to keep up an uniformity with the plan adopted in the two former volumes. Mr Francis is responsible for pp. 1—150 and p. 287 to the end, Mr Neil for pp. 151—286. The Secretary of State for India has kindly given permission to illustrate one of the stories in this volume also from the Bhārhut Stūpa.

The two translators of this volume cannot allow the book to appear without expressing their gratitude to Professor Cowell for his constant help and supervision and for his kindness in compiling the index.

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BOOK IV. CATUKKANIPĀTA.

No. 301

CULLAKĀLIṄGA-JĀTAKA[1].

[1] "*Open the gate,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while living at Jetavana, about the admission of four female ascetics to the religious life.

Tradition says that Licchavis of the ruling family to the number of seven thousand seven hundred and seven had their abode at Vesālī. And all of them were given to argument and disputation.

Now a certain Jain, skilled in maintaining five hundred different theses, arrived at Vesālī and met with a kind reception there. A female Jain too of a similar character also came to Vesālī. And the Licchavi chiefs got up a disputation between them. And when they proved well matched as disputants, the Licchavis were struck with the notion that such a pair would be sure to have clever children. So they arranged a marriage between them, and as the issue of this union in due course four daughters and a son were born. The daughters were named Saccā, Lolā, Avavādakā, and Paṭācārā, and the boy was called Saccaka. These five children when they reached years of discretion learned a thousand different theses, five hundred from the mother and five hundred from the father. And the parents schooled their daughters after this manner: "If any layman refutes your thesis, you are to become his wives, but if a priest refutes you, you must take orders at his hands."

After a time their parents died. And when they were dead, the Jain Saccaka lived on in the same place at Vesālī, studying the lore of the Licchavis. [2] But his sisters took in their hands a branch of the rose-apple tree, and in the course of their wanderings from city to city for purposes of disputation, at last reached Sāvatthi. There they planted the rose-apple branch at the city gate and said to some boys who were there, "If any man, be he layman or priest, is equal to maintaining a thesis against us, let him scatter with his foot this heap of dust and trample under foot this branch." And with these words they went into the city to collect alms.

Now the venerable Sāriputta, after sweeping up wherever it was necessary, and putting water into the empty pots and tending the sick, later on in the day went into Sāvatthi for alms. And when he had seen and heard about the bough, he ordered the boys to throw it down and trample upon it. "Let those," said he, "by whom this bough has been planted, as soon as they have finished their meal, come and see me in the gable-chamber over the gate of Jetavana."

[1] See R. Morris, *Folklore Journal*, iii. 61.

So he went into the city, and when he had ended his meal, he took his stand in the chamber over the monastery gate. The female ascetics too, after going their rounds for alms, returned and found the branch had been trampled on. And when they asked who had done this, the boys told them it was Sāriputta, and if they were anxious for a disputation, they were to go to the chamber over the gate of the monastery.

So they returned to the city, and followed by a great crowd went to the gate-tower of the monastery, and propounded to the priest a thousand different theses. The priest solved all their difficulties and then asked them if they knew any more.

They replied, "No, my Lord."

"Then I," said he, "will ask you something."

"Ask on, my Lord," they said, "and if we know it, we will answer you."

So the priest propounded just one question to them, and when they had to give it up, the priest told them the answer.

Then said they, "We are beaten, the victory rests with you."

"What will you do now?" he asked.

"Our parents," they replied, "admonished us thus: 'if you are refuted in disputation by a layman, you are to become his wives, but if by a priest, you are to receive orders at his hands'.—Therefore," said they, "admit us to the religious life."

The priest readily assented and ordained them in the house of the Nun called Uppalavaṇṇā. And all of them shortly attained to Sainthood.

Then one day they started this topic in the Hall of Truth, how that Sāriputta proved a refuge to the four female ascetics, and that through him they all attained to Sainthood. When the Master came and heard the nature of their discourse, he said, "Not now only, but in former times too, Sāriputta proved a refuge to these women. [3] On this occasion he dedicated them to the religious life, but formerly he raised them to the dignity of queen consort." Then he told them an old-world story.

Once upon a time when Kāliṅga was reigning in the city of Dantapura in the Kāliṅga[1] kingdom, Assaka was king of Potali in the Assaka country. Now Kāliṅga had a fine army and was himself as strong as an elephant, but could find no one to fight with him. So being eager for a fray he said to his ministers: "I am longing to fight but can find no one to war with me."

His ministers said, "Sire, there is one way open to you. You have four daughters of surpassing beauty. Bid them adorn themselves with jewels, and then seated in a covered carriage let them be driven to every village, town and royal city with an armed escort. And if any king shall be desirous of taking them into his harem, we will get up a fight with him."

The king followed their advice. But the kings of the various countries, wherever they came, were afraid to let them enter their cities, but sent them presents and assigned them quarters outside the city walls. Thus they passed through the length and breadth of India till they reached Potali in the Assaka country. But Assaka too closed his gates against

[1] On the Coromandel coast.

them and merely sent them a present. Now this king had a wise and able minister named Nandisena, who was fertile in expedients. He thought to himself: "These princesses, men say, have traversed the length of India without finding any to fight for their possession. If this is the case, India is but an empty name. I myself will do battle with Kāliṅga."

Then he went and bade the guards open the city gate to them, and spake the first stanza:

> Open the gate to these maidens: thro' Nandisena's might,
> King Aruna's[1] sage lion, our city is guarded aright.

[4] With these words he threw open the gate, and brought the maidens into the presence of king Assaka, and said to him, "Fear not. If there is to be a fight, I will see to it. Make these fair princesses your chief queens." Then he installed them as queens by sprinkling them with holy water, and dismissed their attendants, bidding them go and tell Kāliṅga that his daughters had been raised to the dignity of queen-consorts. So they went and told him, and Kāliṅga said, "I presume he does not know how powerful I am," and at once set out with a great army. Nandisena heard of his approach and sent a message to this effect; "Let Kāliṅga abide within his own marches, and not encroach upon ours, and the battle shall be fought on the frontiers of the two countries." On receiving this message, Kāliṅga halted within the limits of his own territory and Assaka also kept to his.

At this time the Bodhisatta was following the ascetic life and was living in a hermitage on a spot lying between the two kingdoms. Said Kāliṅga, "These monks are knowing fellows. Who can tell which of us will gain the victory, and which will be defeated? I will ask this ascetic." So he came to the Bodhisatta disguised, and sitting respectfully on one side, after the usual kindly greetings he said, "Your Reverence, Kāliṅga and Assaka have their forces drawn up each within his own territory, eager for a fight. Which of them will be victorious, and which will be defeated?"

"Your Excellency," he replied, "the one will conquer, the other will be beaten. I can tell you no more. But Sakka, the King of Heaven, is coming here. I will ask him and let you know, if you come back again to-morrow."

[5] So when Sakka came to pay his respects to the Bodhisatta, he put this question to him, and Sakka replied, "Reverend Sir, Kāliṅga will conquer, Assaka will be defeated, and such and such omens will be seen beforehand." Next day Kāliṅga came and repeated his question, and the Bodhisatta gave Sakka's answer. And Kāliṅga, without inquiring what

[1] The scholiast says Aruna was the real name of the Assaka king.

the omens would be, thought to himself: "They tell me I shall conquer," and went away quite satisfied. This report spread abroad. And when Assaka heard it, he summoned Nandisena and said, "Kāliṅga, they say, will be victorious and we shall be defeated. What is to be done?"

"Sire," he replied, "who knows this? Do not trouble yourself as to who shall gain the victory and who shall suffer defeat."

With these words he comforted the king. Then he went and saluted the Bodhisatta, and sitting respectfully on one side he asked, "Who, Reverend Sir, will conquer, and who will be defeated?"

"Kāliṅga," he replied, "will win the day and Assaka will be beaten."

"And what, Reverend Sir," he asked, "will be the omen for the one that conquers, and what for the one that is defeated?"

"Your Excellency," he answered, "the tutelary deity of the conqueror will be a spotless white bull, and that of the other king a perfectly black bull, and the tutelary gods of the two kings will themselves fight and be severally victorious or defeated."

On hearing this Nandisena rose up and went and took the king's allies—they were about one thousand in number and all of them great warriors—and led them up a mountain close at hand and asked them saying, "Would you sacrifice your lives for our king?"

"Yes, Sir, we would," they answered.

"Then throw yourselves from this precipice," he said.

They essayed to do so, when he stopped them, saying, "No more of this. Show yourselves staunch friends of our king and make a gallant fight for him."

They all vowed to do so. And when the battle was now imminent, Kāliṅga came to the conclusion in his own mind that he would be victorious, and his army too thought "The victory will be ours." [6] And so they put on their armour, and forming themselves into separate detachments, they advanced just as they thought proper, and when the moment came for making a great effort, they failed to do so.

But both the kings, mounted on horseback, drew nigh to one another with the intention of fighting. And their two tutelary gods moved before them, that of Kāliṅga in the shape of a white bull, and that of the other king as a black bull. And as these drew nigh to one another, they too made every demonstration of fighting. But these two bulls were visible to the two kings only, and to no one else. And Nandisena asked Assaka, saying, "Your Highness, are the tutelary gods visible to you?"

"Yes," he answered, "they are."

"In what guise?" he asked.

"The guardian god of Kāliṅga appears in the shape of a white bull, while ours is in the form of a black bull and looks distressed."

"Fear not Sire, we shall conquer and Kāliṅga will be defeated. Only

dismount from your well-trained Sindh horse, and grasping this spear, with your left hand give him a blow on the flank, and then with this body of a thousand men advance quickly and with a stroke of your weapon fell to the ground this god of Kāliṅga, while we with a thousand spears will smite him and so shall Kāliṅga's tutelary deity perish, and then shall Kāliṅga be defeated and we shall be victorious."

"Good," said the king, and at a given signal from Nandisena he smote with his spear and his courtiers too smote with their thousand spears, and the tutelary god of Kāliṅga died then and there.

Meanwhile Kāliṅga was defeated and fled. And at the sight all those thousand councillors raised a loud cry, saying, "Kāliṅga is fled." Then Kāliṅga with the fear of death upon him, as he fled, reproached that ascetic and uttered the second stanza:

"Kāliṅgas bold shall victory claim,
Defeat crowns Assakas with shame."
[7] Thus did your reverence prophesy,
And honest folk should never lie.

Thus did Kāliṅga, as he fled, revile that ascetic. And in his flight to his own city he durst not so much as once look back. And a few days afterwards Sakka came to visit the hermit. And the hermit conversing with him uttered the third stanza:

The gods from lying words are free,
Truth should their chiefest treasure be.
In this, great Sakka, thou didst lie;
Tell me, I pray, the reason why.

On hearing this, Sakka spoke the fourth stanza:

Hast thou, O brahmin, ne'er been told
Gods envy not the hero bold?
The fixed resolve that may not yield,
Intrepid prowess in the field,
High courage and adventurous might
For Assaka have won the fight.

[8] And on the flight of Kāliṅga, king Assaka returned with his spoils to his own city. And Nandisena sent a message to Kāliṅga, that he was to forward a portion for the dowry of these four royal maidens. "Otherwise," he added, "I shall know how to deal with him." And Kāliṅga, on hearing this message, was so alarmed that he sent a fitting portion for them. And from that day forward the two kings lived amicably together.

His discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"In those days these young female ascetics were the daughters of king Kāliṅga, Sāriputta was Nandisena and I myself was the hermit."

No. 302.

MAHĀASSĀROHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Thy gifts bestowed,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about the Elder Ānanda. The circumstances that suggested the story have been already given. "In former days too," the Master said, "wise men acted on the principle that one good turn deserves another." And hereupon he told them a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time the Bodhisatta was king of Benares, and exercising his rule with justice and equity he gave alms and kept the moral law.

And being minded to quell some disturbance on his frontier he set out with a large force, but being defeated he mounted his horse and fled till he reached a certain border village. Now there dwelt here thirty loyal subjects and they were gathered together very early, in the middle of the village, to transact the business of the place. And at this moment the king mounted on his mail-clad horse and splendidly equipped [9] rode into the place by the village gate. The people were terrified and saying, "What can this be?" fled every man to his own home. But there was one man who without going to his own house, came to welcome the king. And telling the stranger that the king, he heard, had come to the frontier, he inquired who he was and whether he was a royalist or a rebel. "I am for the king, Sir," he said. "Then come with me," he answered, and led the king to his home and made him sit down on his own seat. Then the man said to his wife, "My dear, bathe our friend's feet;" and when she had so done, he offered him the best food he could, and had a bed made ready for him, bidding him rest awhile. So the king lay down. Then his host took off the armour from the horse, turned him loose, gave him water to drink and grass to eat and rubbed him down with oil. Thus did he tend the king for three or four days, and the king said, "Friend, I am now off," and again he did all due service both to the king and his horse. The king after he had taken food, on leaving said, "I am called the Great Horseman. Our home is in the centre of the city. Should you come there on any business, stand at the door on the right hand and ask the porter where the Great Horseman dwells, and take him with you and come to our house." With these words he departed

Now the army, not seeing the king, remained encamped outside the town, but when they saw him, they came out to meet him and escorted him home. The king on entering the city stood at the entrance of the

gate and calling the porter ordered the crowd to retire and said, "Friend, a certain man who lives in a frontier village will come here, anxious to see us, and will ask where the house of the Great Horseman is. Take him by the hand and bring him into our presence, and then you shall receive a thousand pieces of money."

But when the man failed to come, the king increased the tax on the village where he dwelt. But though the tax was raised, still he did not come. So the king increased the tax for the second and third time, and still he came not. Then the inhabitants of the village gathered together and said to the man: "Sir, from the time the Horseman came to you, [10] we have been so weighed down by the tax that we cannot lift up our head. Go and see the Great Horseman and persuade him to lighten our burden."

"Well, I will go," he answered, "but I cannot go empty-handed. My friend has two sons: so get you ready ornaments and suits of clothes for them and for his wife and for my friend himself."

"Very well," they said, and got everything ready for a present.

So he took both this gift and a cake fried in his own house. And when he came to the door on the right hand he asked the porter where the house of the Great Horseman might be. The porter answered, "Come with me and I will shew you," and took him by the hand, and on arriving at the king's gate sent in word, "The porter has come and has brought with him the man who dwells in the border village." The king on hearing it, rose from his seat and said, "Let my friend and all that have come with him enter." Then he went forward to welcome him and embraced him, and after inquiring if his friend's wife and children were well, he took him by the hand, stepped on the daïs and seated him on the royal throne beneath the white umbrella. And he summoned his chief consort and said, "Wash my friend's feet." So she washed his feet. The king sprinkled water from a golden bowl, while the queen washed his feet and anointed them with scented oil. Then the king asked, "Have you anything for us to eat?" And he said, "Yes, my lord," and brought out cakes in a bag. The king received them in a golden dish, and showing great favour towards him he said, "Eat what my friend has brought," and gave some to his queen and his ministers, and himself too ate of it. Then the stranger brought out his other gift. And the king to show that he accepted it put off his silken garments and put on the suit of clothes that he had brought him. [11] The queen also laid aside her silk dress and ornaments and put on the dress and ornaments he had brought her. Then the king served him with food fit for a king and bade one of his councillors, saying, "Go and see that his beard is trimmed after the fashion of my own, and let him bathe in scented water. Then dress him in a silken robe worth a hundred thousand pieces of money, and adorn him in royal style and bring him

here." This was done. And the king by beat of drum through the city gathered together his councillors, and throwing a thread of pure vermilion across the white umbrella, gave him the half of his kingdom. From that day they ate, drank and dwelt together and they became firm and inseparable friends.

Then the king sent for the man's wife and family and had a house built for them in the city, and they ruled the kingdom in perfect harmony. So the courtiers waxed wroth and said to the king's son, "O prince, the king has given the half of his kingdom to a certain householder. He eats and drinks and dwells with him, and orders us to salute his children. What service he has done the king we know not. What does the king mean? We feel ashamed. Do you speak to the king." He readily agreed to do so, and told every word to the king and said, "O great king, do not act thus."

"My son," he answered, "do you know where I dwelt after I was defeated in battle?"[1]

"I know not, my lord," he said.

"I was living," said the king, "in this man's house, and when I had recovered my health I came back and reigned again. How then should I not bestow honour on my benefactor?"

And then the Bodhisatta went on to say, "My son, whosoever giveth to one unworthy of his gift, and to the deserving giveth nought, that man when he falls into misfortune findeth no one to help him." And to point the moral he uttered these verses:

[12] Thy gifts bestowed upon or fool or knave,
In sorest need would bring no friend to save:
But grace or kindness to the good displayed
In sorest need would bring thee timely aid.
Boons to unworthy souls are spent in vain,
Thy smallest service to the good is gain:
A noble action though it stands alone,
Renders the doer worthy of a throne:
As fruit abundant from the tiny seed,
Eternal fame springs from a virtuous deed.

[13] On hearing this neither the councillors nor the young prince had aught to say in answer.

The Master, his discourse ended, thus identified the Birth: "At that time it was Ānanda who dwelt in the frontier village, while I myself was king of Benares."

[1] Compare No. 157, vol. ii.

No. 303.

EKARĀJA-JĀTAKA.

"*O monarch that erst*," *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about a courtier of the king of Kosala. The circumstances that suggested the story have been already related in the Seyyaṃsa[1] Birth. On this occasion the Master said, "You are not the only one who got good out of evil: wise men of old also got good out of evil." And he told an old-world story.

Once upon a time a minister in attendance on the king of Benares misconducted himself in the royal harem. The king after witnessing his offence with his own eyes banished him from the kingdom. How he took service with the king of Kosala, named Dabbasena, is all told in the Mahāsīlava[2] Birth.

But in the present story Dabbasena had the king of Benares seized while sitting on the daïs in the midst of his councillors, and fastening him by a cord on the lintel of the door suspended him head downwards. The king cultivated feelings of charity towards the rebel prince, and by a process of complete absorption entered upon a state of mystic meditation, and bursting his bonds sat cross-legged in the air. The rebel prince was attacked with a burning pain in the body, and with a cry of "I burn, I burn," he rolled over and over on the ground. When he asked the reason of it, his courtiers replied, "It is because the king whom you suspend head downwards from the lintel of the door is such an innocent and holy man." Then said he, "Go quickly and release him." His servants went and found the king sitting cross-legged in the air, and came back and told Dabbasena. [14] So he went with all speed, and bowing before him asked his pardon and repeated the first stanza:

O monarch that erst in thy kingdom didst dwell,
  Enjoying such bliss as few mortals have seen,
How is it that lying midst tortures of Hell
  Thou still art so calm and so gracious of mien?

On hearing this the Bodhisatta repeated the rest of the stanzas:

Of yore 'twas my one earnest prayer unto Heaven
  From the ranks of ascetics no more to be barred,
But now that such glory to me has been given,
  O why should the form of my visage be marred?

[1] No. 282, vol. ii.

[2] No. 51, vol. i.

The end is accomplished, my task is now done,
  The prince once my foe is no longer estranged,
But now that the fame I so envied is won,
  O why should the form of my visage be changed?

[1]When joy turns to sorrow, and weal becomes woe,
  Patient souls even pleasure may wring from their pain,
But no such distinction of feeling they know,
  When the calm of Nirvāna poor mortals attain.

[15] On hearing this Dabbasena asked forgiveness of the Bodhisatta and said, "Rule over your own people and I will drive out the rebels from amongst you." And after punishing that wicked councillor he went his way. But the Bodhisatta handed over the kingdom to his ministers, and adopting the ascetic life of a Rishi he became destined to birth in the Brahma-world.

When the Master had finished this discourse, he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was Dabbasena, and I myself was the king of Benares."

No. 304.

DADDARA-JĀTAKA.

"*O Daddara, who,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about a certain choleric fellow. The circumstance has been already related before. On this occasion when a discussion had arisen in the Hall of Truth about the passionate nature of the man, the Master came up, and when in answer to his inquiry he was told by the Brethren the subject of their discourse, he sent for the man and asked, "Is it true, Brother, what they say, that you are passionate?" "Yes, my Lord, it is so," he replied. [16] Then the Master said, "Not now only, Brethren, but of old too this fellow was very choleric, and

[1] Compare Lord Houghton's poem, "Pleasure and Pain."

See the Fakeer as he swings on his iron,
  See the thin Hermit that starves in the wild;
Think ye no pleasures the penance environ,
  And hope the sole bliss by which pain is beguiled?

No! in the kingdoms those spirits are reaching,
  Vain are our words the emotions to tell;
Vain the distinctions our senses are teaching,
  For Pain has its Heaven and Pleasure its Hell!

owing to his passionate temper wise men of former days though continuing to lead perfectly innocent lives as Nāga princes, had to dwell three years on a filthy dunghill." And herewith he told an old story.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning at Benares, the Daddara Nāgas dwelt at the foot of Mount Daddara in the Himālaya region and the Bodhisatta came to life as Mahādaddara, the son of Sūradaddara, the king of that country, with a younger brother named Culladaddara. The latter was passionate and cruel, and went about abusing and striking the Nāga maidens. The Nāga king, on hearing of his cruelty, gave orders for his expulsion from the Nāga world. But Mahādaddara got his father to forgive him and saved his brother from expulsion. A second time the king was wroth with him, and again he was induced to forgive him. But on the third occasion the king said, "You have prevented me from expelling this good-for-nothing fellow; now both of you get you gone from this Nāga world, and live for three years at Benares on a dunghill."

So he drove them forth from the Nāga country and they went and lived at Benares. And when the village boys saw them looking for their food in a ditch bounding the dunghill, they struck them and threw clods and sticks and other missiles at them, and crying out, "What have we here—water lizards with big heads and tails like needles?" uttered other words of abuse. But Culladaddara, by reason of his fierce and passionate nature, being unable to put up with such disrespect said, "Brother, these boys are mocking us. They don't know that we are venomous serpents. I can't stand their contempt for us. I will destroy them by the breath of my nostril." And then addressing his brother, he repeated the first stanza:

O Daddara, who such an insult could bear?
  "Ho! frog-eating stick-i'-the-mud," they cry:
To think that these poor harmless creatures should dare
  A serpent with poisonous fang to defy!

[17] On hearing his words Mahādaddara uttered the rest of the stanzas:

An exile driven to a foreign shore
Must of abuse lay up a goodly store;
For where his rank and virtues none can know,
Only the fool his pride would care to show.
He who at home a "shining light" may be,
Abroad must suffer men of low degree.

So they dwelt there three years. Then their father recalled them home. And from that day their pride was abated.

When the Master had brought his discourse to an end, he proclaimed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the choleric Brother attained Fruition of the Third Path:--"At that time the choleric Brother was Culladaddara, and I myself was Mahādaddara."

No. 305.

SĪLAVĪMAṀSANA-JĀTAKA[1].

[18] "*In sooth there is,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about the rebuking of sin. The circumstances will be set forth in the Pānīya Birth[2] in the Eleventh Book. The following is a brief summary of it.

Five hundred Brethren living in Jetavana, at the close of the middle watch of the night, entered into an argument on the pleasures of sense. Now the Master through all the six divisions of night and day keeps a continual watch over the Brethren, even as a one-eyed man carefully guards his eye, a father his only son, or a yak its tail. In the night time, with his supernatural vision regarding Jetavana, he beheld these Brethren, as it were, like robbers that had found their way into some great king's palace. And opening his perfumed chamber he summoned Ānanda and bade him assemble the Brethren in the Home of the Golden Pavement, and prepare a seat for him at the door of the perfumed chamber. Ānanda did as he was commanded and told the Master. Then the Master, sitting down on the seat prepared for him, addressed the Brethren collectively and said, "Brethren, wise men of old thought there was no such thing as secrecy in wrong-doing and so refrained from it," and he told them a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life in a brahmin family, and when he was of age, he was taught science by a world-renowned professor of that city, being at the head of a class of five hundred students. Now his teacher had a grown-up daughter. And he thought: "I will test the virtue of these youths and will give her in marriage to him that most excels in virtue."

So one day he thus addressed his pupils: "My friends, I have a grown-up daughter, and I intend to give her in marriage, but I must have proper dresses and ornaments for her. Do you then steal some without your friends discovering it, and bring them to me. Whatever no one has seen you take I will accept, but if you allow anything you bring to be seen, I shall refuse it." They assented, saying, "Very well," and from that day they stole dresses and ornaments without their friends' knowledge

[1] See R. Morris, *Folklore Journal*, iii. 244.

[2] No. 459, Vol. iv.

and brought them to him. And the teacher arranged whatever each pupil brought in a separate place. But the Bodhisatta stole nothing.

Then the teacher said, [19] "But you, my friend, bring me nothing." "True, Master," he replied. "Why is this, my friend?" he asked. "You accept nothing," he answered, "unless it is taken secretly. But I find there is no such thing as secrecy in wrong-doing."

And to illustrate this truth he repeated these two stanzas:

In sooth there is no act of sin, that in this world may hidden lie,
That which the fool a secret deems, the spirits of the wood espy.
Concealment nowhere may be found, nor can a void exist for me,
E'en where no being is in sight, while I am there, no void can be.

The Master, being pleased with his words, said, "Friend, there is no lack of wealth in my house, but I was anxious to marry my daughter to a virtuous man, and I acted thus to prove these youths. But you alone are worthy of my daughter." Then he adorned his daughter and gave her in marriage to the Bodhisatta, but to his other pupils he said, "Take back all that you brought me to your several homes again."

Then the Master said, "It was thus, Brethren, that the wicked pupils by their dishonesty failed to win this woman, while this one wise youth by his virtuous conduct obtained her as his wife." And in his Perfect Wisdom he gave utterance to yet two other stanzas:

Masters Bastard[1] and Low and Easy and Gay,
With Bravo and Frail, for a wife, went astray;
But our Brahmin, well seen in the Law from his youth,
Won a bride by his courage in holding the Truth.

[20] The Master, having brought this solemn lesson to an end, declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths these five hundred Brethren attained to Sainthood:—"At that time Sāriputta was the Teacher, and I myself was the Wise Youth."

No. 306.

SUJĀTA-JĀTAKA.

"*What is this egg-shaped fruit,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while dwelling at Jetavana, about queen Mallikā.

One day, they say, there was a dispute at court between her and the king[2]. Men still speak of it as the 'Harem Quarrel.' The king was so enraged that he

[1] The Scholiast explains that these were the names of six leading disciples amongst those that yielded to temptation.

[2] Pasenadi, king of Kosala.

ignored her existence. Mallikā thought: "The Master, I fancy, knows not how angry the king is with me." But the Master knew all about it and resolved to make peace between them. So early in the morning he put on his inner garment and taking his bowl and robes he entered Sāvatthi with a following of five hundred brethren and came to the palace gate. The king took his bowl from him, brought him into the house, and placing him on the seat prepared for him, poured the Water of Donation on the hands of the Brotherhood with Buddha at their head, and brought them rice and cakes to eat. But the Master covered up his bowl with his hand and said, "Sire, where is the queen?"

"What have you to do with her, Reverend Sir?" he answered. "Her head is turned, she is intoxicated with the honour she enjoys."

"Sire," he said, "after you yourself bestowed this honour on the woman, it is wrong of you now to get rid of her, and not to put up with the offence she has committed against you."

The king hearkened to the words of the Master and sent for the queen. [21] And she ministered to the Master. "You ought," he said, "to live together in peace," and singing the praises of the sweets of concord he went his way. And from that day they lived happily together.

The Brethren raised a discussion in the Hall of Truth, how that the Master had reconciled the king and queen by a single word. The Master, when he came, inquired what the Brethren were discussing, and on being told said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly too I reconciled them by a single word of admonition." And he told an old story.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king at Benares, the Bodhisatta was his minister and his temporal and spiritual adviser.

Now one day the king stood at an open window looking into the palace court. And at this very moment the daughter of a fruiterer, a beautiful girl in the flower of her youth, stood with a basket of jujubes on her head crying, "Jujubes, ripe jujubes, who'll buy my jujubes?" But she did not venture into the royal court[1].

And the king no sooner heard her voice than he fell in love with her, and when he learned that she was unmarried he sent for her and raised her to the dignity of chief queen, and bestowed great honour upon her. Now she was dear and pleasing in the king's eyes. And one day the king sat eating jujubes in a golden dish. And the queen Sujātā, when she saw the king eating jujubes, asked him, saying, "My lord, what in the world are you eating?" And she uttered the first stanza:

> What is this egg-shaped fruit, my lord, so pretty and red of hue,
> In a gold dish set before thee? Pray tell me, where they grew.

And the king was wroth and said, "O daughter of a greengrocer, dealer in ripe jujubes, do you not recognise the jujubes, the special fruit of your own family?" And he repeated two stanzas:

> [22] Bare-headed and meanly clad, my queen, thou once didst feel no shame,
> To fill thy lap with the jujube fruit, and now thou dost ask its name;
> Thou art eaten up with pride, my queen, thou findest no pleasure in life,
> Begone and gather thy jujubes again. Thou shalt be no longer my wife.

[1] Reading *rājaṅgaṇe na gacchati*. With Fausbøll's text *rājaṅgaṇena*, it must be "She passed by way of the court."

Then the Bodhisatta thought, "No one, except myself, will be able to reconcile this pair. I will appease the king's anger and prevent him from turning her out of doors." Then he repeated the fourth stanza:

These are the sins of a woman, my lord, promoted to high estate:
Forgive her and cease from thine anger, O king, for 'twas thou didst make her great.

So the king at his word put up with the offence of the queen and restored her to her former position. And thenceforth they lived amicably together.

The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "At that time the king of Kosala was king of Benares, Mallikā was Sujātā and I myself was the Minister."

No. 307.

PALĀSA-JĀTAKA[1].

[23] "*Why, brahmin, though,*" *etc.*—The Master, when he was stretched upon the bed of death, told this story of the Elder Ānanda.

The venerable man, knowing that the Master on this very night at eventide would die, said to himself, "I am still under discipline and have duties to perform, and my Master is certainly going to die, and then the service I have rendered to him for five-and-twenty years will be fruitless." And so being overwhelmed with sorrow he leaned upon the monkey-head which formed the bolt of the garden store-room and burst into tears.

And the Master, missing Ānanda, asked the Brethren where he was, and on hearing what was the matter he sent for him and addressed him as follows: "Ānanda, thou hast laid up a store of merit. Continue to strive earnestly and thou wilt soon be free from human passion. Grieve not thyself. Wherefore should the service thou hast rendered me prove fruitless now, seeing that thy former services in the days of thy sinfulness were not without their reward?" Then he told a legend of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life in the form of a Judas-tree sprite. Now at this time all the inhabitants of Benares were devoted to the worship of such deities, and constantly engaged in religious offerings and the like.

[1] See R. Morris, *Folklore Journal*, iii. 355.

And a certain poor brahmin thought, "I too will watch over some divinity." So he found a big Judas-tree growing on high ground, and by sprinkling gravel and sweeping all round it, he kept its root smooth and free from grass. Then he presented it with a scented wreath of five sprays and lighting a lamp made an offering of flowers and perfume and incense. And after a reverential salutation he said, "Peace be with thee," and then went his way. On the next day he came quite early and asked after its welfare. Now one day it occurred to the tree-sprite, "This brahmin is very attentive to me. I will test him and find out why he thus worships me, and grant him his desire." So when the brahmin came and was sweeping about the root of the tree, the spirit stood near him disguised as an aged brahmin and repeated the first stanza:

[24] Why, brahmin, though thyself with reason blest,
Hast thou this dull insensate tree addressed?
Vain is thy prayer, thy kindly greeting vain,
From this dull wood no answer wilt thou gain.

On hearing this the brahmin replied in a second stanza:

Long on this spot a famous tree has stood,
Meet dwelling-place for spirits of the wood;
With deepest awe such beings I revere,
They guard, methinks, some sacred treasure here.

The tree-sprite on hearing these words was so pleased with the brahmin that he said, "O brahmin, I was born as the divinity of this tree. Fear not. I will grant you this treasure." And to reassure him, by a great manifestation of divine power, he stood suspended in the air at the entrance of his celestial mansion, while he recited two more stanzas:

O brahmin, I have marked thy act of love;
A pious deed can never fruitless prove.
Lo! where yon fig-tree casts its ample shade,
Due sacrifice and gifts of old were paid.
Beneath this fig a buried treasure lies,
The gold unearth, and claim it as thy prize.

[25] The spirit moreover added these words: "O brahmin, thou wouldst be weary, if thou hadst to dig up the treasure and carry it away with thee. Do thou therefore go thy way, and I will bring it to thy house and deposit it in such and such a place. Then do thou enjoy it all thy life long, and give alms and keep the moral law." And after thus admonishing the brahmin, the tree-sprite, by an exercise of divine power, conveyed the treasure into the brahmin's house.

The Master here brought his lesson to an end and identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the Brahmin, and I myself was the Tree-sprite."

No. 308.

JAVASAKUṆA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Kindness as much,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while dwelling at Jetavana, about the ingratitude of Devadatta.

He ended it by saying, "Not only now, but in former days did Devadatta show ingratitude," and with these words he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a woodpecker in the Himālaya country.

[26] Now a certain lion, while devouring his prey, had a bone stick in his throat. His throat swelled up so that he could not take any food and severe pains set in. Then this woodpecker, while intent on seeking its own food, as it was perched on a bough, saw the lion and asked him, saying, "Friend, what ails you?" He told him what was the matter, and the bird said, "I would take the bone out of your throat, friend, but I dare not put my head into your mouth, for fear you should eat me up."

"Do not be afraid, friend; I will not eat you up. Only save my life."

"All right," said the bird, and ordered the lion to lie down upon his side. Then it thought: "Who knows what this fellow will be about?" And to prevent his closing his mouth, it fixed a stick between his upper and lower jaw, and then putting its head into the lion's mouth, it struck the end of the bone with its beak. The bone fell out and disappeared. And then the woodpecker drew out its head from the lion's mouth, and with a blow from its beak knocked out the stick, and hopping off sat on the top of a bough.

The lion recovered from his sickness, and one day was devouring a wild buffalo which he had killed. Thought the woodpecker: "I will now put him to the test," and perching on a bough above the lion's head, it fell to conversing with him and uttered the first stanza:

Kindness as much as in us lay,
  To thee, my lord, we once did show:
On us in turn, we humbly pray,
  Do thou a trifling boon bestow.

[1] Compare *Tibetan Tales*, xxvii. p. 311: "The Ungrateful Lion." *Æsop:* "The Wolf and the Crane." *Jātakamālā*, No. 34: "The Woodpecker.'

On hearing this the lion repeated the second stanza:

To trust thy head to a lion's jaw,
A creature red in tooth and claw,
To dare such a deed and be living still,
Is token enough of my good will.

The woodpecker on hearing this uttered two more stanzas:

From the base ingrate hope not to obtain
  The due requital of good service done; [27]
From bitter thought and angry word refrain,
  But haste the presence of the wretch to shun.

With these words the woodpecker flew away.

The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the Lion, and I myself was the Woodpecker."

No. 309.

CHAVAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Holy Teacher*," *etc.*—The Master while residing at Jetavana told this story, about the Fraternity of Six Priests. It is related in detail in the Vinaya[1]. Here is a brief summary of it.

The Master sent for the Six Priests and asked if it were true that they taught the law from a low seat[2], while their pupils sat on a higher seat. They confessed that it was so, and the Master in reproving these brethren for their want of respect for his law, said that wise men of old had to rebuke men for teaching even heretical doctrines while sitting on a low seat. Then he told them an old story.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as the son of a pariah woman, and when he was grown up, he established himself as a householder. And his wife being with child had a great longing for the mango fruit, and said to her husband, "My lord, I have a desire to eat mangoes."

[1] See Oldenberg's *Vinaya*, iv. 203. (*Suttavibhaṅga*, *Sekhiya*, 68, 69.)

[2] See *Manu* ii. 198 for the rule that the disciple must sit on a seat lower than his guru.

"My dear," he said, "there are no mangoes at this season, I will bring you some other acid fruit."

"My lord," said she, "if I can have a mango, I shall live. Otherwise I shall die."

[28] He being infatuated about his wife thought, "Where in the world am I to get a mango?" Now at this time there was a mango tree in the garden of the king of Benares, which had fruit on it all the year round. So he thought, "I will get a ripe mango there to appease her longings." And going to the garden by night he climbed up the tree, and stepped from one branch to another, looking for the fruit, and while he was thus engaged, the day began to break. Thought he, "If I shall come down now to go away, I shall be seen and seized as a thief. I will wait till it is dark." So he climbed up into a fork of the tree and remained there, perched upon it.

Now at this time the king of Benares was being taught sacred texts by his chaplain. And coming into the garden he sat down on a high seat at the foot of the mango tree, and placing his teacher on a lower seat, he had a lesson from him. The Bodhisatta sitting above them thought, "How wicked this king is. He is learning the sacred texts, sitting on a high seat. The brahmin too is equally wicked, to sit and teach him from a lower seat. I also am wicked, for I have fallen into the power of a woman, and counting my life as nought, I am stealing the mango fruit." Then taking hold of a hanging bough, he let himself down from the tree, and stood before these two men and said, "O Great King, I am a lost man, and thou a gross fool, and this priest is as one dead." And being asked by the king what he meant by these words, he uttered the first stanza:—

Holy Teacher, Royal Scholar, lo! the sinful deed I saw,
Both alike from grace are fallen, both alike transgressed the law[1].

[29] The brahmin, on hearing this, repeated the second stanza:—

My food is pure rice from the hill,
  With a delicate flavour of meat,
For why should a sinner fulfil
  A rule meant for saints, when they eat?

On hearing this the Bodhisatta recited two more stanzas:—

Brahmin, go range the length and breadth of earth;
  Lo! suffering is found the common lot.
Here marred by sin thy ruined life is worth
  Less than the fragments of a shattered pot.
Beware ambition and o'ermastering greed:
Vices like these to "Worlds of Suffering" lead.

[1] The Scholiast in his explanation adds this verse:

True faith of yore prevailed on earth,
False doctrine was a later birth.

[30] Then the king being pleased with his exposition of the law, asked him of what caste he was. "I am a pariah, my lord," he said. "Friend," he replied, "had you been of a high caste family, I would have made you sole king. But henceforth I will be king by day, and you shall be king by night." And with these words he placed upon his neck the wreath of flowers with which he himself was adorned, and made him lord protector over the city. And hence is derived the custom for the lords of the city to wear a wreath of red flowers on their neck. And from that day forward the king abiding in his admonition paid respect to his teacher, and learned sacred texts from him, sitting on a lower seat.

The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "At that time Ananda was the king, and I myself was the pariah."

No. 310.

SAYHA-JĀTAKA.

"*No throne on earth*," *etc.*—The Master told this story while in residence at Jetavana, about a backsliding brother, who in going his rounds for alms at Sāvatthi caught sight of a beautiful woman, and thenceforth had grown discontented and lost all pleasure in the Law. So the Brethren brought him before the Blessed One. Said the Blessed One, "Is it true, Brother, what I hear, that you are discontented?" He confessed it was so. The Master on learning the cause of his discontent said, "Why, Brother, are you longing for the world, after taking orders in a religion that leads to Salvation? Wise men of old when offered the dignity of family priest rejected it, and adopted the ascetic life." And he told them a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was conceived in the womb of the brahmin wife of the king's chaplain, [31] and was born on the same day as the king's son. And when the king asked his ministers if any child had been born on the same day as his son, they said, "Yes, Sire, a son of your family priest." So the king had him brought and given into the charge of nurses to be carefully tended together with the young prince. And they both had the same ornaments to wear and had exactly the same things to eat and drink.

And when they were grown up, they went together to Takkasilā and as soon as they had attained proficiency in all the sciences they returned home.

The king made his son viceroy and bestowed great honour upon him. From that time the Bodhisatta ate, drank, and lived with the prince, and there was a firm friendship between them. By and bye at the death of his father, the young prince ascended the throne and enjoyed great prosperity. Thought the Bodhisatta: "My friend now rules the kingdom; when he sees a fitting opportunity, he will certainly give me the office of his family priest. What have I to do with a householder's life? I will become an ascetic and devote myself to solitude."

So he saluted his parents and having asked their permission to take orders, he gave up his worldly fortune and setting forth quite alone he entered the Himālaya country. There on a charming spot he built himself a hermitage, and adopting the religious life of an anchorite he developed all the Faculties and Attainments, and lived in the enjoyment of the pleasure of the mystic life.

At this time the king remembered him and said, "What has become of my friend? He is nowhere to be seen." His ministers told him he had taken orders, and was living, they heard, in some delightful grove. The king asked the place of his abode, and said to a councillor named Sayha, "Go and bring my friend back with you. I will make him my chaplain." Sayha readily assented, and going forth from Benares in course of time reached a frontier village and taking up his abode there, he went with some foresters to the place where the Bodhisatta dwelt and found him sitting like a golden statue at the door of his hut. After saluting him with the usual compliments he sat at a respectful distance and thus addressed him: "Reverend Sir, the king desires your return, being anxious to raise you to the dignity of his family priest." [32] The Bodhisatta replied, "If I were to receive not merely the post of chaplain but all Kāsi and Kosala, and the realm of India and the glory of a Universal Empire, I would refuse to go. The wise do not again take up the sins they have once abandoned any more than they would swallow the phlegm they have once raised." So saying he repeated these stanzas:—

[1]No throne on earth should tempt me to my shame,
No sea-girt realm, safe-guarded in the deep;
Accursèd be the lust of wealth and fame
That dooms poor man in "Suffering Worlds" to weep.

Better through earth a homeless waif to stray,
And bowl in hand to beg from door to door,
Than as a king, to sinful lusts a prey,
To bear a tyrant rule and vex the poor.

[1] These stanzas occur again in Jātaka 433.

Thus did the Bodhisatta though again and again importuned by him reject his offer. And Sayha, being unable to prevail on him, saluted him, and returned and told the king of his refusal to come.

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[33] When the Master had brought his lesson to an end, he revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the backsliding Brother attained to fruition of the First Path. Many others too experienced like fruits of Conversion:—"At that time Ānanda was the king, Sāriputta was Sayha, and I myself was the family priest."

No. 311.

PUCIMANDA-JĀTAKA.

"*Robber, arise*," *etc.*—The Master, while dwelling in the Bamboo-Grove, told this story about the venerable Moggallāna.

When that elder was living near Rājagaha in a forest hut, a certain robber, after breaking into a house in a suburban village, fled with his hands full of plunder till he came within the precincts of the elder's cell, and thinking that he should be safe there he lay down at the entrance of his hut of leaves. The elder noticed him lying there and suspecting his character said to himself, "It would be wrong for me to have any dealings with a robber." So coming out of his hut he told him not to lie there, and drove him away.

The robber starting off fled with the greatest haste. And men with torches in their hands, following close upon the robber's track, came and saw the various spots marked by the presence of the robber and said, "It was this way the robber came. Here is where he stood. There he sat down. And that is the way he fled. He is not to be seen here." So they rushed about hither and thither, but at last had to return without finding him. On the next day early in the morning the elder went his round for alms in Rājagaha, and on coming back from his pilgrimage he went to the Bamboo-Grove and told the Master what had happened. The Master said, "You are not the only one, Moggallāna, to suspect in a case in which suspicion is justified. Wise men of old suspected in like manner." And at the request of the elder he told a story of bygone times.

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[34] Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a Nimb-tree spirit in a cemetery grove of that city. Now one day a robber having been guilty of an act of theft in an outlying hamlet of the city entered the cemetery grove. And at this time two old trees stood there, a Nimb-tree and a Bo-tree. The robber placed his stolen goods at the foot of this Nimb-tree and lay down there.

Now in these days robbers that were caught were put to torture by being impaled on a stake of the Nimb-tree. So the spirit of the Nimb-tree thought: "If people should come and capture this robber, they will cut off a branch and make a stake from this Nimb-tree and impale him on it. And in that case the tree will be destroyed. So I will drive the fellow away." Then addressing him, he repeated the first stanza:—

Robber, arise! why sleepest thou? For slumber 'tis no time,
The king's men are upon thee, the avengers of thy crime.

Moreover he added these words, "Get you gone, before the king's men take you." Thus did he frighten the robber away. And no sooner had he fled than the deity of the Bo-tree repeated the second stanza:—

And even if this robber bold red-handed they should take,
To thee, O Nimb-tree, woodland sprite, what difference would it make?

The deity of the Nimb-tree on hearing this uttered the third stanza:—

O Bo-tree, sure thou knowest not the secret of my fear;
I would not have the king's men find that wicked robber here.
They from my sacred tree, I know, straightway a branch would take,
And to requite the guilty wretch, impale him on a stake.

[35] And while the two sylvan deities were thus conversing together, the owners of the property, following on the trail of the robber, with torches in their hand, when they saw the place where he had been lying down said, "Lo! the robber has just risen up and fled from this place. We have not got him yet, but if we do, we will come back and either impale him at the foot of this Nimb-tree, or hang him from one of its branches."

And with these words rushing about hither and thither, and not finding the robber, they made off. And on hearing what they said the spirit of the Bo-tree uttered the fourth stanza:—

Beware a danger yet unseen: suspect before too late,
The wise e'en in this present world look to a future state.

The Master, when he had brought this lesson to an end, identified the Birth: "At that time Sāriputta was the Spirit of the Bo-tree. I myself was the Nimb-tree Spirit."

No. 312.

KASSAPAMANDIYA-JĀTAKA.

[36] "*Should foolish youth,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while residing at Jetavana, about an aged Brother. A young nobleman at Sāvatthi, tradition says, from a sense of the evil consequences of sinful desires, received ordination at the hands of the Master, and by devotion to the rite by which ecstasy may be induced, in no long time attained to Sainthood. By and bye on the death of his mother, he admitted his father and younger brother to orders, and they took up their abode at Jetavana.

At the opening of the rainy season, hearing of a village retreat where the necessary robes were to be easily obtained[1], they all three entered upon the Vassa residence there, and when it was ended they returned straight to Jetavana. The youthful Brother, when they came to a spot not far from Jetavana, told the novice lad to bring on the old man quietly, while he himself pushed on ahead to Jetavana to get ready their cell. The old priest walked slowly on. The novice repeatedly butted him, as it were, with his head, and dragged him along by force, crying, "Come on, Master." The elder said, "You are pulling me along against my will," and turning back he made a fresh start from the beginning. As they were thus quarrelling, the sun went down and darkness set in. The young Brother meanwhile swept out his hut, set water in the pots, and not seeing them coming, he took a torch and went to meet them. When he saw them coming, he asked what made them so late. The old man gave the reason. So he made them rest and brought them slowly on their way. That day he found no time to pay his respects to the Buddha. So on the next day, when he had come to pay his respects to Buddha, after he had saluted him and taken his seat, the Master asked, "When did you arrive?" "Yesterday, Sir." "You came yesterday and pay your respects to me only to-day?" "Yes, Sir," he answered, and told him the reason. The Master rebuked the elder: "Not now only does he act like this. Of old too he did just the same. Now it is you that are annoyed by him. Formerly he annoyed wise men." And at the Brother's request he told an old story.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life in a brahmin family in a town of the Kāsi country. [37] When he was grown up, his mother died. And after due performance of her funeral rites, at the end of six weeks he gave away in alms all the money that was in the house, and taking his father and younger brother with him he put on the bark garment of somebody or other, and adopted the religious life of an ascetic in the Himālaya country. And there he dwelt in a pleasant grove, supporting himself by gleaning in the fields and living on roots and wild fruits.

[1] Compare *Mahāvagga*, iii. 14.

Now in the Himālaya, during the rainy season, when the rains are incessant, as it is impossible to dig up any bulb or root, or to get any wild fruits, and the leaves begin to fall, the ascetics for the most part come down from the Himālayas, and take up their abode amidst the haunts of men. And at this time the Bodhisatta, after living here with his father and younger brother, as soon as the Himālaya country began to blossom again and bear fruit, took his two companions and returned to his hermitage in the Himālayas. And at sunset when they were not far from his hut he left them, saying, "You can come on slowly, while I go forward and set the hermitage in order."

Now the young hermit coming on slowly with his father kept butting him in the waist with his head. The old man said, "I do not like the way in which you are taking me home." So he turned back and started afresh from the same point. And while they were thus quarrelling, darkness set in. But the Bodhisatta as soon as he had swept out his hut of leaves, and got ready some water, took a torch and returned on the way back, and when he found them he asked why they had taken such a long time. And the boy ascetic told him what his father had done. But the Bodhisatta brought them quietly home, and having stowed safely away all the Buddhist requisites, he gave his father a bath, and washed and anointed his feet and shampooed his back. Then he set out a pan of charcoal and when his father had recovered from his fatigue, he sat near him and said, "Father, young boys are just like earthen vessels: they are broken in a moment, [38] and when they are once broken, it is impossible to mend them again. Old men should bear with them patiently, when they are abusive." And for the admonition of his father Kassapa, he repeated these stanzas:—

Should foolish youth in word or deed offend,
  'Tis wisdom's part long-suffering to display;
Quarrels of good men find a speedy end,
  Fools part asunder, like untempered clay.

Men wise to learn, of their own sins aware,
  Friendship can prove, that suffers no decay;
Such are a brother's burden strong to bear,
  And strife of neighbours skilful to allay.

[39] Thus did the Bodhisatta admonish his father. And he from that time forward exercised self-restraint.

The Master, having brought his lesson to an end, identified the Birth: "At that time the old priest was the father hermit, the novice was the boy hermit, and I myself was the son who admonished his father."

No. 313.

KHANTIVĀDI-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Whoso cut off*," *etc.*—This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told about a wrathful Brother. The incident that gave rise to the story has been already described. The Master asked that Brother, saying, "Why after taking orders under the dispensation of the Buddha who knows not what wrath is, do you show anger? Wise men in bygone days, though they suffered a thousand stripes, and had their hands and feet and ears and nose cut off, showed no anger against another." And he then told a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time a king of Kāsi named Kalābu reigned at Benares. At that time the Bodhisatta came to life in a brahmin family endowed with eighty crores of treasure, in the form of a youth named Kuṇḍaka-kumāra. And when he was of age, he acquired a knowledge of all the sciences at Takkasilā and afterwards settled down as a householder.

On the death of his parents, looking at his pile of treasure he thought: "My kinsmen who amassed this treasure are all gone without taking it with them: now it is for me to own it and in my turn to depart." Then he carefully selected persons, who by virtue of their almsgiving deserved it, and gave all his wealth to them, and entering the Himālaya country he adopted the ascetic life. There he dwelt a long time, living on wild fruits. And descending to the inhabited parts for the sake of procuring salt and vinegar he gradually made his way to Benares, where he took up his abode in the royal park. Next day he went his rounds in the city for alms, till he came to the door of the commander-in-chief. And he being pleased with the ascetic for the propriety of his deportment, brought him into the house [40] and fed him with the food prepared for himself. And having gained his consent he got him to take up his abode in the royal park.

Now one day king Kalābu being inflamed with strong drink came into the park in great pomp, surrounded by a company of dancers. Then he had a couch spread on the royal seat of stone, and lay with his head on the lap of a favourite of the harem, while the nautch girls who were skilful in vocal and instrumental music and in dancing provided a musical entertainment—So great was his magnificence, like to that of Sakka, Lord of heaven—And the king fell asleep. Then the women said, "He for whose sake we are providing music, is gone to sleep. What need is there for us to sing?" Then they cast aside their lutes and other musical instruments

[1] See *Jātakamālā*, No. 28: "The Story of Kshāntivādin."

hither and thither, and set out for the garden, where tempted on by the flowers and fruit-bearing shrubs they were soon disporting themselves.

At this moment the Bodhisatta was seated in this garden, like a royal elephant in the pride of his vigour, at the foot of a flowering Sāl tree, enjoying the bliss of retirement from the world. So these women in wandering about came upon him and said, "Come hither, ladies, and let us sit down and hear somewhat from the priest who is resting at the foot of this tree, until the king awakes." Then they went and saluted him and sitting in a circle round about him, they said, "Tell us something worth hearing." So the Bodhisatta preached the doctrine to them.

Meanwhile the royal favourite with a movement of her body woke up the king. And the king on waking up, and not seeing the women asked, "Where are those wretches gone?" "Your Highness," she said, "they are gone away and are sitting in attendance on a certain ascetic." The king in a rage seized his sword and went off in haste, saying, "I will give this false ascetic a lesson." Then those of the women that were most in favour, when they saw the king coming in a rage, went and took the sword from the king's hand and pacified him. Then he came and stood by the Bodhisatta and asked, "What doctrine are you preaching, Monk?" "The doctrine of patience, Your Majesty," he replied. "What is this patience?" said the king. "The not being angry, when men abuse you and strike you and revile you." Said the king, "I will see now the reality of your patience," [41] and he summoned his executioner. And he in the way of his office took an axe and a scourge of thorns, and clad in a yellow robe and wearing a red garland, came and saluted the king and said, "What is your pleasure, Sire?" "Take and drag off this vile rogue of an ascetic," said the king, "and throwing him on the ground, with your lash of thorns scourge him before and behind and on both sides, and give him two thousand stripes." This was done. And the Bodhisatta's outer and inner skins were cut through to the flesh, and the blood flowed. The king again asked, "What doctrine do you preach, Monk?" "The doctrine of patience, Your Highness," he replied. "You fancy that my patience is only skin deep. It is not skin deep, but is fixed deep within my heart, where it cannot be seen by you, Sire." Again the executioner asked, "What is your pleasure, Sire?" The king said, "Cut off both the hands of this false ascetic." So he took his axe, and placing the victim within the fatal circle, he cut off both his hands. Then the king said, "Off with his feet," and his feet were chopped off. And the blood flowed from the extremities of his hands and feet like lac juice from a leaking jar. Again the king asked what doctrine he preached. "The doctrine of patience, Your Highness," he replied. "You imagine, Sire, that my patience dwells in the extremities of my hands and feet. It is not there, but it is deep seated somewhere else." The king said, "Cut off his nose and ears." The

executioner did so. His whole body was now covered with blood. Again the king asked of his doctrine. And the asetic said, "Think not that my patience is seated in the tips of my nose and ears: my patience is deep seated within my heart." The king said, "Lie down, false Monk, and thence exalt your patience." And so saying, he struck the Bodhisatta above the heart with his foot, and betook himself off.

When he was gone, the commander-in-chief wiped off the blood from the body of the Bodhisatta, [42] putting bandages[1] on the extremities of his hands, feet, ears and nose, and then having gently placed him on a seat, he saluted him and sitting on one side he said, "If, Reverend Sir, you would be angry with one who has sinned against you, be angry with the king, but with no one else." And making this request, he repeated the first stanza:—

Whoso cut off thy nose and ear, and lopped off foot and hand,
With him be wroth, heroic soul, but spare, we pray, this land.

The Bodhisatta on hearing this uttered the second stanza:—

Long live the king, whose cruel hand my body thus has marred,
Pure souls like mine such deeds as these with anger ne'er regard.

And just as the king was leaving the garden and at the very moment when he passed out of the range of the Bodhisatta's vision, the mighty earth that is two hundred and forty thousand leagues in thickness split in two, like unto a strong stout cloth garment, and a flame issuing forth from Avīci seized upon the king, wrapping him up as it were with a royal robe of scarlet wool. Thus did the king sink into the earth just by the garden gate and was firmly fixed in the great Hell of Avīci. And the Bodhisatta died on that same day. And the king's servants and the citizens came with perfumes and wreaths and incense in their hands and performed the Bodhisatta's obsequies. And some said that the Bodhisatta had gone straight back to the Himālayas. But in this they said the thing that was not.

[43] A saint of old, as men have told,
Great courage did display:
That saint so strong to suffer wrong
The Kāsi king did slay.

Alas! the debt of vain regret
That king will have to pay;
When doomed to dwell in lowest Hell,
Long will he rue the day.

These two stanzas were inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

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[1] *Mahāvagga*, vi. 14. 5.

The Master, his lesson ended, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the choleric Brother attained fruition of the Second Path, while many others attained fruition of the First Path:—"At that time Devadatta was Kalābu king of Kāsi, Sāriputta was the Commander-in-Chief, and I myself was the Ascetic, the Preacher of Patience."

No. 314.

LOHAKUMBHI-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Due share of wealth,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, while living at Jetavana, told concerning a king of Kosala. The king of Kosala of those days, they say, one night heard a cry uttered by four inhabitants of Hell—the syllables *du*, *sa*, *na*, *so*, one from each of the four. In a previous existence, tradition says, they had been princes in Sāvatthi, and had been guilty of adultery. After misconducting themselves with their neighbours' wives, however carefully guarded they might be, and indulging their amorous propensities, their evil life had been cut short by the Wheel of Death, near Sāvatthi. They came to life again in Four Iron Cauldrons. After being tortured for sixty thousand years they had come up to the top, and on seeing the edge of the Cauldron's mouth they thought to themselves, "When shall we escape from this misery?" And then all four uttered a loud cry, one after another. The king was terrified to death at the noise, and sat waiting for break of day, unable to stir.

At dawn the brahmins came and inquired after his health. The king replied, "How, my Masters, can I be well, [44] who to-day have heard four such terrible cries." The brahmins waved their hands[2]. "What is it, my Masters?" said the king. The brahmins assure him that the sounds are ominous of great violence. "Do they admit of remedy, or not?" said the king. "You might say not," said the brahmins, "but we are well-trained in these matters, Sire." "By what means," said the king, "will you avert these evils?" "Sire," they replied, "there is one great remedy in our power, and by offering the fourfold sacrifice[3] of every living creature we will avert all evil." "Then be quick," said the king, "and take all living creatures by fours—men, bulls, horses, elephants, down to quails and other birds—and by this fourfold sacrifice restore my peace of mind." The brahmins consented, and taking whatever they required, they dug a sacrificial pit and fastened their numerous victims to their stakes, and were highly excited at the thought of the dainties they were to eat, and the wealth they would gain, and went about backwards and forwards, saying, "Sir, I must have so and so."

The queen Mallikā came and asked the king, why the brahmins went about so delighted and smiling. The king said, "My queen, what have you to do with this? You are intoxicated with your own glory, and you do not know how wretched I am." "How so, Sire?" she replied. "I have heard such awful noises, my queen, and when I asked the brahmins what would be the result of

[1] Compare *Buddhaghosha's Parables*, No. 15: "Story of the Four Thuthe's Sons." King Pasenadīkosala in this story was meditating the sin of David against Uriah the Hittite, and was deterred from his purpose by the awful vision related in this Jātaka. See also Turnour's *Mahâwanso*, i. IV. 18. A king in a dream sees his soul cast into the Lohakumbhī Hell.

[2] Possibly to avert the evil omen.

[3] See Colebrooke's *Essays*, i. 348.

my hearing these cries, they told me I was threatened with danger to my kingdom or my property or my life, but by offering the fourfold sacrifice they would restore my peace of mind, and now in obedience to my command, they have dug a sacrificial pit and are gone to fetch whatever victims they require." The queen said, "Have you, my lord, consulted the chief brahmin in the Deva-world as to the origin of these cries?" "Who, lady," said the king, "is the chief brahmin in the Deva-world?" "The Great Gotama," she replied, "the Supreme Buddha.' "Lady," he said, "I have not consulted the Supreme Buddha." "Then go," she answered, "and consult him."

The king hearkened to the words of the queen and after his morning meal he mounted his state chariot and drove to Jetavana. Here after saluting the Master he thus addressed him: "Reverend Sir, in the night season I heard four cries and consulted the brahmins about it. [45] They undertook to restore my peace of mind, by the fourfold sacrifice of every kind of victim, and are now busy preparing a sacrificial pit. What does the hearing of these cries betoken to me?"

"Nothing whatever," said the Master. "Certain beings in Hell, owing to the agony they suffer, cried aloud. These cries," he added, "have not been heard by you alone. Kings of old heard the same. And when they too, after consulting their brahmins, were anxious to offer sacrifices of slain victims, on hearing what wise men had to say, they refused to do so. The wise men explained to them the nature of these cries, and bade them let loose the crowd of victims and thus restored their peace of mind." And at the request of the king he told a story of bygone days.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family, in a certain village of Kāsi. And when he was of mature years, renouncing the pleasures of sense and embracing the ascetic life he developed the supernatural powers of mystic meditation, and enjoying the delights of Contemplation took up his abode in a pleasant grove in the Himālaya country.

The king of Benares at this time was fearfully alarmed by hearing those four sounds uttered by four beings who dwelt in Hell. And when told by brahmins in exactly the same way that one of three dangers must befall him, he agreed to their proposal to put a stop to it by the fourfold sacrifice. The family priest with the help of the brahmins provided a sacrificial pit, and a great crowd of victims was brought up and fastened to the stakes. Then the Bodhisatta, guided by a feeling of charity, regarding the world with his divine eye, when he saw what was going on, said, "I must go at once and see to the well-being of all these creatures." And then by his magic power flying up into the air, he alighted in the garden of the king of Benares, and sat down on the royal slab of stone, looking like an image of gold. The chief disciple of the family priest approached his teacher and asked, "Is it not written, Master, in our Vedas that there is no happiness for those who take the life of any creature?" The priest replied, "You are to bring here the king's property, and we shall have abundant dainties to eat. Only hold your peace." And with these words he drove his pupil away. [46] But the youth thought,

"I will have no part in this matter," and went and found the Bodhisatta in the king's garden. After saluting him in a friendly manner he took a seat at a respectful distance. The Bodhisatta asked him saying, "Young man, does the king rule his kingdom righteously?" "Yes, Reverend Sir, he does," answered the youth, "but he has heard four cries in the night, and on inquiring of the brahmins, he has been assured by them that they would restore his peace of mind, by offering up the fourfold sacrifice. So the king, being anxious to recover his happiness, is preparing a sacrifice of animals, and a vast number of victims has been brought up and fastened to the sacrificial stakes. Now is it not right for holy men like yourself to explain the cause of these noises, and to rescue these numerous victims from the jaws of death?" "Young man," he replied, "the king does not know us, nor do we know the king, but we do know the origin of these cries, and if the king were to come and ask us the cause, we would resolve his doubts for him." "Then," said the youth, "just stay here a moment, Reverend Sir, and I will conduct the king to you."

The Bodhisatta agreed, and the youth went and told the king all about it, and brought him back with him. The king saluted the Bodhisatta and sitting on one side asked him if it were true that he knew the origin of these noises. "Yes, Your Majesty," he said. "Then tell me, Reverend Sir." "Sire," he answered, "these men in a former existence were guilty of gross misconduct with the carefully guarded wives of their neighbours near Benares, and therefore were re-born in Four Iron Cauldrons. Where after being tortured for thirty thousand years in a thick corrosive liquid heated to boiling point, they would at one time sink till they struck the bottom of the cauldron, and at another time rise to the top like a foam bubble[1], but after those years they found the mouth of the cauldron, and looking over the edge they all four desired to give utterance to four complete stanzas, but failed to do so. And after getting out just one syllable each, they sank again in the iron cauldrons. [47] Now the one of them that sank after uttering the syllable '*du*' was anxious to speak as follows:—

> *Du*e share of wealth we gave not; an evil life we led:
> We found no sure salvation in joys that now are fled.

And when he failed to utter it, the Bodhisatta of his own knowledge repeated the complete stanza. And similarly with the rest. The one that uttered merely the syllable '*sa*' wanted to repeat the following stanza:—

> *Sa*d fate of those that suffer! ah! when shall come release?
> Still after countless æons, Hell's tortures never cease.

[1] See *Milindapañha*, 357.

And again in the case of the one that uttered the syllable '*na*,' this was the stanza he wished to repeat:—

> *Na*y endless are the sufferings to which we're doomed by fate;
> The ills we wrought upon the earth 'tis ours to expiate.

And the one that uttered the syllable '*so*' was anxious to repeat the following:—

> *So*on shall I passing forth from hence, attain to human birth,
> And richly dowered with virtue rise to many a deed of worth.

[48] The Bodhisatta, after reciting these verses one by one, said, "The dweller in Hell, Sire, when he wanted to utter a complete stanza, through the greatness of his sin, was unable to do it. And when he thus experienced the result of his wrong-doing he cried aloud. But fear not; no danger shall come nigh you, in consequence of hearing this cry." Thus did he reassure the king. And the king proclaimed by beat of his golden drum that the vast host of victims was to be released, and the sacrificial pit destroyed. And the Bodhisatta, after thus providing for the safety of the numerous victims, stayed there a few days, and then returning to the same place, without any break in his ecstasy, was born in the world of Brahma.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "Sāriputta at that time was the young priest, I myself was the ascetic."

No. 315.

MAṀSA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*For one who is asking,*" *etc.*—This was a story told by the Master, while living at Jetavana, as to how the Elder Sāriputta procured dainty fare for some sick Brothers under medical treatment. The story goes that certain of the Brethren at that time at Jetavana, after taking oil as a purgative, wished for some dainty food. Those who ministered to them in their sickness went into Sāvatthi to fetch some dainties, but after going their round for alms in a street in the Cooks' quarters, had to come back without getting what they wanted. Later on in the day the Elder was going into the town for alms and meeting these Brethren asked them why they had returned so soon. They told him

[1] See R. Morris, *Folklore Journal*, iii. 242.

what had happened. "Come then with me," said the Elder, [49] and took them to the very same street. And the people there gave him a full measure of dainty fare. The attendants brought the food to the sick Brethren, and they partook of it. So one day a discussion was started in the Hall of Truth how that when some servants were leaving a town, without being able to get dainty fare for their sick masters, the Elder took them with him on his round for alms in a street in the Cooks' quarters, and sent them home with abundant dainties. The Master came up and inquired the nature of their discussion, and on being told what it was he said, "Not now only, Brethren, did Sāriputta alone obtain food. Formerly also wise men who had a soft voice and knew how to speak pleasantly obtained the same." And then he told a tale of the olden time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of a wealthy merchant.

Now one day a certain deer-stalker had taken venison, and filling his cart with the meat, returned to the city with the intention of selling it. At this time four sons of rich merchants who were living in Benares sallied out of the city, and meeting at some cross roads they sat down and conversed with one another about whatever they had seen or heard. One of these youths on seeing the cart full of meat proposed to go and get a piece of venison from the hunter. The others bade him go and try. So he went up to the hunter, and said, "Hi, Sirrah, give me a piece of meat." The hunter replied, "A man who begs somewhat from another ought to speak with a gentle voice: you shall receive a piece of meat appropriate to your manner of speech." Then he uttered the first stanza:—

For one who is asking a favour, my friend, thy language is coarse in its tone,
Such language deserves coarse fare in return, so I offer thee mere skin and bone.

Then one of his companions asked him what language he had used in begging for a piece of meat. "I said, Hi, Sirrah!" he replied. "I too," said the other, "will beg of him." [50] Then he went to the hunter and said, "O elder brother, give me a piece of venison." The hunter answered, "You shall receive such a piece as the words you have spoken deserve," and he repeated the second stanza:—

The name of a brother a strong link is found, to join those akin to each other,
As thy kind words suggest the gift I should make, so a joint I present to my brother.

And with these words he took up and threw him a joint of venison. Then a third youth inquired with what words the last had begged for the meat. "I addressed him as brother," he replied. "Then I too will beg of him," he said. So he went to the hunter and cried, "Dear father, give me a piece of venison." The hunter replied, "You shall receive a

piece suitable to the words you have spoken," and he repeated the third stanza:—

As a parent's fond heart to pity is moved, the cry of "Dear father" to hear,
So I too respond to thy loving appeal, and give thee the heart of the deer.

And with these words he picked up and gave him a savoury piece of meat, heart and all. Then the fourth of the youths asked the third youth, with what words he had asked for the venison. "Oh I called him 'Dear father,'" he answered. "Then I too will beg a piece," said the other, and he went to the hunter and said, "My friend, give me a piece of meat." Said the hunter, "According to the words you have spoken, shall you receive." And he repeated the fourth stanza:—

A world without friends, I venture to think, a wilderness surely must be,
In that title of friend all that's dear is implied, so I give all the deer unto thee.

Moreover he said, "Come, friend, I will convey all this cartful of meat to your house." [51] So this merchant's son had the cart driven to his house, and he went and unloaded the meat. And he treated the hunter with great hospitality and respect, and sending for his wife and son he took him away from his cruel occupation, and settled him on his own estate. And they became inseparable friends, and all their life long lived amicably together.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Sāriputta was the Hunter, and I myself was the Merchant's Son who had all the venison given to him."

No. 316.

SASA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Seven red fish,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while living at Jetavana, about a gift of all the Buddhist requisites. A certain landowner at Sāvatthi, they say, provided all the requisites for the Brotherhood with Buddha at its head, and setting up a pavilion at his house door, he invited all the

[1] See R. Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal*, ii. 336 and 370. *Jātakamālā*, No. 6. On the wide-spread prevalence of the legend of the Hare in the Moon, see T. Harley's *Moon-Lore*, p. 60.

company of priests with their chief Buddha, seated them on elegant seats prepared for them, and offered them a variety of choice and dainty food. And saying, "Come again to-morrow," he entertained them for a whole week, and on the seventh day he presented Buddha and the five hundred priests under him with all the requisites. At the end of the feast the Master, in returning thanks, said, "Lay Brother, you are right in giving pleasure and satisfaction by this charity. For this is a tradition of wise men of old, who sacrificed their lives for any beggars they met with, and gave them even their own flesh to eat." And at the request of his host he related this old-world legend.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young hare and lived in a wood. On one side of this wood was the foot of a mountain, on another side a river, and on the third side a border-village. The hare had three friends—a monkey, a jackal and an otter. These four wise creatures lived together [52] and each of them got his food on his own hunting-ground, and in the evening they again came together. The hare in his wisdom by way of admonition preached the Truth to his three companions, teaching that alms are to be given, the moral law to be observed, and holy days to be kept. They accepted his admonition and went each to his own part of the jungle and dwelt there.

And so in the course of time the Bodhisatta one day observing the sky, and looking at the moon knew that the next day would be a fast-day, and addressing his three companions he said, "To-morrow is a fast-day. Let all three of you take upon you the moral precepts, and observe the holy day. To one that stands fast in moral practice, almsgiving brings a great reward. Therefore feed any beggars that come to you by giving them food from your own table." They readily assented, and abode each in his own place of dwelling.

On the morrow quite early in the morning, the otter sallied forth to seek his prey and went down to the bank of the Ganges. Now it came to pass that a fisherman had landed seven red fish, and stringing them together on a withe, he had taken and buried them in the sand on the river's bank. And then he dropped down the stream, catching more fish. The otter scenting the buried fish, dug up the sand till he came upon them, and pulling them out cried aloud thrice, "Does any one own these fish?" And not seeing any owner he took hold of the withe with his teeth and laid the fish in the jungle where he dwelt, intending to eat them at a fitting time. And then he lay down, thinking how virtuous he was! The jackal too sallied forth in quest of food and found in the hut of a field-watcher two spits, a lizard and a pot of milk-curd. And after thrice crying aloud, "To whom do these belong?" and not finding an owner, he put on his neck the rope for lifting the pot, and grasping the spits and the

lizard with his teeth, he brought and laid them in his own lair, thinking, "In due season I will devour them," and so lay down, [53] reflecting how virtuous he had been.

The monkey also entered the clump of trees, and gathering a bunch of mangoes laid them up in his part of the jungle, meaning to eat them in due season, and then lay down, thinking how virtuous he was. But the Bodhisatta in due time came out, intending to browse on the kuça grass, and as he lay in the jungle, the thought occurred to him, "It is impossible for me to offer grass to any beggars that may chance to appear, and I have no oil or rice and such like. If any beggar shall appeal to me, I shall have to give him my own flesh to eat." At this splendid display of virtue, Sakka's white marble throne manifested signs of heat. Sakka on reflection discovered the cause and resolved to put this royal hare to the test. First of all he went and stood by the otter's dwelling-place, disguised as a brahmin, and being asked why he stood there, he replied, "Wise Sir, if I could get something to eat, after keeping the fast, I would perform all my priestly duties." The otter replied, "Very well, I will give you some food," and as he conversed with him he repeated the first stanza:—

Seven red fish I safely brought to land from Ganges flood,
O brahmin, eat thy fill, I pray, and stay within this wood.

The brahmin said, "Let be till to-morrow. I will see to it by and bye." Next he went to the jackal, and when asked by him why he stood there, he made the same answer. The jackal, too, readily promised him some food, and in talking with him repeated the second stanza:—

[54] A lizard and a jar of curds, the keeper's evening meal,
Two spits to roast the flesh withal I wrongfully did steal:
Such as I have I give to thee: O brahmin, eat, I pray,
If thou shouldst deign within this wood a while with us to stay.

Said the brahmin, "Let be till to-morrow. I will see to it by and bye." Then he went to the monkey, and when asked what he meant by standing there, he answered just as before. The monkey readily offered him some food, and in conversing with him gave utterance to the third stanza:—

An icy stream, a mango ripe, and pleasant greenwood shade,
'Tis thine to enjoy, if thou canst dwell content in forest glade.

Said the brahmin, "Let be till to-morrow. I will see to it by and bye." And he went to the wise hare, and on being asked by him why he stood there, he made the same reply. The Bodhisatta on hearing what he wanted was highly delighted, and said, "Brahmin, you have done well in coming to me for food. This day will I grant you a boon that I have never granted before, but you shall not break the moral law by taking

animal life. Go, friend, and when you have piled together logs of wood, and kindled a fire, come and let me know, [55] and I will sacrifice myself by falling into the midst of the flames, and when my body is roasted, you shall eat my flesh and fulfil all your priestly duties." And in thus addressing him the hare uttered the fourth stanza:—

Nor sesame, nor beans, nor rice have I as food to give,
But roast with fire my flesh I yield, if thou with us wouldst live.

Sakka, on hearing what he said, by his miraculous power caused a heap of burning coals to appear, and came and told the Bodhisatta. Rising from his bed of kuça grass and coming to the place, he thrice shook himself that if there were any insects within his coat, they might escape death. Then offering his whole body as a free gift he sprang up, and like a royal swan, alighting on a cluster of lotuses, in an ecstasy of joy he fell on the heap of live coals. But the flame failed even to heat the pores of the hair on the body of the Bodhisatta, and it was as if he had entered a region of frost. Then he addressed Sakka in these words: "Brahmin, the fire you have kindled is icy-cold: it fails to heat even the pores of the hair on my body. What is the meaning of this?" "Wise sir," he replied, "I am no brahmin. I am Sakka, and I have come to put your virtue to the test." The Bodhisatta said, "If not only thou, Sakka, but all the inhabitants of the world were to try me in this matter of almsgiving, they would not find in me any unwillingness to give," and with this the Bodhisatta uttered a cry of exultation like a lion roaring. Then said Sakka to the Bodhisatta, "O wise hare, be thy virtue known throughout a whole æon." And squeezing the mountain, with the essence thus extracted, he daubed the sign of a hare on the orb of the moon. And after depositing the hare on a bed of young kuça grass, in the same wooded part of the jungle, Sakka returned to his own place in heaven. [56] And these four wise creatures dwelt happily and harmoniously together, fulfilling the moral law and observing holy days, till they departed to fare according to their deeds.

The Master, when he had ended his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the householder, who gave as a free-gift all the Buddhist requisites, attained fruition of the First Path:—"At that time Ānanda was the otter, Moggallāna was the jackal, Sāriputta the monkey, and I myself was the wise hare."

No. 317.

MATARODANA-JĀTAKA.

"*Weep for the living,*" *etc.*—The Master while in residence at Jetavana told this story of a certain landowner who dwelt at Sāvatthi.

On the death of his brother, it is said, he was so overwhelmed with grief that he neither ate nor washed nor anointed himself, but in deep affliction he used to go to the cemetery at daybreak to weep. The Master, early in the morning casting his eye upon the world and observing in that man a capacity for attaining to the fruition of the First Path, thought, "There is no one but myself that can, by telling him what happened long ago, assuage his grief and bring him to the fruition of the First Path. I must be his Refuge." So next day on returning in the afternoon from his round of alms-begging, he took a junior priest and went to his house. On hearing of the Master's arrival, the landowner ordered a seat to be prepared and bade him enter, and saluting him he sat on one side. In answer to the Master, who asked him why he was grieving, he said he had been sorrowing ever since his brother's death. Said the Master, "All compound existences are impermanent, and what is to be broken is broken. One ought not to make a trouble of this. Wise men of old, from knowing this, did not grieve, when their brother died." And at his request the Master related this legend of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was reborn in the family of a rich merchant, worth eighty crores. When he was come of age, his parents died. And on their death a brother of the Bodhisatta managed the family estate. [57] And the Bodhisatta lived in dependence on him. By and bye the brother also died of a fatal disease. His relations, friends and companions came together, and throwing up their arms wept and lamented, and no one was able to control his feelings. But the Bodhisatta neither lamented nor wept. Men said, "See now, though his brother is dead, he does not so much as pull a wry face: he is a very hard-hearted fellow. Methinks he desired his brother's death, hoping to enjoy a double portion." Thus did they blame the Bodhisatta. His kinsfolk too reproved him, saying, "Though your brother is dead, you do not shed a tear." On hearing their words he said: "In your blind folly, not knowing the Eight Worldly Conditions, you weep and cry, 'Alas! my brother is dead,' but I too, and you also, will have to die. Why then do you not weep at the thought of your own death? All existing things are transient, and consequently no single compound is able to remain in its natural condition. Though you, blind fools, in your state of ignorance, from not knowing the Eight Worldly

Conditions, weep and lament, why should I weep?" And so saying, he repeated these stanzas:—

Weep for the living rather than the dead!
  All creatures that a mortal form do take,
  Four-footed beast and bird and hooded snake,
Yea men and angels all the same path tread.

Powerless to cope with fate, rejoiced to die,
  Midst sad vicissitude of bliss and pain,
  Why shedding idle tears should man complain,
And plunged in sorrow for a brother sigh?

Men versed in fraud and in excess grown old,
  The untutored fool, e'en valiant men of might,
  If worldly-wise and ignorant of right,
Wisdom itself as foolishness may hold.

[58] Thus did the Bodhisatta teach these men the Truth, and delivered them all from their sorrow.

The Master, after he had ended his religious exposition, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the landowner attained to fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the wise man who by his religious exposition delivered people from their sorrow was I myself."

No. 318.

KANAVERA-JĀTAKA.

"*'Twas the joyous time," etc.*—This was a story told by the Master at Jetavana, about a Brother who was tempted by thoughts of the wife he had left.—The circumstances that led up to the story will be set forth in the Indriya Birth[1].—The Master, addressing this Brother, said, "Once before, through her, you had your head cut off." And then he related a legend of the past.

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[59] Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a village of Kāsi in the home of a certain householder, under the star of a robber. When he grew up to be a man, he

[1] No. 423.

gained his living by robbery, and his fame was blazed abroad in the world, as a bold fellow and as strong as an elephant. And no man could catch him. One day he broke into a rich merchant's house and carried off much treasure. The townsfolk came to the king and said, "Sire, a mighty robber is plundering the city: have him arrested." The king ordered the governor of the city to seize him. So in the night the governor posted men here and there in detachments, and having effected his capture with the money upon him, he reported it to the king. The king bade the governor cut off his head. Then the governor had his arms tightly bound behind him, and having tied a wreath of red kaṇavera flowers about his neck and sprinkled brickdust on his head, had him scourged with whips in every square, and then led to the place of execution to the music of the harsh-sounding drum. Men said, "This rapacious robber who loots our city is taken," and the whole city was greatly moved.

At this time there lived in Benares a courtezan named Sāmā, whose price was a thousand pieces of money. She was a favourite of the king's, and had a suite of five hundred female slaves. And as she stood at an open window on the upper floor of the palace, she saw this robber being led along. Now he was comely and gracious to look upon, and stood forth above all men, exceedingly glorious and god-like in appearance. And when she saw him being thus led past, she fell in love with him and thought within herself, "By what device can I secure this man for my husband?" "This is the way," she said, and sent by the hand of one of her female attendants a thousand pieces of money to the governor, and "Tell him," she said, "this robber is Sāmā's brother, and he has no other refuge except in Sāmā. And ask him to accept the money and let his prisoner escape." [60] The handmaid did as she was told. But the governor said, "This is a notorious robber, I cannot let him go free after this sort. But if I could find another man as a substitute, I could put the robber in a covered carriage and send him to you." The slave came and reported this to her mistress.

Now at this time a certain rich young merchant, who was enamoured of Sāmā, presented her every day with a thousand pieces of money. And that very day at sunset her lover came as usual to her house with the money. And Sāmā took the money and placed it in her lap and sat weeping. And when she was asked what was the cause of her sorrow, she said, "My lord, this robber is my brother, though he never came to see me, because people say I follow a vile trade: when I sent a message to the governor he sent word that if he were to receive a thousand pieces of money, he would let his prisoner go free. And now I cannot find any one to go and take this money to the governor." The youth for the love he bare her said, "I will go." "Go, then," said she, "and take with you the money you brought me." So he took it and went to the house of the governor.

The governor hid the young merchant in a secret place, and had the robber conveyed in a close carriage to Sāmā. Then he thought, "This robber is well known in the country. It must be quite dark first. And then, when all men are retired to rest, I will have the man executed." And so making some excuse for delaying it awhile, when people had retired to rest, he sent the young merchant with a large escort to the place of execution, and cutting off his head with a sword impaled his body, and returned into the city.

Thenceforth Sāmā accepted nought at any other man's hand, but passed all her time, taking her pleasure with this robber only. The thought occurred to the robber: "If this woman should fall in love with any one else, she will have me too put to death, and take her pleasure with him. She is very treacherous to her friends. I must no longer dwell here, but make haste to escape." When he was going away, [61] he thought, "I will not go empty-handed, but will take some of the ornaments belonging to her." So one day he said to her, "My dear, we always stay indoors like tame cockatoos in a cage. Some day we will disport ourselves in the garden." She readily assented and prepared every kind of food, hard and soft, and decked herself out with all her ornaments, and drove to the garden with him seated in a close carriage. While he was disporting himself with her, he thought, "Now must be the time for me to escape." So under a show of violent affection for her, he entered into a thicket of kaṇavera bushes, and pretending to embrace her, he squeezed her till she became insensible. Then throwing her down he spoiled her of all her ornaments, and fastening them in her outer garment he placed the bundle on his shoulder, and leaping over the garden wall made off.

And when she had recovered consciousness, rising up she went and asked her attendants, what had become of her young lord. "We do not know, lady." "He thinks," she said, "I am dead, and must in his alarm have run away." And being distressed at the thought, she returned thence to her house, and said, "Not till I have set eyes on my dear lord, will I rest upon a sumptuous couch," and she lay down upon the ground. And from that day she neither put on comely garments, nor ate more than one meal, nor affected scents and wreaths and the like. And being resolved to seek and recover her lover by every possible means, she sent for some actors and gave them a thousand pieces of money. On their asking, "What are we to do for this, lady?" She said, "There is no place that you do not visit. Go then to every village, town and city, and gathering a crowd around you, first of all sing this song in the midst of the people,"—teaching the actors the first stanza,—"And if," said she, "when you have sung this song, my husband shall be one of the crowd, he will speak to you. [62] Then you may tell him I am quite well, and bring him back with you. And should he refuse to come, send me a message."

And giving them their expenses for the journey, she sent them off. They started from Benares, and calling the people together here and there, at last arrived at a border-village. Now the robber, since his flight, was living here. And the actors gathered a crowd about them, and sang the first stanza:—

'Twas the joyous time of spring,
  Bright with flowers each shrub and tree,
From her swoon awakening
  Sāmā lives, and lives for thee.

The robber on hearing this drew nigh to the actor, and said, "You say that Sāmā is alive, but I do not believe it." And addressing him he repeated the second stanza:

Can fierce winds a mountain shake?
Can they make firm earth to quake?
But alive the dead to see
Marvel stranger far would be!

[63] The actor on hearing these words uttered the third stanza:

Sāmā surely is not dead,
Nor another lord would wed.
Fasting from all meals but one,
She loves thee and thee alone.

The robber on hearing this said, "Whether she be alive or dead, I don't want her," and with these words he repeated the fourth stanza:

Sāmā's fancy ever roves
From tried faith to lighter loves:
Me too Sāmā would betray,
Were I not to flee away.

The actors came and told Sāmā how he had dealt with them. And she, full of regrets, took once more to her old course of life.

The Master, when his lesson was ended, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the worldly-minded Brother attained to fruition of the First Path:—"At that time this Brother was the rich merchant's son, the wife he had left was Sāmā, and I myself was the robber."

No. 319.

TITTIRA-JĀTAKA.

[64] "*Happy life*," *etc.*—This was a story told by the Master while living in the Badarika Monastery near Kosambī, regarding the elder Rāhula. The introductory story has been already related in full in the Tipallattha Birth[1]. Now when the Brethren in the Hall of Truth were setting forth the praises of the venerable Rāhula, and speaking of him as fond of instruction, scrupulous and patient of rebuke, the Master came up and on hearing from them the subject of their discourse said, "Not now only, but formerly also Rāhula possessed all these virtues." And then he told them a legend of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family. And when he grew up, he studied all the arts at Takkasilā, and giving up the world devoted himself to the ascetic life in the Himālaya country, and developed all the Faculties and Attainments. There enjoying the pleasures of ecstatic meditation he dwelt in a pleasant grove, whence he journeyed to a frontier village to procure salt and vinegar. The people, on seeing him, became believers, and built him a hut of leaves in a wood, and providing him with all that a Buddhist requires, made a home for him there.

At this time a fowler in this village had caught a decoy partridge, and putting it in a cage carefully trained and looked after it. Then he took it to the wood, and by its cry decoyed all the other partridges that came near. The partridge thought: "Through me many of my kinsfolk come by their death. This is a wicked act on my part." So it kept quiet. When its master found it was quiet, he struck it on the head with a piece of bamboo. The partridge from the pain it suffered uttered a cry. And the fowler gained a living by decoying other partridges through it. Then the partridge thought: "Well, suppose they die. There is no evil intention on my part. Do the evil consequences of my action affect me? When I am quiet, they do not come, but when I utter a cry, they do. And all that come this fellow catches and puts to death. Is there any sinful act here on my part, or is there not?" Thenceforth the only thought of the partridge is, "Who verily may resolve my doubt?" [65] and it goes about seeking for such a wise man. Now one day the fowler snared a lot of partridges, and filling his basket with them he came to the Bodhisatta's hermitage to beg a draught of water. And putting down the cage near the Bodhisatta, he drank some water and lay down on the sand and fell

[1] No. 16, Vol. i.

asleep. The partridge observing that he was asleep thought, "I will ask this ascetic as to my doubt, and if he knows he will solve my difficulty." And as it lay in its cage, it repeated the first stanza in the form of a question:

Happy life I lead all day,
  Food abundant falls to me:
Yet I'm in a parlous way,
  What's my future state to be?

The Bodhisatta solving this question uttered the second stanza:

If no evil in thy heart
  Prompts to deed of villainy,
Shouldst thou play a passive part,
  Guilt attaches not to thee.

The partridge on hearing this uttered the third stanza:

"Lo! our kinsman": thus they cry,
  And in crowds they flock to see.
Am I guilty, should they die?
  Please resolve this doubt for me.

[66] On hearing this, the Bodhisatta repeated the fourth stanza:

If no sin lurks in the heart,
  Innocent the deed will be.
He who plays a passive part
  From all guilt is counted free.

Thus did the Great Being console the partridge. And through him the bird was freed from remorse. Then the fowler waking up saluted the Bodhisatta and took up his cage and made off.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Rāhula was the partridge, and I myself was the ascetic."

No. 320.

SUCCAJA-JĀTAKA.

"*He might give,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master, while residing at Jetavana, with regard to a certain landowner. According to the story he went to a village with his wife to get in a debt, and seizing a cart in satisfaction for what was due to him he deposited it with a certain family, intending to fetch it

later on. While on the road to Sāvatthi, they came in sight of a mountain. The wife asked him, "Suppose this mountain were to become all gold, would you give me some of it?" "Who are you?" he replied, "I would not give you a jot." "Alas!" she cried, "he is a hard-hearted man. Though the mountain should become pure gold, he would not give me an atom." And she was highly displeased.

When they drew nigh to Jetavana, feeling thirsty, they went into the monastery, and had some water to drink. [67] At daybreak the Master seeing in them a capacity for Salvation, sat in a cell of his Perfumed Chamber, looking out for their arrival, and emitted the six-coloured rays of Buddhahood. And after they had quenched their thirst, they came to the Master and respectfully saluting him sat down. The Master, after the usual kindly greetings, asked them where they had been. "We have been, Reverend Sir, to call in a debt." "Lay Sister," he said, "I hope your husband is anxious for your good and ready to do you a kindness." "Reverend Sir," she replied, "I am very affectionate to him, but he has no love for me. To-day when I asked him, on catching sight of a mountain, 'Supposing it were all pure gold, would you give me some?' he answered, 'Who are you? I would not give you a jot.' So hard-hearted is he." "Lay Sister," said the Master, "he talks like this. But whenever he calls to mind your virtues he is ready to give you lordship over all." "Tell us about it, your Reverence," they cried, and at their request he related this legend of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was his minister, rendering him all due service. One day the king saw his son, who acted as his viceroy, coming to pay his respects to him. He thought to himself, "This fellow may do me wrong, if he gets an opportunity." So he sent for him and said, "As long as I live, you cannot dwell in this city. Live somewhere else, and at my death bear rule in the kingdom." He agreed to these conditions, and bidding his father farewell he started from Benares with his chief wife. On coming to a frontier village, he built himself a hut of leaves in a wood, and stayed there, supporting life on wild roots and fruit. By and bye the king died. The young viceroy, from his observation of the stars, knew of his father's death, and as he journeyed to Benares, a mountain came into sight. His wife said to him, "Supposing, Sir, yonder mountain were turned into pure gold, would you give me some of it?" "Who are you?" he cried, "I would not give you an atom." She thought: "Through my love for him I entered this forest, not having the heart to desert him, and he speaks to me thus. [68] He is very hard-hearted, and if he becomes king, what good will he do me?" And she was sore at heart.

On reaching Benares he was established on the throne and raised her to the dignity of chief queen. He merely gave her titular rank, but beyond this he paid her no respect or honour, and did not even recognize her existence. Thought the Bodhisatta, "This queen was helpmeet to the king, not counting the pain, and dwelt with him in the wilderness. But he, taking no count of this, goes about, taking his pleasure with other women. But I will bring it about that she shall receive lordship over

all." And with this thought he went one day and saluting her said, "Lady, we do not receive from you so much as a lump of rice. Why are you so hard-hearted, and why do you thus neglect us?" "Friend," she replied, "if I myself were to receive aught, I would give it you, but if I get nothing, what am I to give? What, pray, is the king likely to give me? On the road here, when asked, 'If yonder mountain were all pure gold, would you give me anything?' he answered, 'Who are you? I would give you nothing.'" "Well, could you repeat all this before the king?" he said. "Why should I not, friend?" she answered. "Then when I stand in the king's presence," he said, "I will ask and you shall repeat it." "Agreed, friend," she said. So the Bodhisatta, when he stood and paid his respects to the king, asked the queen, saying, "Are we not, lady, to receive aught at your hands?" "Sir," she answered, "when I get anything, I will give you something. But, pray, what is the king likely to give me now? When we were coming from the forest, and a mountain came into sight, I asked him, 'If yonder mountain were all pure gold, would you give me some of it?' 'Who are you?' he said, 'I will give you nothing.' And in these words he refused what it was easy to give." [69] To illustrate this, she repeated the first stanza:

He might give at little cost
What he would not miss, if lost.
Golden mountains I bestow;
He to all I ask says "No."

The king on hearing this uttered the second stanza:

When you can, say "Yes, I will,"
When you cannot, promise nil.
Broken promises are lies;
Liars all wise men despise.

The queen, when she heard this, raising her joined hands in respectful salutation, repeated the third stanza:

Standing fast in righteousness,
Thee, O prince, we humbly bless.
Fortune may all else destroy;
Truth is still thy only joy.

[70] The Bodhisatta, after hearing the queen sing the praises of the king, set forth her virtues and repeated the fourth stanza:

Known to fame as peerless wife,
Sharing weal and woe of life,
Equal she to either fate,
Fit with even kings to mate.

The Bodhisatta in these words sang the praises of the queen, saying, "This lady, your majesty, in the time of your adversity, lived with you

and shared your sorrows in the forest. You ought to do her honour." The king, at his words, called to mind the queen's virtues and said, "Wise Sir, at your words I am reminded of the queen's virtues," and so saying he gave all power into her hand. Moreover he bestowed great power upon the Bodhisatta. "For it was by you," he said, "I was reminded of the queen's virtues."

The Master, having ended his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths, the husband and wife attained to fruition of the First Path:—"At that time this landowner was the king of Benares, this lay sister was the queen, and I myself was the wise councillor."

No. 321.

KUṬIDŪSAKA-JĀTAKA.

[71] "*Monkey, in feet,*" *etc.*—This was a story told by the Master while dwelling at Jetavana, about a young disciple who burnt down the hut of leaves of the elder Mahākassapa. The incident that led to the story originated in Rājagaha. At that time, they say, the elder was living in a cell in the forest near Rājagaha. Two young novices ministered to his wants. The one of them was serviceable to the elder, the other was ill-behaved. Whatever was done by his comrade, he makes as if it were done by himself. For instance, when the other lad had placed water to rinse the mouth, he goes to the elder and saluting him, says, "Sir, the water is ready. Please to rinse your mouth." And when his companion had risen betimes and swept out the elder's cell, as soon as the elder appears, he knocks things about hither and thither, and makes as if the whole cell had been swept out by himself.

The dutiful disciple thought, "This ill-behaved fellow claims whatever I do just as if he had done it himself. I will expose his cunning behaviour." So when the young rogue had returned from the village and was sleeping after his meal, he heated water for the bath, and hid it in a back room, and then put merely a small quantity of water in the boiler. The other lad on waking went and saw the steam rising up and thought, "No doubt our friend has heated the water and put it in the bath-room." So going to the elder he said, "Sir, the water is in the bath-room. Please, take your bath." The elder went with him to take a bath, and finding no water in the bath-room asked where the water was. The lad went hastily to the heating chamber and let down a ladle into the empty boiler. The ladle struck against the bottom of the empty vessel, and gave forth a rattling sound. (Thenceforth the boy was known by the name of "Rattle-Ladle.") At this moment the other lad fetched the water from the back room, and said, "Sir, please take your bath." The elder had his bath, [72] and being now aware of Rattle-Ladle's misconduct, when the boy came in the evening to wait upon him, he reproached him and said, "When one that is under religious vows

has done a thing himself, then only has he the right to say, 'I did that.' Otherwise it is a deliberate lie. Henceforth be not guilty of conduct like this."

The boy was wroth with the elder, and next day refused to go into the town with him to beg for alms. But the other youth accompanied the elder. And Rattle-Ladle went to see a family of the elder's retainers. When they inquired where the elder was, he answered that he remained at home ill. They asked what he ought to have. He said, "Give me so and so," and took it and went to a place that he fancied, and ate it and returned to the hermitage. Next day the elder visited that family and sat down with them. The people said, "You are not well, are you? Yesterday, they say, you stopped at home in your cell. We sent you some food by the hand of such and such a lad. Did your Reverence partake of it?" The elder held his peace, and when he had finished his meal, returned to the monastery.

In the evening when the boy came to wait upon him, the elder addressed him thus: "You went begging, Sir, in such and such a family, and in such and such a village. And you begged, saying, 'The elder must have so and so to eat.' And then, they say, you ate it yourself. Such begging is highly improper. See that you are not guilty of such misconduct again."

So the boy for ever so long nursed a grudge against the elder, thinking, "Yesterday merely on account of a little water he picked a quarrel with me. And now being indignant because of my having eaten a handful of rice in the house of his retainers, he quarrels with me again. I will find out the right way to deal with him." And next day, when the elder had gone into the city for alms, he took a hammer and broke all the vessels used for food, and setting fire to the hut of leaves, took to his heels. While still alive he became a preta in the world of men, and withered away till he died and was born again in the Great Hell of Avīci. And the fame of his evil deed spread abroad amongst the people.

So one day some Brethren came from Rājagaha to Sāvatthi, and after putting away their bowls and robes in the Common Room they went and saluting the Master sat down. The Master conversed pleasantly with them and asked whence they had come. "From Rājagaha, Sir." "Who is the teacher that preaches there?" he said. "The Great Kassapa, Sir." "Is Kassapa quite well, Brethren?" he asked. "Yes, Reverend Sir, the elder is well. But a youthful member of the fraternity was so angry on account of a reproof he gave him, that he set fire to the elder's hut of leaves, and made off." [73] The Master, on hearing this, said, "Brethren, solitude is better for Kassapa than keeping company with a fool like this." And so saying he repeated a stanza in the Dhammapada:

To travel with the vulgar herd refuse,
  And fellowship with foolish folk eschew;
Thy peer or better for a comrade choose
  Or else in solitude thy way pursue.

Moreover he again addressed the Brethren and said, "Not now only, Brethren, did this youth destroy the hut and feel wroth with one that reproved him. In former times too he was wroth." And he then told them a legend of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young siṅgila bird. And when he grew to be a big bird, he settled in the Himālaya country and built him a nest to his fancy, that was proof against the rain. Then a certain monkey in the rainy season, when the rain fell without intermission, sat near the Bodhisatta, his teeth chattering by reason of the severe cold. The Bodhisatta, seeing him thus distressed, fell to talking with him, and uttered the first stanza:

Monkey, in feet and hands and face
  So like the human form,
Why buildest thou no dwelling-place,
  To hide thee from the storm?

The monkey, on hearing this, replied with a second stanza:

In feet and hands and face, O bird,
  Though close to man allied,
Wisdom, chief boon on him conferred,
  To me has been denied.

The Bodhisatta, on hearing this, repeated yet two more couplets:

He that inconstancy betrays, a light and fickle mind,
Unstable proved in all his ways, no happiness may find.
[74] Monkey, in virtue to excel, do thou thy utmost strive,
And safe from wintry blast to dwell, go, hut of leaves contrive.

Thought the monkey, "This creature, through dwelling in a place that is sheltered from the rain, despises me. I will not suffer him to rest quietly in this nest." Accordingly, in his eagerness to catch the Bodhisatta, he made a spring upon him. But the Bodhisatta flew up into the air, and winged his way elsewhere. And the monkey, after smashing up and destroying his nest, betook himself off.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth:—"At that time the youth that fired the hut was the monkey, and I myself was the siṅgila bird."

No. 322.

DADDABHA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*From the spot where,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master, when he dwelt at Jetavana, about some heretics. These heretics, they say, in various places near Jetavana, made their beds on thorns, suffered the five-fold forms of fire penance, and practised false asceticism of many different kinds. Now a number of the Brethren, after going their rounds for alms in Sāvatthi, on their way back to Jetavana saw these heretics undergoing their pretended austerities, and came and asked the Master, [75] "Is there, Sir, any virtue in these heterodox priests in taking upon them these practices?" The Master said, "There is no

[1] See *Tibetan Tales*, XXII. p. 296, "The Flight of the Beasts." R. Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal*, Vol. iii. 121.

virtue, Brethren, nor any special merit in it. When it is examined and tested, it is like a path over a dunghill, or like the noise the hare heard." "We do not know, Sir, what that noise was. Tell us, Holy Sir." So at their request he told them an old-world legend.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young lion. And when fully grown he lived in a wood. At this time there was near the Western Ocean a grove of palms mixed with vilva trees. A certain hare lived here beneath a palm sapling, at the foot of a vilva tree. One day this hare after feeding came and lay down beneath the young palm tree. And the thought struck him: "If this earth should be destroyed, what would become of me?" And at this very moment a ripe vilva fruit fell on a palm leaf. At the sound of it, the hare thought: "This solid earth is collapsing," and starting up he fled, without so much as looking behind him. Another hare saw him scampering off, as if frightened to death, and asked the cause of his panic flight. "Pray, don't ask me," he said. The other hare cried, "Pray, Sir, what is it?" and kept running after him. Then the hare stopped a moment and without looking back said, "The earth here is breaking up." And at this the second hare ran after the other. And so first one and then another hare caught sight of him running, and joined in the chase till one hundred thousand hares all took to flight together. They were seen by a deer, a boar, an elk, a buffalo, a wild ox, a rhinoceros, a tiger, a lion and an elephant. And when they asked what it meant and were told that the earth was breaking up, they too took to flight. [76] So by degrees this host of animals extended to the length of a full league.

When the Bodhisatta saw this headlong flight of the animals, and heard the cause of it was that the earth was coming to an end, he thought: "The earth is nowhere coming to an end. Surely it must be some sound which was misunderstood by them. And if I don't make a great effort, they will all perish. I will save their lives." So with the speed of a lion he got before them to the foot of a mountain, and lion-like roared three times. They were terribly frightened at the lion, and stopping in their flight stood all huddled together. The lion went in amongst them and asked why they were running away.

"The earth is collapsing," they answered.

"Who saw it collapsing?" he said.

"The elephants know all about it," they replied.

He asked the elephants. "We don't know," they said, "the lions know." But the lions said, "We don't know, the tigers know." The tigers said, "The rhinoceroses know." The rhinoceroses said, "The wild oxen know." The wild oxen, "the buffaloes." The buffaloes, "the elks." The elks, "the boars." The boars, "the deer." The deer said, "We

don't know, the hares know." When the hares were questioned, they pointed to one particular hare and said, "This one told us."

So the Bodhisatta asked, "Is it true, Sir, that the earth is breaking up?"

"Yes, Sir, I saw it," said the hare.

"Where," he asked, "were you living, when you saw it?"

"Near the ocean, Sir, in a grove of palms mixed with vilva trees. For as I was lying beneath the shade of a palm sapling at the foot of a vilva tree, methought, 'If this earth should break up, where shall I go?' And at that very moment I heard the sound of the breaking up of the earth and I fled."

Thought the lion: "A ripe vilva fruit evidently must have fallen on a palm leaf and made a 'thud,' and this hare jumped to the conclusion that the earth was coming to an end, and ran away. [77] I will find out the exact truth about it." So he reassured the herd of animals, and said, "I will take the hare and go and find out exactly whether the earth is coming to an end or not, in the place pointed out by him. Until I return, do you stay here." Then placing the hare on his back, he sprang forward with the speed of a lion, and putting the hare down in the palm grove, he said "Come, show us the place you meant."

"I dare not, my lord," said the hare.

"Come, don't be afraid," said the lion.

The hare, not venturing to go near the vilva tree, stood afar off and cried, "Yonder, Sir, is the place of dreadful sound," and so saying, he repeated the first stanza:

From the spot where I did dwell
  Issued forth a fearful 'thud;'
What it was I could not tell,
  Nor what caused it understood.

After hearing what the hare said, the lion went to the foot of the vilva tree, and saw the spot where the hare had been lying beneath the shade of the palm tree, and the ripe vilva fruit that fell on the palm leaf, and having carefully ascertained that the earth had not broken up, he placed the hare on his back and with the speed of a lion soon came again to the herd of beasts.

Then he told them the whole story, and said, "Don't be afraid." And having thus reassured the herd of beasts, he let them go. Verily, if it had not been for the Bodhisatta at that time, all the beasts would have rushed into the sea and perished. It was all owing to the Bodhisatta that they escaped death.

Alarmed at sound of fallen fruit
  A hare once ran away,
The other beasts all followed suit
  Moved by that hare's dismay.

They hastened not to view the scene,
But lent a willing ear
To idle gossip, and were clean
Distraught with foolish fear.

[78] They who to Wisdom's calm delight
And Virtue's heights attain,
Though ill example should invite,
Such panic fear disdain.

These three stanzas were inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time I myself was the lion."

No. 323.

BRAHMADATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Such is the quality,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master, while dwelling in the Aggāḷava shrine near Āḷavī, concerning the regulations to be observed in the building of cells[1].

The introductory story has been already set forth in the Maṇikaṇṭha Birth[2], but on this occasion the Master said, "Is it true, Brethren, that you live here by your importunity in asking and begging for alms?" And when they answered "Yes," he reproved them and said, "Wise men of old, when offered their choice by the king, though they were longing to ask for a pair of single-soled shoes, through fear of doing violence to their sensitive and scrupulous nature, did not venture to say a word in the presence of the people, but spoke in private." And so saying he told them an old-world legend.

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[79] Once upon a time in the Kampillaka kingdom, when a Pañcāla king was reigning in a North Pañcāla city, the Bodhisatta was born into a brahmin family, in a certain market town. And when he was grown up, he acquired a knowledge of the arts at Takkasilā. Afterwards taking orders as an ascetic and dwelling in the Himālaya country, he lived for a long time by what he could glean—feeding on wild fruits and roots.

[1] See *Suttavibhaṅga* vi. 1.

[2] No. 253, Vol. ii.

And wandering into the haunts of men for the purpose of procuring salt and vinegar, he came to a city of North Pañcāla and took up his abode in the king's garden. Next day he went into the city to beg alms, and came to the king's gate. The king was so pleased with his deportment and behaviour that he seated him on the dais and fed him with food worthy of a king. And he bound him by a solemn promise and assigned him a lodging in the garden.

He lived constantly in the king's house, and at the end of the rainy season, being anxious to return to the Himālayas, he thought, "If I go upon this journey, I must get a pair of single-soled shoes[1] and a parasol of leaves. I will beg them of the king." One day he came to the garden, and finding the king sitting there, he saluted him and resolved he would ask him for the shoes and parasol. But his second thought was, "A man who begs of another, saying, 'Give me so and so,' is apt to weep. And the other man also when he refuses, saying, 'I have it not,' in his turn weeps." And that the people might not see either him or the king weeping, he thought, "We will both weep quietly in some secret place." So he said, "Great King, I am anxious to speak with you in private." The royal attendants on hearing this departed. Thought the Bodhisatta, "If the king should refuse my prayer, our friendship will be at an end. So I will not ask a boon of him." That day, not venturing to mention the subject, he said, "Go now, Great King, I will see about this matter by and bye." Another day on the king's coming to the garden, saying, as before, first this and then that, he could not frame his request. And so twelve years elapsed.

Then the king thought, [80] "This priest said, 'I wish to speak in private,' and when the courtiers are departed, he has not the courage to speak. And while he is longing to do so, twelve years have elapsed. After living a religious life so long, I suspect, he is regretting the world. He is eager to enjoy pleasures and is longing for sovereignty. But being unable to frame the word 'kingdom,' he keeps silent. To-day now I will offer him whatever he desires, from my kingdom downwards." So he went to the garden and sitting down saluted him. The Bodhisatta asked to speak to him in private, and when the courtiers had departed, he could not utter a word. The king said, "For twelve years you have asked to speak to me in private, and when you have had the opportunity, you have not been able to say a word. I offer you everything, beginning with my kingdom. Do not be afraid, but ask for whatever you please."

"Great King," he said, "will you give me what I want?"

[1] See *Mahāvagga*, v. 1. 28. Shoes with more than a single lining were not to be worn by the Brethren, except when they had been cast off by others.

"Yes, Reverend Sir, I will."

"Great King, when I go on my journey, I must have a pair of single-soled shoes and a parasol of leaves."

"Have you not been able, Sir, for twelve years to ask for such a trifle as this?"

"That is so, Great King."

"Why, Sir, did you act thus?"

"Great King, the man who says 'Give me so and so,' sheds tears, and the one who refuses and says 'I have it not,' in his turn weeps. If, when I begged, you should have refused me, I feared the people might see us mingling our tears. This is why I asked for a secret interview." Then from the beginning he repeated three stanzas:

Such is the quality of prayer, O king,
'Twill a rich gift or a refusal bring.

Who beg, Pañcāla lord, to weep are fain,
They who refuse are apt to weep again.

Lest people see us shed the idle tear,
My prayer I whisper in thy secret ear.

[81] The king, being charmed with this mark of respect on the part of the Bodhisatta, granted him the boon and spoke the fourth stanza:

Brahmin, I offer thee a thousand kine,
Red kine, and eke the leader of the herd;
Hearing but now these generous words of thine,
I too in turn to generous deed am stirred.

But the Bodhisatta said, "I do not, Sire, desire material pleasures. Give me that only which I ask for." And he took a pair of single-soled shoes and the parasol of leaves, and exhorted the king to be zealous in religion and to keep the moral law and observe fast days. And though the king begged him to stay, he went off to the Himālayas, where he developed all the Faculties and Attainments, and was destined to birth in the Brahma-world.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king, and I myself was the ascetic."

No. 324.

CAMMASĀṬAKA-JĀTAKA[1].

[82] "*The kindly beast*," *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while living at Jetavana, about a mendicant priest who wore a leather jerkin[2]. Both his upper and under garment, it is said, were of leather. One day sallying out of the monastery, he went his rounds in Sāvatthi for alms, till he came to the fighting-ground of the rams. A ram on seeing him drew back, desiring to butt him. The mendicant thought, "He is doing this, as an act of respect for me," and himself did not draw back. The ram came on with a rush and striking him on the thigh felled him to the ground. This case of imaginary salutation was blazed abroad in the Congregation of the Brethren. The matter was discussed by them in the Hall of Truth, as to how the leather-coated mendicant fancied he was being saluted and met with his death. The Master came and inquired the subject of their discussion and on being told what it was said, "Not now only, Brethren, but of old too this ascetic imagined he was being saluted and so came by his death," and he then related to them an old-world legend.

Once upon a time the Bodhisatta was born in a merchant family and plied his trade. At that time a certain religious mendicant, clad in a leather garment, in going his rounds for alms, came to the rams' fighting ground, and on seeing a ram falling back before him, he fancied it did this as a mark of respect, and did not himself retire. "In the whole world," he thought, "this ram alone recognises my merits," and raising his joined hands in respectful salutation he stood and repeated the first stanza:

The kindly beast obeisance makes before
The high-caste brahmin versed in holy lore.
  Good honest creature thou,
Famous above all other beasts, I vow!

[83] At this moment a wise merchant sitting in his stores, to restrain the mendicant, uttered the second stanza:

Brahmin, be not so rash this beast to trust,
Else will he haste to lay thee in the dust,
  For this the ram falls back,
To gain an impetus for his attack.

While this wise merchant was still speaking, the ram came on at full speed, and striking the mendicant on the thigh, knocked him down. He

[1] See R. Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal*, iii. 248.
[2] *Mahāvagga*, viii. 28. 2.

was maddened with the pain and as he lay groaning, the Master, to explain the incident, gave utterance to the third stanza:

With broken leg and bowl for alms upset,
His damaged fortune he will sore regret.
Let him not weep with outstretched arms in vain,
Haste to the rescue, ere the priest is slain.

Then the mendicant repeated the fourth stanza:

Thus all that honour to the unworthy pay,
Share the same fate that I have met to-day;
Prone in the dust by butting ram laid low
To foolish confidence my death I owe.

[84] Thus lamenting he there and then came by his death.

The Master, his lesson ended, thus identified the Birth: "The man in the leather coat of to-day was the same then as now. And I myself was the wise merchant."

No. 325.

GODHA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*One that plays,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master, while living at Jetavana, with regard to a certain cheating rogue. The introductory story has been already given in full. But on this occasion they brought the Brother to the Master and exposed him, saying, "Holy Sir, this Brother is a cheat." The Master said, "Not now only, but formerly also he was a rogue." And then he told an old-world story.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a young lizard, and when he grew up and was lusty and strong, he dwelt in a forest. And a certain wicked ascetic built a hut of leaves, and took up his abode near him. The Bodhisatta, in ranging about for food, saw this hut of leaves and thought to himself,

[1] Compare No. 277, vol. ii.

"This hut must certainly belong to some holy ascetic," and he went there and after saluting the holy man returned to his own place of abode.

Now one day this false ascetic ate some savoury food prepared in the house of one of his retainers, and asked what meat it was. On hearing that it was lizard-flesh, he became such a slave to his love of dainties that he thought, "I will kill this lizard that so constantly keeps coming to my hermitage and will cook him to my taste and eat him." So he took some ghee, curds, condiments and the like, and went with his club concealed under his yellow robe and sat perfectly still at the door of his hut, waiting for the Bodhisatta to come, as quiet as quiet could be.

[85] And when the Bodhisatta saw this depraved fellow he thought, "This wretch must have been eating the flesh of my kinsfolk. I will put it to the test." So he stood to leeward of him and getting a whiff from his person he knew that he had been eating the flesh of a lizard, and without going near him he turned back and made off. And when the ascetic saw he was not coming, he threw his club at him. The club missed his body, but just reached the tip of his tail. The ascetic said, "Be off with you, I have missed you." Said the Bodhisatta, "Yes, you have missed me, but you will not miss the fourfold States of Suffering." Than he ran off and disappeared in an ant-hill which stood at the end of the cloister walk, and putting out his head at some other hole, he addressed the ascetic in these two stanzas:

One that plays the ascetic rôle
Should exhibit self-control.
Thou didst hurl thy stick at me,
False ascetic thou must be.

Matted locks and robe of skin
Serve to cloke some secret sin.
Fool! to cleanse for outward show,
Leaving what is foul below.

The ascetic, on hearing this, replied in a third stanza:

Prithee, lizard, hasten back,
Oil and salt I do not lack:
Pepper too I would suggest
May to boiled rice add a zest.

[86] The Bodhisatta, on hearing this, uttered the fourth stanza:

I will hide me snug and warm
Midst the anthill's myriad swarm.
Cease of oil and salt to prate,
Pepper I abominate.

Moreover he threatened him and said, "Fie! false ascetic, if you continue to dwell here, I will have you seized as a thief by the people who

live in my feeding ground, and given over to destruction. So make haste and be off." Then the false ascetic fled from that place.

The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "At that time the rogue of a Brother was the false ascetic, but I myself was the royal lizard."

No. 326.

KAKKĀRU-JĀTAKA.

"*He that from thievish act*," *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while he was at Jetavana, about Devadatta, how that after causing a schism in the Order, as he was going away with his chief disciples, when the assembly broke up, a hot stream of blood gushed from his mouth. Then the Brethren discussed the matter in the Hall of Truth, and said that Devadatta by speaking falsely had created a schism, and afterwards fell sick and suffered great pain. The Master came and inquired what subject the Brethren were discussing as they sat in conclave, and on hearing what it was he said, "Not now only, Brethren, but of old too this fellow was a liar, and not now only, but of old also he suffered pain as the penalty of lying." And so saying he repeated this old-world legend.

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[87] Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became a certain god in the heaven of the Thirty-three. Now at this time there was a great festival at Benares. A crowd of Nāgas and Garuḍa birds and terrestrial deities came and watched the festival. And four divine beings from the heaven of the Thirty-three, wearing a wreath made of heavenly kakkāru flowers, came to see the festival. And the city for the space of twelve leagues was filled with the fragrance of these flowers. Men moved about, wondering by whom these flowers were worn. The gods said, "They are watching us," and flying up from the royal court, by an act of supernatural power they stood poised in the air. The multitude gathered together, and the king with his vassal princes came and asked from what world of the gods they had come.

"We come from the heaven of the Thirty-three."

"For what purpose are you come?"

"To see the festival."

"What are these flowers?"

"They are called the heavenly kakkāru flowers."

"Sirs," they said, "in the world of the gods you may have other flowers to wear. Give these to us."

The gods made answer, "These divine flowers are fit for those possessed of great powers: for the base, foolish, faithless and sinful beings in this world of men they are not fitted. But whosoever amongst men are endued with such and such virtues, for them they are suitable." And with these words the chief amongst these divine beings repeated the first stanza:—

> He that from thievish act refrains,
> His tongue from lying word restrains,
> And reaching dizzy heights of fame
> Still keeps his head—this flower may claim.

[88] On hearing this the family priest thought, "I own not one of these qualities, but by telling a lie I will get these flowers to wear, and thus the people will credit me with these virtues." Then he said, "I am endued with these qualities," and he had the flowers brought to him and he put them on, and then begged of the second god, who replied in a second stanza:—

> He that should honest wealth pursue
> And riches gained by fraud eschew,
> In pleasure gross excess would shun,
> This heavenly flower has duly won.

Said the priest, "I am endued with these virtues," and had the flowers brought to him and put them on, and then begged of the third god, who uttered the third stanza:—

> He that from purpose fixed ne'er swerves
> And his unchanging faith preserves,
> Choice food alone scorns to devour,
> May justly claim this heavenly flower.

[89] Said the priest, "I am endued with these virtues," and had the flowers brought to him and he put them on, and then begged of the fourth god, who spoke the fourth stanza:—

> He that good men will ne'er attack
> When present, nor behind their back,
> And all he says, fulfils in deed,
> This flower may claim as his due meed.

The priest said, "I am endued with these virtues," and he had the flowers brought to him and put them on. So these divine beings gave the four wreaths of flowers to the priest and returned to the world of gods. As soon as they were gone, the priest was seized with a violent pain in the head, as if it were being pounded by a sharp spike, or crushed by an

instrument of iron. Maddened with the pain he rolled up and down, and cried out with a loud voice. When men asked, "What means this?" he said, "I claimed these virtues when I had them not, and spoke falsely and so begged these flowers of the gods: take them from off my head." They would have removed them, but could not, for they were fastened as it were with an iron band. Then they raised him up and led him home. And as he lay there crying aloud, seven days passed. The king spake to his councillors and said, "This wicked brahmin will die. What are we to do?" "My lord," they answered, "let us again celebrate a festival. The sons of the gods will come back."

[90] And the king held a festival, and the sons of the gods returned and filled all the city with the perfume of the flowers, and took their stand in the same place in the royal court. The people gathered together, and bringing that wicked brahmin they laid him down before the gods on his belly. He prayed the gods, saying, "My lords, spare my life." They said, "These flowers are not meet for a wicked and evil man. You thought in your heart to deceive us. You have received the reward of your false words."

After thus rebuking him in the presence of the people, they removed the wreath of flowers from his head and having admonished the people, they returned to their own place of abode.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the brahmin, of the divine beings Kassapa was one, Moggallāna was another, Sāriputta a third, and I myself was the chief one of all."

No. 327.

KĀKĀTI-JĀTAKA.[1]

"*Fragrant odours*," *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while residing at Jetavana, of a certain Brother who regretted having taken orders. On this occasion the Master asked the Brother if it were true that he was discontented, and on his answering, "Yes, Holy Sir," he asked him the reason. The Brother replied, "By reason of sinful passion." The Master said, "Woman cannot be guarded. There is no keeping her safe. Sages of old placed a woman in mid ocean in a palace by the Simbalī lake[2], but failed to preserve her honour." Then he told a story of the olden time.

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[1] Compare No. 360 *infra*.

[2] On Mount Meru: the Garuḍas live round it.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as the son of the king by his queen-consort. And when he was grown up, at his father's death he bare rule. Kākāti was his chief queen and as lovely as an Apsara. [91] The old form of the legend will be found set forth in full in the Kuṇāla Birth[1]. Here follows a brief summary of it.

Now at this time a certain Garuḍa king came disguised as a man, and played at dice with the king of Benares. Falling in love with the chief queen Kākāti, he carried her off with him to the dwelling place of the Garuḍas and lived happily with her. The king missing her told his musician named Naṭakuvera to go in quest of her. He found the Garuḍa king lying on a bed of eraka grass in a certain lake, and just as the Garuḍa was on the point of leaving that spot, he seated himself in the midst of the royal bird's plumage[2], and was in this way conveyed to the dwelling place of the Garuḍas. There he enjoyed the lady's favours, and again seating himself on the bird's wing returned home. And when the time came for the Garuḍa to play at dice with the king, the minstrel took his lute and going up to the gaming board he stood before the king, and in the form of a song gave utterance to the first stanza:—

Fragrant odours round me playing
  Breath of fair Kākāti's love,
From her distant home conveying
  Thoughts my inmost soul to move.

On hearing this the Garuḍa responded in a second stanza:—

Sea and Kebuk stream defying
  Didst thou reach my island home?
Over seven oceans flying
  To the Simbal grove didst come?

[92] Naṭakuvera, on hearing this, uttered the third stanza:—

'Twas through thee all space defying
  I was borne to Simbal grove,
And o'er seas and rivers flying
  'Twas through thee I found my love.

Then the Garuḍa king replied in the fourth stanza:—

Out upon the foolish blunder,
  What a booby I have been!
Lovers best were kept asunder,
  Lo! I've served as go-between.

So the Garuḍa brought the queen and gave her back to the king of Benares, and came not there any more.

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[1] No. 536.

[2] Compare *Tibetan Tales*, XII. p. 231, *Suśroṇi*.

The Master, his lesson ended, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the discontented Brother attained the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the discontented Brother was Natakuvera, and I myself was the king."

No. 328.

ANANUSOCIYA-JĀTAKA.

"*Why should I shed tears,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while living at Jetavana, of a certain landowner who had lost his wife. On her death, they say, he neither washed himself nor took food, and neglected his farm duties. Overcome with grief he would wander about the cemetery lamenting, while his predestination to enter the First Path blazed forth like a halo about his head. The Master, early one morning, casting his eye upon the world and beholding him said, "Save me there is no one that can remove this man's sorrow and bestow upon him the power of entering the First Path. I will be his refuge." So when he had returned from his rounds and had eaten his meal, he took an attendant priest and went to the door of the landowner's house. [93] And he on hearing that the Master was coming went out to meet him, and with other marks of respect seated him in the prescribed seat and came and sitting on one side saluted him.

The Master asked, "Wherefore, lay brother, are you silent?"

"Reverend Sir," he replied, "I am grieving for her."

The Master said, "Lay brother, that which is breakable is broken, but when this happens, one ought not to grieve. Sages of old, when they lost a wife, knew this truth, and therefore sorrowed not." And then at his request the Master told an old-world tale.

The old legend will be found set forth in the Cullabodhi Birth[1] in the Tenth Book. Here follows a short summary of it.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a brahmin family. And when he grew up, he studied all the arts at Takkasilā and then returned to his parents. In this Birth the Great Being became a holy young student. Then his parents told him they would look out a wife for him.

"I have no desire for a married life," said the Bodhisatta. "When you are dead, I will adopt the religious life of an ascetic."

And being greatly importuned by them, he had a golden image[2] made,

[1] No. 443.

[2] For the incident of the golden image and the story generally compare *Tibetan Tales*, IX. p. 186. *Mahākāśyapa and Bhadrā.*

and said, 'If you can find me a maiden like unto this, I will take her to wife.' His parents sent forth some emissaries with a large escort, and bade them place the golden image in a covered carriage and go and search through the plains of India, till they found just such a young brahmin girl, when they were to give this golden image in exchange, and bring the girl back with them. Now at this time a certain holy man passing from the Brahma world was born again in the form of a young girl in a town in the kingdom of Kāsi, in the house of a brahmin worth eighty crores, and the name given her was Sammillabhāsinī. At the age of sixteen she was a fair and gracious maiden, like to an Apsara, endued with all the marks of female beauty. And since no thought of evil was ever suggested to her by the power of sinful passion, she was perfectly pure. [94] So the men took the golden image and wandered about till they reached this village. The inhabitants on seeing the image asked, "Why is Sammillabhāsinī, the daughter of such and such a brahmin, placed there?" The messengers on hearing this found the brahmin family, and chose Sammillabhāsinī for the prince's bride. She sent a message to her parents, saying, "When you are dead, I shall adopt the religious life; I have no desire for the married state." They said, "What art thou thinking of, maiden?" And accepting the golden image they sent off their daughter with a great retinue. The marriage ceremony took place against the wishes of both the Bodhisatta and Sammillabhāsinī. Though sharing the same room and the same bed they did not regard one another with the eye of sinful passion, but dwelt together like two holy men or two female saints.

By and bye the father and mother of the Bodhisatta died. He performed their funeral rites and calling to him Sammillabhāsinī, said to her, "My dear, my family property amounts to eighty crores, and yours too is worth another eighty crores. Take all this and enter upon household life. I shall become an ascetic."

"Sir," she answered, "if you become an ascetic, I will become one too. I cannot forsake you."

"Come then," he said. So spending all their wealth in almsgiving and throwing up their worldly fortune as it were a lump of phlegm, they journeyed into the Himālaya country and both of them adopted the ascetic life. There after living for a long time on wild fruits and roots, they at length came down from the Himālayas to procure salt and vinegar, and gradually found their way to Benares, and dwelt in the royal grounds. And while they were living there, this young and delicate female ascetic, from eating insipid rice of a mixed quality, was attacked by dysentery and not being able to get any healing remedies, she grew very weak. The Bodhisatta at the time for going his rounds to beg for alms, took hold of her and carried her to the gate of the city and there laid her on a bench in a certain hall, and himself went into the city for alms. He had scarce

gone out when she expired. The people, beholding the great beauty of this female ascetic, [95] thronged about her, weeping and lamenting. The Bodhisatta after going his round of begging returned, and hearing of her death he said, "That which has the quality of dissolution is dissolved. All impermanent existences are of this kind." With these words he sat down on the bench whereon she lay and eating the mixture of food he rinsed out his mouth. The people that stood by gathered round him and said, "Reverend Sir, what was this female ascetic to you?"

"When I was a layman," he replied, "she was my wife."

"Holy Sir," they said, "while we weep and lament and cannot control our feelings, why do you not weep?"

The Bodhisatta said, "While she was alive, she belonged to me in some sort. Nothing belongs to her that is gone to another world: she has passed into the power of others. Wherefore should I weep?" And teaching the people the Truth, he recited these stanzas:

Why should I shed tears for thee,
Fair Sammillabhāsinī?
Passed to death's majority[1]
Thou art henceforth lost to me.

Wherefore should frail man lament
What to him is only lent?
He too draws his mortal breath
Forfeit every hour to death.

Be he standing, sitting still,
Moving, resting, what he will,
In the twinkling of an eye,
In a moment death is nigh.

Life I count a thing unstable,
Loss of friends inevitable.
Cherish all that are alive,
Sorrow not shouldst thou survive.

[97] Thus did the Great Being teach the Truth, illustrating by these four stanzas the impermanence of things. The people performed funeral rites over the female ascetic. And the Bodhisatta returned to the Himālayas, and entering on the higher knowledge arising from mystic meditation was destined to birth in the Brahma-world.

The Master, having ended his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths, the landowner attained to fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the mother of Rāhula was Sammillabhāsinī, and I myself was the ascetic."

[1] Compare the classical usage of *οἱ πλείους*, *plures*, for the dead.

No. 329.

KĀLABĀHU-JĀTAKA.

"*Once we enjoyed,*" *etc.*—This was a story told by the Master while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, with regard to Devadatta's loss of gains and honour. For when Devadatta had unreasonably conceived a grudge against the Buddha and suborned a band of archers to slay him, his offence became known by the letting loose of the elephant Nālāgiri[1]. Then men took away his office and the rations provided for him, and the king ceased to regard him. And having lost his source of gains and honour, he went about living on what he begged in noble families. The Brethren started a discussion in the Hall of Truth, how that Devadatta thought to get gain and honour, but when he had got it he could not keep it. The Master came and inquired what was the subject the Brethren sat in conclave to discuss, and on being told what it was he said, "Not only now, Brethren, but formerly too, Devadatta was deprived of gains and honour." And he then told them an old-world legend.

Once upon a time when Dhanañjaya was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became a parrot named Rādha. He was a well-grown bird with perfectly-formed limbs. And his younger brother was called Poṭṭhapāda. A certain fowler trapped these two birds and brought them as a present to the king of Benares. The king put the pair in a golden cage [98] and took care of them and gave them honey and parched corn to eat in a golden dish and sugar-water to drink. Great attention was paid them, and they attained to the highest degree of profit and honour. Then a certain forester brought a big black monkey, called Kālabāhu, as a present to the king, and from the fact of his coming later than the parrots, he received still greater gain and respect, while that paid to the parrots fell off. The Bodhisatta through his possession of Buddha qualities said not a word, but his younger brother, from the absence of these qualities being unable to put up with the honour paid to the monkey, said, "Brother, formerly in this royal house men gave us savoury food, but now we get nothing, and they offer it all to the monkey Kālabāhu. As we receive neither gain nor honour in this place from the king, what are we to do? Come, let us go and live in the forest." And as he talked with him, he uttered the first stanza:

Once we enjoyed of food abundant store,
This monkey now has what was ours before.
Come, Rādha, let us to the forest hie;
Such scurvy treatment what can justify?

[1] See vol. ii. p. 140, and p. 168.

Rādha, on hearing this, replied in the second stanza:

Gain and loss and praise and blame,
Pleasure, pain, dishonour, fame,
All as transient states conceive—
Why should Poṭṭhapāda grieve?

[99] On hearing this, Poṭṭhapāda was unable to get rid of his grudge against the monkey and repeated the third stanza:

Rādha, wisest bird alive,
  Sure thou knowest things to come,
This vile creature who shall drive
  From the court to his old home?

Rādha, on hearing this, uttered the fourth stanza:

Oft will his puckered face and moving ears
The royal children fill with foolish fears:
Soon Kālabāhu through some impish freak,
Far far away his food will have to seek.

In a very short time the monkey by shaking his ears and the like tricks before the young princes terrified them. In their alarm they made an outcry. The king asked what it meant, and hearing the cause, said, "Drive him away." So he had the monkey driven away, and the parrots were restored to their former condition of gain and honour.

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[100] The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth:—"At that time Devadatta was Kālabāhu, Ānanda was Poṭṭhapāda, and I myself was Rādha."

No. 330.

SĪLAVĪMAṀSA-JĀTAKA.

"*Power on earth,*" *etc.*—This was a story told by the Master when at Jetavana, about a brahmin who was ever proving his virtue. Two similar stories have been told before[1]. In this case the Bodhisatta was the family priest of the king of Benares.

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[1] No. 86, Vol. i., and No. 290, Vol. ii.

In testing his virtue he for three days took a coin from the royal treasurer's board. They informed against him as a thief, and when brought before the king, he said:

Power on earth beyond compare,
  Virtue owns a wondrous charm:
Putting on a virtuous air
  Deadly snakes avoid all harm.

After thus praising virtue in the first stanza, he gained the king's consent and adopted the ascetic life. Now a hawk seized a piece of meat in a butcher's shop and darted up into the air. The other birds surrounded him and struck at him with feet, claws and beaks. Unable to bear the pain he dropped the piece of meat. Another bird seized it. It too in like manner being hard pressed let the meat fall. Then another bird pounced on it, and whosoever got the meat was pursued by the rest, and whosoever let it go was left in peace. The Bodhisatta on seeing this thought, "These desires of ours are like pieces of meat. To those that grasp at them is sorrow, and to those that let them go is peace." And he repeated the second stanza:

While the hawk had aught to eat,
  Birds of prey pecked at him sore,
When perforce he dropped the meat,
  Then they pecked at him no more.

[101] The ascetic going forth from the city, in the course of his journey came to a village, and at evening lay down in a certain man's house. Now a female slave there named Piṅgalā made an assignation with a man, saying, "You are to come at such and such an hour." After she had bathed the feet of her master and his family, when they had lain down, she sat on the threshold, looking out for the coming of her lover, and passed the first and the middle watch, repeating to herself, "Now he will be coming," but at daybreak, losing hope, she said, "He will not come now," and lay down and fell asleep. The Bodhisatta seeing this happen said, "This woman sat ever so long in the hope that her lover would come, but now that she knows he will not come, in her despair, she slumbers peacefully." And with the thought that while hope in a sinful world brings sorrow, despair brings peace, he uttered the third stanza:

The fruit of hope fulfilled is bliss;
How differs loss of hope from this?
Though dull despair her hope destroys,
Lo! Piṅgalā calm sleep enjoys[1].

Next day going forth from that village he entered into a forest, and beholding a hermit seated on the ground and indulging in meditation he

[1] Compare *Sánkhya Aphorisms*, iv. 11. *Mahābhārata*, xii. 6447.

thought, "Both in this world and in the next there is no happiness beyond the bliss of meditation." And he repeated the fourth stanza:

In this world and in worlds to be
 Nought can surpass ecstatic joy:
To holy calm a devotee,
 Himself unharmed, will none annoy.

[102] Then he went into the forest and adopted the ascetic life of a Rishi and developed the higher knowledge born of meditation, and became destined to birth in the Brahma-World.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time I myself was the family priest."

No. 331.

KOKĀLIKA-JĀTAKA.

"*They that with speech inopportune,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master at Jetavana about Kokālika. The introductory story is told in full in the Takkārika Birth[1].

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was his valued minister. Now the king was very talkative. Thought the Bodhisatta, "I will put an end to his talkativeness," and went about looking for an apt illustration. So one day the king came to his garden and sat down on the royal slab of stone. Above his head was a mango tree and there in a crow's nest a black cuckoo had laid her egg and gone off. The female crow watched over that cuckoo's egg. By and bye a young cuckoo came forth from it The crow thinking it was her own offspring took care of it, bringing food for it in her beak. The young bird while still unfledged uttered a cuckoo cry prematurely. The crow thought, "This young bird even now utters a strange note. [103] What will it do, when it is older?" And so she killed it by pecking it with her beak and threw it out of the nest, and it fell at the king's feet. The king asked the

[1] No. 481. Compare No. 215, Vol. ii.

Bodhisatta, "What is the meaning of this, my friend?" Thought the Bodhisatta, "I am seeking for an illustration to teach the king a lesson, and now I have got one." So he said, "Garrulous folk, Great King, who talk too much out of season, meet with a fate like this. This young cuckoo, sire, being fostered by the crow, while yet unfledged, uttered a premature cry. So the crow knew it was not her offspring and killed it by pecking it with her beak and threw it out of the nest. All those that are too talkative out of season, be they men or beasts, suffer like trouble." And with these words he recited these stanzas:

They that with speech inopportune offend
Like the young cuckoo meet untimely end.
Nor deadly poison, nor sharp-whetted sword
Is half so fatal as ill-spoken word.

The sage his measured words discreetly guides,
Nor rashly to his second self confides:
Before he speaks will prudent counsel take,
His foes to trap, as Garuḍa the snake.

[104] The king, after hearing the religious teaching of the Bodhisatta, thenceforth became more measured in his words, and increasing the glory of the Bodhisatta ever gave him more and more.

The Master, having brought his lesson to an end, identified the Birth: "Kokālika in those days was the young cuckoo, and I myself was the wise minister."

No. 332.

RATHALAṬṬHI-JĀTAKA.

"*Wounding another*," *etc.*—This story was told by the Master when he was at Jetavana, about the family priest of the king of Kosala, who, it is said, as he was driving in his chariot to a village on his estate came upon a caravan in a narrow road, and crying out once and again, "Out of the way with you," was so enraged at a cart not clearing out of his way that he threw his goad-stick at the driver of the first cart. The stick struck against the yoke of the chariot, and rebounding hit him on the forehead and raised a bump on his head. The priest turned back and went and told the king he had been wounded by some carters. The carters were summoned, and the judges examining into the case found the priest only was to blame. One day the matter was discussed in the Hall of Truth, [105]

how that the king's chaplain, who said he had been assaulted by some carters, on going to law was cast in his suit. When the Master came and inquired what the Brethren were sitting in council to discuss, on hearing what it was he said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also this fellow acted in precisely the same way." And he then told them a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became his lord justice. The king's chaplain drives to a village where he was headman, and acts in exactly the same way as in the other tale, but in this version, when the king heard the priest's story, he summoned the carters and himself sat in judgment, and without examining into the matter he said, "You have beaten my priest and raised a bump on his forehead," and ordered all their property to be taken from them. Then said the Bodhisatta to him, "Sire, without even investigating the matter you order them to be mulcted of all their goods, but some men after inflicting wounds on themselves declare that they have been wounded by another. Therefore it is wrong for one who bears rule to act thus without trying the case. He ought not to act till he has heard everything." And then he recited these verses:

Wounding another, his own wound he shows,
Himself the smiter, he complains of blows.
Wise men, O king, of partial views beware,
Hear both sides first, then judgment true declare.
The idle sensual layman I detest,
The false ascetic is a rogue confest.
A bad king will a case unheard decide,
Wrath in the sage can ne'er be justified.
[106] The warrior prince a well-weighed verdict gives,
Of righteous judge the fame for ever lives.

The king on hearing the words of the Bodhisatta judged righteously, and when the case was duly tried, the blame was found to rest with the brahmin alone.

The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "The Brahmin played the same part in both stories, and I myself was the wise minister in those days."

No. 333.

GODHA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Then wert thou,*" *etc.*—This is a story told by the Master while at Jetavana, of a certain landowner. The introductory story has been told in full before[2]. But in this case, as the husband and wife were returning home, after calling in a debt, in the course of their journey some hunters gave them a roasted lizard, bidding them both to eat of it. The man sent his wife to fetch water and ate up the whole lizard, and when she came back, he said, "My dear, the lizard has run away." "Well, my lord," she said, "what can one do with a roast lizard that runs away?" [107] She drank some water and afterwards at Jetavana when sitting in the presence of the Master, she was asked by him as follows: "Lay sister, is this man affectionate, loving and helpful to you?" She answered, "I am loving and affectionate to him, but he has no love for me." The Master said, "Well, suppose he does behave thus to you. Do not be grieved. When he recalls to mind your virtues, he will give supreme power to you alone." And at their request he related an old-world story.

This old story is just like the one given above, but in this case, as the husband and wife were on their way home, some hunters saw how distressed they were and gave them a roasted lizard and bade them share it between them. The royal lady tied it about with a creeper used as a string, and went on her way, carrying it in her hand. They came upon a lake, and leaving the high road sat down at the foot of a Bo-tree. The prince said, "Go, my dear, and fetch water from the lake in a lotus leaf, then we will eat this meat." She hung the lizard on a bough and went to fetch water. Her companion ate up all the lizard and then sat with averted face, holding the tip of the tail in his hand. When she returned with the water, he said, "My dear, the lizard came down from the bough and made for an ant-heap. I ran and seized it by the tip of its tail. The lizard broke in two and left in my hand the part I had seized and disappeared in the hole."

"Well, my lord," she replied, "how can we deal with a roast lizard that runs away? Come, let us be off."

And so drinking the water, they journey to Benares. The prince when he came to the throne gave her the titular rank of queen consort, but no honour or respect was paid to her. The Bodhisatta, desiring to win honour for her, standing in the king's presence asked her, "Lady, is it not the case that we receive nothing at your hands? Why do you neglect us?"

[1] Compare No. 223, Vol. ii.

[2] See No. 320, Vol. iii.

"Dear sir," she said, "I get nothing from the king. How then should I give a present to you? What is the king likely to give me now? When we were coming from the forest, he ate a roast lizard all by himself."

[108] "Lady," he said, "the king would not act after this sort. Do not speak thus of him."

Then the lady said to him, "Sir, this is not clear to you, but it is clear enough to the king and me," and she repeated the first stanza:—

Then wert thou first known to me,
  When in forest-depths, O king,
  Roasted lizard broke its string
And from Bo-tree branch got free.
Though 'neath robe of bark, I ween,
Sword and coat of mail were seen.

Thus spake the queen, making known the king's offence in the midst of his courtiers. The Bodhisatta, on hearing her, said, "Lady, ever since the time when your husband ceased to love you, why do you go on living here, making unpleasantness for both?" and he repeated two stanzas:—

To one that honours thee, due honour show
  With full requital of good service done:
No kindness on illiberal folk bestow,
  Nor those affect that would thy presence shun.

Forsake the wretch who has forsaken thee,
  And love not one who has for thee no love,
E'en as a bird forsakes a barren tree,
  And seeks a home in some far distant grove.

[109] The king, while the Bodhisatta was yet speaking, called to mind her virtues and said, "My dear, ever so long I observed not your virtues, but through the words of this wise man, I have observed them. Bear with my offence. This whole realm of mine I give to you alone." And hereupon he spoke the fourth stanza:

Far as in his power may be,
  Gratitude a king should show:
All my realm I grant to thee,
  Gifts, on whom thou wilt, bestow.

With these words the king conferred on the queen supreme power, and thinking, "It was by this man that I was reminded of her virtues," he gave great power to the wise man also.

The Master, having brought his lesson to an end, identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths, both husband and wife attained fruition of the First Path:—"The husband and wife of the present story played the same part in the old tale. But I myself was the wise minister."

No. 334.

RĀJOVĀDA-JĀTAKA.

[110] "*The bull through floods,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master when at Jetavana concerning the admonition of a king. The introductory story will be found in full in the Tesakuṇa Birth[1] But in this version of it the Master said, "Kings of old, Sire, hearkening to the words of the wise, bare rule justly and attained to the heavenly world." And at the request of the king he told a story of the olden times.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family. And when he came of age, he was trained in all the arts, and adopting the ascetic life he developed all the Faculties and Attainments, and took up his abode in a pleasant quarter of the Himālayas, living on wild fruits and roots. At this time the king being anxious to find out his defects, went about inquiring if there was any one who would tell him his faults. And not finding any one to speak to his dispraise, either within doors or without, either within the city or outside it, he wandered about the country side in disguise, thinking, "How will it be in the country?" And not meeting with any one there to speak to his dispraise, and hearing men speak only of his merits, he thought, "How will it be in the Himālaya region?" And he went into the forest and wandered about till he reached the hermitage of the Bodhisatta, where after saluting him, and addressing him in a friendly manner he took a seat on one side. At that moment the Bodhisatta was eating some ripe figs which he had brought from the wood. They were luscious and sweet, like powdered sugar. He addressed the king and said, "Your Excellency, pray eat this ripe fig and drink some water."

The king did so, and asked the Bodhisatta, "Why, Reverend Sir, is this ripe fig so exceedingly sweet?"

"Your Excellency," he replied, "the king now exercises his rule with justice and equity. That is why it is so sweet."

[111] "In the reign of an unjust king, does it lose its sweetness, Sir?"

"Yes, Your Excellency, in the time of unjust kings, oil, honey, molasses and the like, as well as wild roots and fruits, lose their sweetness and flavour, and not these only but the whole realm becomes bad and flavourless; but when the rulers are just, these things become sweet and full of flavour, and the whole realm recovers its tone and flavour."

[1] No. 521, Vol. v.

The king said, "It must be so, Reverend Sir," and without letting him know that he was the king, he saluted the Bodhisatta and returned to Benares. And thinking to prove the words of the ascetic, he ruled unjustly, saying to himself, "Now I shall know all about it," and after the lapse of a short time he went back and saluting the Bodhisatta, sat respectfully on one side. The Bodhisatta using exactly the same words, offered him a ripe fig, which proved to be bitter to his taste. Finding it to be bitter he spat it out, saying, "It is bitter, Sir."

Said the Bodhisatta, "Your Excellency, the king must be unjust, for when rulers are unjust, everything beginning with the wild fruits in the wood, lose all their sweetness and flavour." And hereupon he recited these stanzas:—

The bull through floods a devious course will take,
The herd of kine all straggling in his wake:
So if a leader tortuous paths pursue,
To base ends will he guide the vulgar crew,
And the whole realm an age of license rue.

But if the bull a course direct should steer,
The herd of kine straight follow in his rear.
So should their chief to righteous ways be true,
The common folk injustice will eschew,
And through the realm shall holy peace ensue.

[112] The king after hearing the Bodhisatta's exposition of the Truth, let him know he was the king and said, "Holy Sir, formerly it was due to me alone that the figs were first sweet and then bitter, but now I will make them sweet again." Then he saluted the Bodhisatta and returned home, and ruling righteously restored everything to its original condition.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Ananda was the king, and I myself was the ascetic."

No. 335.

JAMBUKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Jackal beware,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, about the attempt of Devadatta to imitate the Buddha. The incident that gave rise to the story has been told in full before[1]. Here is a short summary of it.

[1] See No. 204, Vol. ii.

When the Master asked Sāriputta what Devadatta did when he saw him, the Elder replied, "Sir, in taking you off he put a fan in my hand and lay down, and then Kokālika struck him on the breast with his knee: and so in taking you off he got into trouble." The Master said, "This happened to Devadatta before," and being pressed by the Elder, he told an old-world legend.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a young lion, and dwelt in a cave of the Himālayas, [113] and one day after killing a buffalo and eating of its flesh he took a draught of water and returned home. A jackal saw him, and being unable to escape lay down on his belly.

The lion said, "What is the meaning of this, Mr Jackal?"

"Sir," he said, "I would be your servant."

The lion said, "Well, come on then," and conducting him to the place where he dwelt, he day by day brought him meat and fed him. When the jackal had grown fat on the lion's broken meat, one day a feeling of pride sprang up in him, and he drew nigh to the lion, and said, "My lord, I am ever a hindrance to you. You constantly bring me meat and feed me. To-day do you remain here. I will go and slay an elephant, and after eating my fill will bring some meat to you." Said the lion, "Friend jackal, let not this seem good in your eyes. You are not sprung from a stock that feeds on the flesh of the elephants that it kills. I will kill an elephant and bring its flesh to you. The elephant surely is big of body. Do not undertake what is contrary to your nature, but hearken to my words." And hereupon he spoke the first stanza:—

Jackal, beware!
His tusks are long.
One of thy puny race
Would scarcely dare
So huge and strong
A beast as this to face.

The jackal, though forbidden by the lion, issued forth from the cave and thrice uttered the cry of a jackal. And looking to the base of the mountain, he spied a black elephant moving below, and thinking to fall on his head he sprang up and turning over in the air fell at the elephant's feet. The elephant lifting up his fore foot planted it on the jackal's head and smashed his skull to pieces. [114] The jackal lay there groaning, and the elephant went off trumpeting. The Bodhisatta came and standing on the top of the precipice saw how the jackal had met his death, and said, "Through his pride was this jackal slain," and uttered three stanzas:—

A jackal once assumed the lion's pride,
And elephant as equal foe defied.
Prone on the earth, while groans his bosom rent,
He learned the rash encounter to repent.

Who thus should challenge one of peerless fame,
Nor mark the vigour of his well-knit frame,
Shares the sad fate that on the jackal came.

But who the measure of his own power knows,
And nice discretion in his language shows,
True to his duty lives and triumphs o'er his foes.

[115] Thus did the Bodhisatta in these stanzas declare the duties proper to be done in this world.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the jackal, and I myself was the lion."

No. 336.

BRAHĀCHATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Grass is still,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, of a certain rogue. The incident that suggested the story has been already related.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became his minister and temporal and spiritual adviser. The king of Benares went against the king of Kosala with a large army, and coming to Sāvatthi, after a battle entered the city and took the king prisoner. Now the king of Kosala had a son, prince Chatta by name. He made his escape in disguise, and went to Takkasilā, where he acquired the three Vedas and the eighteen liberal arts. Then he left Takkasilā, and while still studying the practical uses of science he arrived at a certain border village. In a wood near this five hundred ascetics dwelt in huts of leaves. The prince approached them, and with the idea of learning somewhat of them, he became an ascetic, and so acquired whatsoever knowledge they had to impart. By and bye he became the leader of that band of disciples.

One day he addressed his company of holy men and asked them, saying, "Sirs, why do you not go to the central region?"

"Sir," they said, "in the central region are said to be living wise men. [116] They pose one with questions, call upon one to return thanks and to repeat a form of blessing, and reprove the incompetent. And therefore we are afraid to go there."

"Fear not," he said, "I will manage all this for you."

"Then we will go," they said. And all of them taking their various requisites in due course reached Benares. Now the king of Benares, having got all the kingdom of Kosala into his possession, set up loyal officials as governors, and himself, having collected all their available treasure, returned with his spoil to Benares. And filling iron pots with it, he buried them in the royal garden, and then continued to live there. So these holy men spent the night in the king's garden, and on the morrow went into the city to beg alms, and came to the door of the palace. The king was so charmed with their deportment that he called them up and made them sit on the dais and gave them rice and cakes, and till it was their meal-time asked them such and such questions. Chatta won the king's heart by answering all his questions, and at the close of the meal he offered up various forms of thanksgiving. The king was still more pleased, and exacting a promise from them he made them all stay in his garden.

Now Chatta knew a spell for bringing to light buried treasure, and while dwelling there he thought, "Where can this fellow have put the money which belonged to my father?" So repeating the spell and looking about him he discovered that it was buried in the garden. And thinking that with this money he would recover his kingdom also, he addressed the ascetics and said, "Sirs, I am the son of the king of Kosala. When our kingdom was seized by the king of Benares, I escaped in disguise, and so far I have saved my life. But now I have got the property which belonged to my family. With this will I go and recover my kingdom. What will you do?"

"We too will go with you," they replied.

"Agreed," he said, and had some big leather sacks made, and at night digging a hole in the ground he pulled out the treasure-pots, [117] and putting the money into the sacks he had the pots filled with grass. Then he ordered the five hundred holy men and others as well to take the money, and fled to Sāvatthi. There he had all the king's officers seized, and recovering his kingdom he restored the walls, watch-towers and other works, and having thus made the city impregnable against the attack of any hostile king, he took up his abode there. It was told to the king of Benares, "The ascetics have carried off the treasure from your garden and are fled." He went to the garden and opening the pots found only grass in them. And by reason of his lost treasure great sorrow fell upon him. Going to the city he wandered about murmuring, "Grass, grass," and no one could assuage his grief. Thought the Bodhisatta, "The king is in

great trouble. He wanders to and fro, idly chattering. Except myself, no one has the power to drive away his sorrow. I will free him from his trouble." So one day while seated quietly with him, when the king began to chatter, he repeated the first stanza:

"Grass" is still thy constant cry;
Who did take thy grass away?
What thy need of it, or why
Dost thou this word only say?

The king, on hearing what he said, replied in a second stanza:

Chatta, holy man of fame,
As it happened this way came:
Him alone to blame I hold,
Substituting grass for gold.

[118] The Bodhisatta, on hearing this, uttered a third stanza:

Canny folk their rule should make,
"Little give and mickle take."
What he took was all his own,
What he left was grass alone.

On hearing this the king uttered the fourth stanza:

Virtue follows no such rules,
These are morals fit for fools.
Doubtful morals they must be,
Learning too is vanity.

While he thus blamed Chatta, the king by these words of the Bodhisatta was freed from his sorrow and ruled his kingdom righteously.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time the knavish Brother was the great Chatta, and I myself was the wise minister."

No. 337.

PĪṬHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Alas! we offered thee," etc.*—This story the Master told while living at Jetavana, about a certain Brother. He came, it was said, from the country to Jetavana, and, after putting away his bowl and robe, he saluted the Master and inquired of the young novices, saying, "Sirs, who look after the stranger Brethren that come to Sāvatthi?" [119] "The Treasurer Anāthapiṇḍika," they said, "and the great and holy lay sister Visākhā look after the order of the Brethren, and stand in the place of father and mother to them." "Very good,"

he said, and next day quite early, before a single brother had entered the house, he came to Anāthapiṇḍika's door. From his having come at an unseasonable hour there was no one to attend to him. Without getting anything there he went off to the door of Visākhā's house. There also from having come too early, he got nothing. After wandering hither and thither he came back, and finding the rice-gruel was all finished, he went off. Again he wandered about hither and thither, and on his return, finding the rice all finished, he went back to the monastery, and said, "The brethren here speak of these two families as faithful believers, but both of them really are without faith and unbelievers." Thus did he go about abusing these families. So one day they started a discussion in the Hall of Truth, how that a certain Brother from the country came to the door of certain households too early, and failing to obtain alms went about reviling those families. When the Master came and inquired what was the topic the Brethren were sitting to discuss, on hearing what it was, he called the Brother and asked him if it were true. When the Brother said, "Yes, your Reverence, it is true," the Master asked, "Why are you angry, Brother? Of old, before Buddha arose upon the world, even ascetics when they visited a household and received no alms, showed no anger." And with this he told a story of the olden days.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family, and when he was of age he studied all the arts at Takkasilā, and subsequently adopted the religious life of an ascetic. After sojourning a long time in the Himālayas he went to Benares to procure salt and vinegar, and, taking up his abode in a garden, on the next day he entered the city for alms. There was at this time a merchant at Benares, who was a faithful believer. The Bodhisatta asked which was a believing household, and on hearing of the merchant's family, he went to the door of his house. At that moment the merchant had gone to pay his respects to the king, and neither did any of his people happen to see him. So he turned back and came away.

Then the merchant who was returning from the palace saw him, [120] and saluting him took his alms-bowl and led him to his house. There he offered him a seat and comforted him with the washing and anointing of his feet, and with rice, cakes and other food, and in the course of his meal he asked him one thing and another, and after he had finished eating, he saluted him and sitting respectfully on one side, he said, "Reverend Sir, strangers who have come to our doors, whether beggars or holy priests or brahmins, have never before gone away without receiving marks of honour and respect, but to-day owing to your not being seen by our retainers, you have gone away without being offered a seat, or water to drink, and without having your feet washed, or rice and gruel given you to eat. This is our fault. You must forgive us in this." And with these words he uttered the first stanza:

Alas! we offered thee no seat,
No water brought, nor anything to eat:
We here confess our sinfulness,
And pardon humbly, Holy Sir, entreat.

The Bodhisatta on hearing this repeated the second stanza:

Nought have I to condone,
No anger do I feel,
The thought just once I own
Across my mind did steal,
"Habits of people here
Are just a trifle queer."

The merchant hearing this responded in two more stanzas:

The custom of our family—'twas so
Received by us from ages long ago—
Is to provide the stranger with a seat,
Supply his needs, bring water for his feet
And every guest as kinsman dear to treat.

[121] And the Bodhisatta, after sojourning there a few days, and teaching the merchant of Benares his duty, went straight back to the Himālayas, where he developed all the Faculties and Attainments.

The Master, having ended his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the Brother attained fruition of the First Path:—"At that time Ānanda was the merchant of Benares, and I myself was the ascetic."

No. 338.

THUSA-JĀTAKA.

"*With sense so nice*," *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while living in the Bamboo Grove, of prince Ajātasattu. At the time of his conception there arose in his mother, the daughter of the king of Kosala, a chronic longing to drink blood from the right knee of king Bimbisāra[1] (her husband). Being questioned by her attendant ladies, she told them how it was with her. The king too hearing of it called his astrologers and said, "The queen is possessed of such and such a longing. What will be the issue of it?" The astrologers said, "The child conceived in the womb of the queen will kill you and seize your kingdom." "If my son," said the king, "should kill me and seize my kingdom, what is the harm of it?" And then he had his right knee opened with a sword and letting the blood fall into a golden dish gave it to the queen to drink. She thought, "If the son that is born of me should kill his father, what care I for him?" and endeavoured to bring about a miscarriage. [122] The king hearing of it called her to him and said, "My dear, it is said, my son will slay me and seize my kingdom.

[1] Compare *Tibetan Tales* VI. Prince Jīvaka.

But I am not exempt from old age and death: suffer me to behold the face of my child. Henceforth act not after this manner." But she still went to the garden and acted as before. The king on hearing of it forbade her visits to the garden, and when she had gone her full time she gave birth to a son. On his naming-day, because he had been his father's enemy, while still unborn, they called him prince Ajātasattu. As he grew up with his princely surroundings, one day the Master accompanied by five hundred Brethren came to the king's palace and sat down. The assembly of the Brethren with Buddha at their head was entertained by the king with choice food, both hard and soft. And after saluting the Master the king sat down to listen to the law. At this moment they dressed up the young prince and brought him to the king. The king welcomed the child with a strong show of affection and placed him on his lap, and fondling the boy with the natural love of a father for his child, he did not listen to the law. The Master observing his inattention said, "Great king, formerly kings when suspicious of their sons had them kept in a secret place, and gave orders that at their death they were to be brought forth and set upon the throne." And at the request of the king he told him a legend of the olden time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a far-famed teacher at Takkasilā and trained many young princes and sons of brahmins in the arts. Now the son of the king of Benares, when he was sixteen years old, came to him and after he had acquired the three Vedas and all the liberal arts and was perfect in them, he took leave of his master. The teacher regarding him by his gift of prognostication thought, "There is danger coming to this man through his son. By my magic power I will deliver him from it." And composing four stanzas he gave them to the young prince and spoke as follows: "My son, after you are seated on the throne, when your son is sixteen years old, utter the first stanza while eating your rice; repeat the second stanza at the time of the great levée; the third, as you are ascending to the palace roof, standing at the head of the stairs, and the fourth, [123] when entering the royal chamber, as you stand on the threshold."

The prince readily assented to this and saluting his teacher went away. And after acting as viceroy, on his father's death he ascended the throne. His son, when he was sixteen years of age, on the king's going forth to take his pleasure in the garden, observing his father's majesty and power was filled with a desire to kill him and seize upon his kingdom, and spoke to his attendants about it. They said, "True, Sir, what is the good of obtaining power, when one is old? You must by some means or other kill the king and possess yourself of his kingdom." The prince said, "I will kill him by putting poison in his food." So he took some poison and sat down to eat his evening meal with his father. The king, when the rice was just served in the bowl, spoke the first stanza:

With sense so nice, the husks from rice
  Rats keen are to discriminate:
They cared not much the husks to touch,
  But grain by grain the rice they ate.

"I am discovered," thought the prince, and not daring to administer the poison in the bowl of rice, he rose up and bowing to the king went away. He told the story to his attendants and said, "To-day I am found out. How now shall I kill him?" From this day forth they lay concealed in the garden, and consulting together in whispers said, "There is still one expedient. When it is time to attend the great levée, gird on your sword, and taking your stand amongst the councillors, when you see the king off his guard, you must strike him a blow with your sword and kill him." Thus they arranged it. The prince readily agreed, and at the time of the great levée, he girt on his sword [124] and moving about from place to place looked out for an opportunity to strike the king. At this moment the king uttered the second stanza:

The secret counsel taken in the wood
By me is understood:
The village plot soft whispered in the ear
That too I hear.

Thought the prince, "My father knows that I am his enemy," and ran away and told his attendants. After the lapse of seven or eight days they said, "Prince, your father is ignorant of your feeling towards him. You only fancy this in your own mind. Put him to death." So one day he took his sword and stood at the top of the stairs in the royal closet. The king standing at the head of the staircase spoke the third stanza:

A monkey once did cruel measures take
His tender offspring impotent to make.

Thought the prince, "My father wants to seize me," and in his terror he fled away and told his attendants he had been threatened by his father. After the lapse of a fortnight they said, "Prince, if the king knew this, he would not have put up with it so long a time. Your imagination suggests this to you. [125] Put him to death." So one day he took his sword and entering the royal chamber on the upper floor of the palace he lay down beneath the couch, intending to slay the king, as soon as he came. At the close of the evening meal, the king sent his retinue away, wishing to lie down, and entering the royal chamber, as he stood on the threshold, he uttered the fourth stanza:

Thy cautious creeping ways
Like one-eyed goat in mustard field that strays,
And who thou art that lurkest here below,
This too I know.

Thought the prince, "My father has found me out. Now he will put me to death." And seized with fear he came out from beneath the couch, and throwing down his sword at the king's feet and saying, "Pardon me, my lord," he lay grovelling before him. The king said, "You thought, no

one knows what I am about." And after rebuking him he ordered him to be bound in chains and put into the prison house, and set a guard over him. Then the king meditated on the virtues of the Bodhisatta. And by and bye he died. When they had celebrated his funeral rites, they took the young prince out of prison and set him on the throne.

The Master here ended his lesson and said, "Thus, Sire, kings of old suspected in cases in which suspicion was justified," and related this incident, [126] but the king gave no heed to his words. The Master thus identified the Birth: "At that time the far-famed teacher at Takkasilā was I myself."

No. 339.

BĀVERU-JĀTAKA.

"*Before the crested peacock*," *etc.*—This story was told by the Master when at Jetavana, of certain heretics who lost their former gains and glory. For the heretics who before the Birth of Buddha received gain and honour, lost the same at his Birth, becoming like fireflies at sunrise. Their fate was discussed in the Hall of Truth. When the Master came and inquired what was the topic the Brethren were discussing in their assembly, on being told what it was, he said, "Brethren, not now only, but formerly too, before the appearance of those endowed with virtue, such as were without virtue attained to the highest gain and glory, but when those who were endowed with virtue appeared, such as were devoid of it lost their gain and glory." And with this he told a legend of bygone days.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young peacock. And when he was fully grown, he was exceedingly beautiful and lived in a forest. At that time some merchants came to the kingdom of Bāveru, bringing on board ship with them a foreign crow. At this time, it is said, there were no birds in Bāveru. The natives who from time to time came and saw this bird perched on the top of the mast, said, "Mark the colour of this bird's skin. Look at its beaked mouth at the end of its throat, and its eyes like jewel-balls." Thus singing the praises of this crow they said to these merchants, "Sirs, give us this bird. We have need of it, and you can get another in your own country."

"Then take it," they said, "at a price."

"Give it us for a single piece of money," they said.

"We will not sell it for that," said the merchants.

[127] Gradually increasing their offer the people said, "Give it us for a hundred pieces of money."

"It is very useful," they replied, "to us, but let there be friendship between us and you." And they sold it for one hundred pieces.

The natives took it and put it in a golden cage and fed it with various kinds of fish and meat and wild fruits. In a place where no other birds existed, a crow endowed with ten evil qualities attained the highest gain and glory. The next time these merchants came to the kingdom of Bāveru, they brought a royal peacock which they had trained to scream at the snapping of the fingers and to dance at the clapping of the hands. When a crowd had gathered together, the bird stood in the fore part of the vessel, and flapping its wings uttered a sweet sound and danced.

The people that saw it were highly delighted and said, "This king of birds is very beautiful and well-trained. Give it to us."

The merchants said, "We first brought a crow. You took that. Now we have brought this royal peacock and you beg for this too. It will be impossible to come and even mention the name of any bird in your country."

"Be content, Sirs," they said, "give this bird to us and get another in your own land."

And raising the price offered they at last bought it for a thousand pieces. Then they put it in a cage ornamented with the seven jewels and fed it on fish, flesh and wild fruits, as well as with honey, fried corn, sugar-water and the like. Thus did the royal peacock receive the highest gain and glory. From the day of his coming, the gain and honour paid to the crow fell off. And no one wanted even to look at it. The crow no longer getting food either hard or soft, with a cry of "Caw, caw," went and settled on a dunghill.

The Master, making the connexion between the two stories, in his Perfect Wisdom repeated these stanzas:

[128] Before the crested peacock had appeared,
Crows were with gifts of fruit and meat revered:
The sweet-voiced peacock to Bāveru came,
The crow at once was stripped of gifts and fame.

So man to divers priests due honour paid,
Till Buddha the full light of Truth displayed:
But when the sweet-voiced Buddha preached the law,
From heretics their gifts and praise all men withdraw.

After uttering these four stanzas, he thus identified the Birth: "At that time the Jain Nāthaputta was the crow, and I myself was the royal peacock."

No. 340.

VISAYHA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Of old, Visayha,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana of Anāthapiṇḍika. The incident that gave rise to the story has been already told in full in the Khadiraṅgāra Birth[2]. On this occasion the Master addressing Anāthapiṇḍika said, "Wise men of old, my lay brother, gave alms, rejecting the counsel of Sakka, king of heaven, when he stood in mid-air and tried to prevent them, saying, "Give not alms." And at his request the Master told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became a great merchant, named Visayha, worth eighty crores. [129] And being endowed with the Five Virtues, he was liberal and fond of almsgiving. He had alms-halls built at the four city gates, in the heart of the city, and at the door of his own house. At these six points he set on foot almsgiving, and every day six hundred thousand men went forth to beg, and the food of the Bodhisatta and that of the beggars was exactly the same.

And as he thus stirred up the people of all India by his gifts, the abode of Sakka was shaken by the extraordinary efficacy of his charity, and the yellow marble throne of the king of heaven showed signs of heat. Sakka exclaimed, "Who, I wonder, would make me fall from my seat in heaven?" And looking about him he espied the great merchant and thought to himself, "This Visayha gives alms and by scattering his gifts everywhere is stirring up all India. By means of his almsgiving, methinks, he will dethrone me and himself become Sakka. I will destroy his wealth and make him a poor man, and so bring it about that he shall no longer give alms." So Sakka caused his oil, honey, molasses, and the like, even all his treasure of grain to vanish, as well as his slaves and work people. Those who were deprived of his gifts came and said, "My lord, the alms-hall has disappeared. We do not find anything in the various places set up by you." "Take money hence," he said. "Do not cut off the giving of alms." And calling his wife, he bade her keep up her charity. She searched the whole house, and not finding a single piece of money, she said, "My lord, except the clothes we wear, I see nothing. The whole house is empty." Opening the seven jewel treasuries they found nothing, and save the merchant and his wife no one else was seen, neither slaves

[1] See *Jātakamālā*, no. 5, "The Story of Avishahya."

[2] No. 40, Vol. i.

nor hirelings. The Bodhisatta again addressing his wife said, "My dear, we cannot possibly cut off our charities. Search the whole house till you find something."

At that moment a certain grass-mower threw down his sickle and pole and the rope for binding the grass in the doorway, and ran away. The merchant's wife found them and said, "My lord, this is all I see," [130] and brought and gave them to him. Said the Bodhisatta, "My dear, all these years I have never mown grass before, but to-day I will mow grass and take and sell it, and by this means dispense the fitting alms." So through fear of having to cut off his charities, he took the sickle and the pole and the rope, and going forth from the city came to a place of much grass, and mowing it tied it up in two bundles, saying, "One shall belong to us, and with the other I will give alms." And hanging the grass on the pole he took it and went and sold it at the city gate, and receiving two small coins he gave half the money to the beggars. Now there were many beggars, and as they repeatedly cried out, "Give to us also," he gave the other half of the money also, and passed the day with his wife fasting. In this way six days passed, and on the seventh day, while he was gathering the grass, as he was naturally delicate and had been fasting for seven days, no sooner did the heat of the sun strike upon his forehead, than his eyes began to swim in his head, and he became unconscious and fell down, scattering the grass. Sakka was moving about, observing what Visayha did. And at that instant the god came, and standing in the air uttered the first stanza:

Of old, Visayha, thou didst alms bestow
And to almsgiving loss of wealth dost owe.
Henceforth show self-restraint, refuse to give,
And thou midst lasting joys for aye shalt live.

[131] The Bodhisatta on hearing his words asked, "Who art thou?" "I am Sakka," he said. The Bodhisatta replied, "Sakka himself by giving alms and taking upon him the moral duties, and keeping fast days and fulfilling the seven vows attained the office of Sakka. But now thou forbiddest the almsgiving that brought about thy own greatness. Truly thou art guilty of an unworthy deed." And so saying, he repeated three stanzas:

It is not right, men say, that deed of shame
Should stain the honour of a noble name.
O thou that dost a thousand eyes possess
Guard us from this, e'en in our sore distress.
Let not our wealth in faithless wise be spent
On our own pleasure or aggrandisement,
But as of old our stores with increase bless.
By that same road a former chariot went
A second may well go. So will we give
As long as we have wherewithal to live,
Nor at the worst each generous thought repress.

[132] Sakka being unable to stop him from his purpose asked him why he gave alms. "Desiring," he said, "neither Sakkahood nor Brahmaship, but seeking omniscience do I give." Sakka in token of his delight on hearing these words patted him on the back with his hands. At the very instant the Bodhisatta enjoyed this favour, his whole frame was filled with joy. By the supernatural power of Sakka all manner of prosperity was restored to him. "Great merchant," said Sakka, "henceforth do thou every day give alms, distributing twelve hundred thousand portions." And creating countless wealth in his house, Sakka took leave of him and returned straight to his own place of abode.

The Master, having ended his lesson, thus identified the Birth: "At that time the mother of Rāhula was the merchant's wife, and I myself was Visayha."

No. 341.

KAṆḌARI-JĀTAKA.

The story of this Birth will be set forth in full in the Kuṇāla Birth[1].

No. 342.

VĀNARA-JĀTAKA[2].

[133] "*Have I from water*," *etc.*—This story was told by the Master, when dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, concerning the going about of Devadatta to kill the Buddha. The incident that led to the story has been already given in detail.

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[1] No. 523, Vol. v.

[2] See no. 208, Vol. ii.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young monkey in the Himālaya region. And when fully grown he lived on the banks of the Ganges. Now a certain female crocodile in the Ganges conceived a longing for the flesh of the Bodhisatta's heart, and told it to her husband. He thought, "I will kill the Bodhisatta by plunging him in the water and will take his heart's flesh and give it to my wife." So he said to the Bodhisatta, "Come, my friend, we will go and eat wild fruits on a certain island."

"How shall I get there?" he said.

"I will put you on my back and bring you there," answered the crocodile.

Innocent of the crocodile's purpose he jumped on his back and sat there. The crocodile after swimming a little way began to dive. Then the monkey said, "Why, Sir, do you plunge me into the water?"

"I am going to kill you," said the crocodile, "and give your heart's flesh to my wife."

"Foolish fellow," said he, "do you suppose my heart is inside me?"

"Then where have you put it?"

"Do you not see it hanging there on yonder fig-tree?"

"I see it," said the crocodile. "But will you give it me?"

"Yes, I will," said the monkey.

Then the crocodile—so foolish was he—took him and swam to the foot of the fig-tree on the river bank. The Bodhisatta springing from the crocodile's back perched on the fig-tree and repeated these stanzas:

Have I from water, fish, to dry land passed
Only to fall into thy power at last?
Of bread fruit and rose apples I am sick,
And rather figs than yonder mangoes pick.
He that to great occasion fails to rise
'Neath foeman's feet in sorrow prostrate lies:
[134] One prompt a crisis in his fate to know
Needs never dread oppression from his foe.

Thus did the Bodhisatta in these four stanzas tell how to succeed in worldly affairs, and forthwith disappeared in the thicket of trees.

The Master, having brought his lesson to an end, identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the crocodile, and I myself was the monkey."

No. 343.

KUNTANI-JĀTAKA.

"*Long I held,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master at Jetavana, concerning a heron that lived in the house of the king of Kosala. She carried messages, they say, for the king, and had two young ones. The king sent this bird with a letter to some other king. When she was gone away, the boys in the royal family squeezed the young birds to death in their hands. The mother bird came back and missing her young ones, asked who had killed her offspring. They said, "So and So." And at this time there was a fierce and savage tiger kept in the palace, fastened by a strong chain. Now these boys came to see the tiger and the heron went with them, thinking, "Even as my young ones were killed by them, just so will I deal with these boys," and she took hold of them and threw them down at the foot of the tiger. The tiger with a growl crunched them up. The bird said, "Now is the wish of my heart fulfilled," and flying up into the air made straight for the Himālayas. On hearing what had happened they started a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, [135] "Sirs, a heron, it is said, in the king's palace threw down before a tiger the boys who killed her young ones, and when she had thus brought about their death, she made off." The Master came and inquired what it was the Brethren were discussing and said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also did she bring about the death of those who killed her young ones." And herewith he related a legend of the past.

Once upon a time the Bodhisatta at Benares ruled his kingdom with justice and equity. A certain heron in his house carried messages for him. And so on just as before. But the special point here is that in this case the bird, having let the tiger kill the boys, thought, "I can no longer remain here. I will take my departure, but though I am going away I will not leave without telling the king, but as soon as I have told him I will be off." And so she drew nigh and saluted the king, and standing a little way off said, "My lord, it was through your carelessness that the boys killed my young ones, and under the influence of passion I in revenge caused their death. Now I can no longer live here." And uttering the first stanza she said:

Long I held this house as mine,
  Honour great I did receive,
It is due to act of thine
  I am now compelled to leave.

The king on hearing this repeated the second stanza:

Should one to retaliate,
  Wrong with equal wrong repay,
Then his anger should abate;
  So, good heron, prithee stay.

[136] Hearing this the bird spoke the third stanza:

Wronged can with wrong-doer ne'er
As of old be made at one:
Nought, O king, can keep me here,
Lo! from henceforth I am gone.

The king, on hearing this, spoke the fourth stanza:

Should they wise, not foolish be,
With the wronged wrong-doer may
Live in peace and harmony:
So, good heron, prithee, stay.

The bird said, "As things are, I cannot stay, my lord," and saluting the king she flew up into the air and made straight for the Himālayas.

The Master, his lesson ended, thus identified the Birth: "The heron in the former tale was the heron in this, but the king of Benares was myself."

No. 344.

AMBACORA-JĀTAKA.

[137] "*She that did thy mangoes eat,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, concerning an elder who kept watch over mango fruit. When he was old, they say, he became an ascetic and built him a hut of leaves in a mango orchard on the outskirts of Jetavana, and not only himself continually ate the ripe fruit that fell from the mango trees, but also gave some to his kinsfolk. When he had set out on his round of alms-begging, some thieves knocked down his mangoes, and ate some and went off with others. At this moment the four daughters of a rich merchant, after bathing in the river Aciravatī, in wandering about strayed into the mango orchard. When the old man returned and found them there, he charged them with having eaten his mangoes.

"Sir," they said, "we have but just come; we have not eaten your mangoes."

"Then take an oath," he said.

"We will, Sir," they said, and took an oath. The old man having thus put them to shame, by making them take an oath, let them go.

The Brethren, hearing of his action, raised a discussion in the Hall of Truth, how that an old man exacted an oath from the daughters of a merchant, who entered the mango orchard where he himself lived, and after putting them to shame by administering an oath to them, let them go. When the Master came and on inquiring what was the topic they sat in council to discuss, heard what it was, he said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also this old man, when he kept watch over mangoes, made certain daughters of a rich merchant take an oath, and after thus putting them to shame let them go." And so saying he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became Sakka. At that time a knavish ascetic built a hermitage of leaves in a mango orchard on a river bank near Benares, and keeping watch over the mangoes, ate the ripe fruit that fell from the mango trees and also gave some to his kinsfolk, and dwelt there gaining his livelihood by various false practices.

At this time Sakka, king of heaven, thought "Who, I wonder, in this world of men support their parents, pay honour to the aged members of their family, give alms, keep the moral law and observe fast days? Which of them after adopting the religious life, continually devote themselves to the duties befitting priests, and which of them again are guilty of misconduct?" And exploring the world he spied this wicked ascetic keeping watch over his mangoes [138] and said, "This false ascetic, abandoning his duties as a priest, such as the process by which religious ecstasy may be induced and the like, is continually watching a mango orchard. I will frighten him soundly." So when he was gone into the village for alms, Sakka by his supernatural power knocked down the mangoes, and made as if they had been plundered by thieves. At this moment four daughters of a merchant of Benares entered the orchard, and the false ascetic on seeing them stopped them and said, "You have eaten my mangoes."

They said, "Sir, we have but just come. We have not eaten them."

"Then take an oath," he said.

"But in that case may we go?" they asked. "Certainly, you may."

"Very well, Sir," they said, and the eldest of them sware an oath, uttering the first stanza:

She that did thy mangoes eat,
  As her lord shall own some churl,
That with dye grey hairs would cheat
  And his locks with tongs would curl.

The ascetic said, "Stand thou on one side," and he made the second daughter of the merchant take an oath, and she repeated the second stanza:

Let the maid that robbed thy tree
  Vainly for a husband sigh,
Past her teens though she may be
  And on thirty verging nigh.

And after she had taken an oath and stood on one side, the third maiden uttered the third stanza:

[139] She that thy ripe mangoes ate
  Weary path shall tread alone,
And at trysting place too late
  Grieve to find her lover gone.

When she had taken an oath and stood aside, the fourth maiden uttered the fourth stanza:

She that did thy tree despoil
  Gaily dressed, with wreath on head,
And bedewed with sandal oil
  Still shall seek a virgin bed.

The ascetic said, "This is a solemn oath you have taken; others must have eaten the mangoes. Do ye therefore now be gone." And so saying, he sent them away. Sakka then presented himself in a terrible form, and drove away the false ascetic from the place.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time this false ascetic was the old man who watched mangoes. The four merchant's daughters played the same part then as now. But Sakka was myself."

No. 345.

GAJAKUMBHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Should a flame sweep,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master at Jetavana, concerning a slothful Brother. He was, it was said, of gentle birth and lived at Sāvatthi. And after giving a hearty assent to the doctrine and taking orders, he became slothful, and as regards rehearsal of the Law, catechizing, enlightened devotion and the round of priestly duties, he did not fully enter into them, being overcome by his besetting sins, and was always to be found at public lounging-places. The Brethren discussed his sloth in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Such an one, Sirs, after taking orders in so excellent a faith that leads to Salvation, is continually slothful and indolent, and overcome by his besetting sins." [140] When the Master came and inquired what the Brethren were assembled to discuss, on being told what it was, he said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly too was he slothful." And so saying he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became his valued minister. The king of Benares was of a slothful disposition, and the Bodhisatta went about considering some means to rouse the king. Now one day the king went to his garden, accompanied by his minister, and while wandering about there he espied a slothful tortoise. Lazy creatures like these, they say, though they are in motion a whole day, move only just an inch or two.

The king on seeing it asked, saying, "Friend, what is its name?"

The Bodhisatta answered, "The creature is called a tortoise, great king; and is so lazy that though it is in motion all day, it only moves just an inch or two." And addressing it he said, "Ho! Sir Tortoise, yours is a slow motion. Supposing a conflagration arose in the forest, what would you do?" And herewith he spoke the first stanza:

Should a flame sweep through the grove,
  Leaving blackened path behind,
How, Sir Waddler, slow to move,
  Way of safety couldst thou find?

The tortoise on hearing this repeated the second stanza:

Holes on every side abound,
  Chinks there be in every tree,
Here a refuge will be found
  Or an end of us 'twill be.

[141] On hearing this the Bodhisatta gave utterance to two stanzas:

Whoso doth hurry when he ought to rest,
And tarries long when utmost speed is best,
Destroys the slender fabric of his weal,
As withered leaf is crushed beneath the heel.
But they who wait betimes nor haste too soon,
Fulfil their purpose, as her orb the moon.

The king, hearing the words of the Bodhisatta, thenceforth was no longer indolent.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time the slothful Brother was the tortoise, and I myself was the wise councillor."

No. 346.

KESAVA-JĀTAKA.

"*Thou that of late,*" *etc.*—This story the Master while at Jetavana told concerning the Feast of Friendship.

In the house of Anāthapiṇḍika, they say, five hundred Brethren were constantly fed. [142] The house was continually like a place of refreshment for the assembly of the Brethren, bright with the sheen of their yellow robes and blown upon with saintly odours. So one day the king in making a solemn procession

round the city caught sight of the assembly of the Brethren in the Treasurer's house, and thinking, "I too will grant a perpetual alms to the assembly of saints," he went to the monastery and after greeting the Master he instituted perpetual alms for five hundred Brethren. Thenceforth there is a perpetual giving of alms in the king's house, even choice food of rice with the perfume of the rain upon it, but there are none to give it with their own hands, with marks of affection and love, but the king's ministers dispense the food, and the Brethren do not care to sit down and eat it, but taking the various dainty foods, they go each to the house of his own retainers, and giving them the food, themselves eat whatever is set before them, whether coarse or dainty.

Now one day much wild fruit was brought to the king. The king said, "Give it to the Order of the Brethren."

They went to the refectory and came and told the king, "There is not a single Brother there."

"What, is it not time yet?" said the king.

"Yes it is time," they said, "but the Brethren take the food in your house, and then go to the abode of their trusty servitors, and give the food to them, and themselves eat whatsoever is served up to them, whether it be coarse or dainty."

The king said, "Our food is dainty. Why in the world do they abstain from ours and eat some other food?" And thinking, "I will inquire of the Master," he went to the monastery and asked him.

The Master said, "The best food is that which is given in love. Owing to the absence of those who by giving in love establish friendly feeling, the Brethren take the food and eat it in some friendly place of their own. There is no flavour, Sire, equal to that of love. That which is given without love, though it be composed of the four sweet things, is not worth so much as wild rice given with love. Wise men of old, when sickness arose amongst them, though the king with his five families of leeches provided remedies, if the sickness were not thus assuaged, repaired to their intimate friends and by eating broth of wild rice and millet, without salt, or even leaves without salt, sprinkled with water only, were healed of their sickness." And with these words at their request he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family in the kingdom of Kāsi, [143] and they called him young Kappa. When he came of age, he acquired all the arts at Takkasilā and afterwards adopted the religious life. At this time an ascetic named Kesava attended by five hundred other ascetics became the teacher of a band of disciples and abode in the Himālayas. The Bodhisatta came to him and becoming the senior of the five hundred pupils, dwelt there and shewed a friendly feeling and affection for Kesava. And they became very intimate one with another.

By and bye Kesava accompanied by these ascetics went to Benares to procure salt and vinegar and lodged in the king's garden. Next day he went into the city and came to the palace door. When the king saw the band of holy men, he invited them in and fed them in his own house, and exacting the usual promise from them, he lodged them in his garden. So when the rainy season was over, Kesava took leave of the king. The king said, "Holy Sir, you are an old man. Do you now dwell near us, and send

the young ascetics to the Himālayas." He agreed and sent them with the head disciple to the Himālayas and himself was left quite alone. Kappa went to the Himālayas and dwelt there with the ascetics. Kesava was unhappy at being deprived of the society of Kappa, and in his desire to see him got no sleep, and in consequence of losing his sleep, his food was not properly digested. A bloody flux set in, followed by severe pains. The king with his five families of leeches watched over the ascetic, but his sickness abated not.

The ascetic asked the king, "Do you, Sire, wish for me to die or to recover?"

"To recover, Sir," he answered.

"Then send me to the Himālayas," he said.

"Agreed," said the king, and sent to a minister named Nārada, and bade him go with some foresters and take the holy man to the Himālayas. Nārada took him there and returned home. But by the mere sight of Kappa, Kesava's mental disorder ceased and his unhappiness subsided. [144] So Kappa gave him broth made of millet and wild rice together with leaves sprinkled with water, without salt and spices, and at that very instant the dysentery was assuaged. The king again sent Nārada saying, "Go and learn tidings of the ascetic Kesava." He came and finding him recovered said, "Reverend Sir, the king of Benares treating you with his five families of leeches could not heal your sickness. How did Kappa treat you?" And herewith he uttered the first stanza:

> Thou that of late with lord of men didst dwell,
>   A king prepared to grant thy heart's desire,
> What is the charm of Kappa's hermit cell
>   That blessed Kesava should here retire?

Kesava on hearing this repeated the second stanza:

> All here is charming: e'en the very trees
>   O Nārada, my fancy take,
> And Kappa's words that never fail to please
>   A grateful echo in my heart awake.

After these words he said: "Kappa by way of pleasing me gave me to drink broth made of millet and wild rice mixed with leaves sprinkled with water, and without salt and spices, and therewith was my bodily sickness stayed and I was healed."

Nārada, hearing this, repeated the third stanza:

> Thou that but now the purest rice didst eat
> Boiled with a dainty flavouring of meat,
> How canst thou relish such insipid fare
> And millet and wild rice with hermits share?

[145] On hearing this Kesava uttered the fourth stanza:

The food may coarse or dainty prove,
May scanty be or much abound,
Yet if the meal is blest with love,
Love the best sauce by far is found.

Nārada on hearing his words returned to the king and told him, "Kesava says thus and thus."

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time the king was Ānanda, Nārada was Sāriputta, Kesava was Bakabrahmā[1], Kappa was myself."

No. 347.

AYAKŪṬA-JĀTAKA.[2]

"*Why in mid air,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning the duty of doing good to men. The incident that led to the story will be set forth in the Mahākaṇha Birth[3].

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as the son of his chief queen. And when he was of age, he was instructed in all the arts and on the death of his father was established in his kingdom and governed it righteously.

At that time men were devoted to the worship of the gods [146] and made religious offerings to them by the slaughter of many goats, rams and the like. The Bodhisatta proclaimed by beat of drum, "No living creature is to be put to death." The Yakkhas were enraged against the Bodhisatta at losing their offerings, and calling together an assembly of their kind in the Himalayās, they sent forth a certain savage Yakkha to slay the Bodhisatta. He took a huge blazing mass of iron as big as the dome of a

[1] See no. 405.
[2] See R. Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal*, iii. 336.
[3] No. 469, Vol. iv.

house, and thinking to strike a deadly blow, immediately after the mid watch, came and stood at the bed's head of the Bodhisatta. At that instant the throne of Sakka manifested signs of heat. After considering the matter the god discovered the cause, and grasping his thunderbolt in his hand he came and stood over the Yakkha. The Bodhisatta on seeing the Yakkha thought, "Why in the world is he standing here? Is it to protect me, or from a desire to slay me?" And as he talked with him he repeated the first stanza:

Why in mid air, O Yakkha, dost thou stand
With yon huge bolt of iron in thy hand?
Art thou to guard me from all harm intent,
Or here to-day for my destruction sent?

Now the Bodhisatta saw only the Yakkha. He did not see Sakka. The Yakkha through fear of Sakka durst not strike the Bodhisatta. On hearing the words of the Bodhisatta the Yakkha said, "Great king, I am not stationed here to guard you; I came minded to smite you with this blazing mass of iron, but through fear of Sakka I dare not strike you." And to explain his meaning he uttered the second stanza:

As messenger of Rakkhasas, lo! here
To compass thy destruction I appear,
But all in vain the fiery bolt I wield
Against the head that Indra's self would shield.

On hearing this the Bodhisatta repeated two more stanzas:

If Indra, Sujā's lord, in heaven that reigns,
Great king of gods, my cause to champion deigns,
[147] With hideous howl though goblins rend the sky,
No demon brood has power to terrify.
Let mud-sprite devils gibber as they may,
They are not equal to so stern a fray.

Thus did Sakka put the Yakkha to flight. And exhorting the Great Being, he said, "Great king, fear not. Henceforth we will protect you. Be not afraid." And so saying he returned straight to his own place of abode.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time Anuruddha was Sakka, and I myself was the king of Benares."

No. 348.

ARAÑÑA-JĀTAKA.

"*This doubt, my father,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told when dwelling at Jetavana, concerning the seduction of a youth by a certain coarse girl. The incident that led up to the story will be set forth in the Cullanāradakassapa Birth[1].

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin household. And when he grew up and was learned in all the arts at Takkasilā, his wife died and he adopted the religious life and went with his son to dwell in the Himālayas. There leaving his son in a hermitage, he went forth to gather all kinds of fruit. At that time as some brigands were harrying a border village, and were going off with their prisoners, a certain damsel fled for refuge to this hermitage [148] and by her seductions corrupted the virtue of the youth. She said to him, "Come, let us begone."

"Let my father first return," he said, "and after I have seen him, I will go with you."

"Well, when you have seen him, come to me," she said. And going out she sat herself down in the middle of the road. The young ascetic, when his father had come, spoke the first stanza :

This doubt, my father, solve for me, I pray;
If to some village from this wood I stray,
Men of what school of morals, or what sect
Shall I most wisely for my friends affect?

Then his father, by way of warning him, repeated three stanzas:

One that can gain thy confidence and love,
Can trust thy word, and with thee patient prove,
In thought and word and deed will ne'er offend—
Take to thy heart and cling to him as friend.
To men capricious as the monkey-kind
And found unstable, be not thou inclined,
Though to some desert lone thy lot should be confined.

[149] On hearing this the young ascetic said, "Dear father, how shall I find a man possessed of these virtues? I will not go. With you only will I live." And so saying he turned back. Then his father taught him the

[1] No. 477, Vol. iv.

preparatory rites to induce mystic meditation. And both father and son, without falling away from religious ecstasy, became destined to birth in the Brahma-world.

The Master, his lesson ended, thus identified the Birth: "At that time the youth and the maiden were the same as in the later story. The ascetic was myself."

No. 349.

SANDHIBHEDA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Nought in common,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning the moral precept on slander.

Once upon a time the Master hearing that the Six[2] Priests collect slanderous tales, called them to him and asked, "Is it true, Brothers, that you collect slanderous tales of such of your brethren as are inclined to quarrelling and strife and disputation, and that quarrels therefore, that would not otherwise arise, spring up and when they so arise have a tendency to grow?" "It is true," they said. Then he reproved those brethren and said, "Brothers, backbiting speech is like to a blow with a sharp sword. A firm friendship is quickly broken up by slander and people that listen thereto become liable to be estranged from their friends, as was the case with the lion and the bull." And so saying he told an old legend of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as his son, and after acquiring all the arts at Takkasilā, on his father's death, he ruled his kingdom righteously.

At that time a certain neatherd, who was tending cattle in their sheds in the forest, came home and inadvertently left behind him a cow that was in calf. Between this cow and a lioness sprang up a firm friendship. The

[1] See no. 361 *infra*, *Tibetan Tales*, XXXIII. p. 325, 'The Jackal as Calumniator,' and Benfey's *Introduction to the Panchatantra*.

[2] See Vol. i. no. 28, p. 71.

two animals became fast friends and went about together. So after a time the cow brought forth a calf and the lioness a cub. These two young creatures also by the force of family ties became fast friends and wandered about together. [150] Then a certain forester, after observing their affection, took such wares as are produced in the forest and went to Benares and presented them to the king. And when the king asked him, "Friend, have you seen any unusual marvel in the forest?" he made answer, "I saw nothing else that was wonderful, my lord, but I did see a lion and a bull wandering about together, very friendly one towards another."

"Should a third animal appear," said the king, "there will certainly be mischief. Come and tell me, if you see the pair joined by a third animal."

"Certainly, my lord," he answered.

Now when the forester had left for Benares, a jackal ministered to the lion and the bull. When he returned to the forest and saw this he said, "I will tell the king that a third animal has appeared," and departed for the city. Now the jackal thought, "There is no meat that I have not eaten except the flesh of lions and bulls. By setting these two at variance, I will get their flesh to eat." And he said, "This is the way he speaks of you," and thus dividing them one from another, he soon brought about a quarrel and reduced them to a dying condition.

But the forester came and told the king, "My lord, a third animal has turned up." "What is it?" said the king. "A jackal, my lord." Said the king, "He will cause them to quarrel, and will bring about their death. We shall find them dead when we arrive." And so saying, he mounted upon his chariot and travelling on the road pointed out by the forester, he arrived just as the two animals had by their quarrel destroyed one another. The jackal highly delighted was eating, now the flesh of the lion, and now that of the bull. The king when he saw that they were both dead, stood just as he was upon his chariot, and addressing his charioteer gave utterance to these verses:

[151] Nought in common had this pair,
Neither wives nor food did share;
Yet behold how slanderous word,
Keen as any two-edged sword,
Did devise with cunning art
Friends of old to keep apart.
Thus did bull and lion fall
Prey to meanest beast of all:
So will all bed-fellows be
With this pair in misery,
If they lend a willing ear
To the slanderer's whispered sneer.
But they thrive exceeding well,
E'en as those in heaven that dwell,
Who to slander ne'er attend—
Slander parting friend from friend.

[152] The king spoke these verses, and bidding them gather together the mane, skin, claws, and teeth of the lion, returned straight to his own city.

The Master, having ended his lesson, thus identified the Birth: "At that time I myself was the king."

No. 350.

DEVATĀPAÑHA-JĀTAKA.

This Question will be found in the Ummagga Jātaka.

BOOK V. PAÑCANIPĀTA

No. 351.

MAṆIKUṆḌALA-JĀTAKA.

[153] "*Stript of all the joys of life,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning a councillor who was guilty of misconduct in the harem of the king of Kosala. The incident that gave rise to the story has been given in full before[1].

Here too the Bodhisatta became king in Benares. The wicked councillor called in the king of Kosala and got him to seize upon the kingdom of Kāsi, and to throw the Bodhisatta into prison. The king of Benares developed ecstatic meditation and sat cross-legged in the air. A fierce heat sprang up in the body of the marauding king, and he drew nigh to the king of Benares and repeated the first stanza:

Stript of all the joys of life,
  Jewelled earrings, horse and car,
Robbed of child and loving wife,
  Nought thy pleasure seems to mar.

[154] On hearing him the Bodhisatta recited these verses:—

Pleasures soon make haste to leave us,
  Pleasures soon must all forego,
Sorrow has no power to grieve us,
  Joy itself soon turns to woe.
Moons with new-born orb appearing
  Wax awhile, to wane and die,
Suns with warmth all nature cheering,
  Haste to set in yonder sky.
Change is this world's law I see,
Sorrow has no pangs for me.

[1] See no. 282, Vol. ii. and no. 303 *supra*.

Thus now did the Great Being expound the Truth to the usurper king, and bringing his conduct to the test, repeated these stanzas[1]:—

The idle sensual layman I detest,
The false ascetic is a rogue confest.

A bad king will a case unheard decide;
Wrath in the sage can ne'er be justified.

The warrior prince a well-weighed verdict gives,
Of righteous judge the fame for ever lives.

[155] The king of Kosala having thus gained the forgiveness of the Bodhisatta and given him back his kingdom, departed to his own country.

The Master, having ended his discourse, thus identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king of Kosala, and I myself was the king of Benares."

No. 352.

SUJĀTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Why haste to bring,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning a landowner who had lost his father. On the death of his father, they say, he went about lamenting, quite unable to shake off his grief. The Master perceived in the man a capacity to attain to the Fruit of Salvation, and when he went his rounds in Sāvatthi for alms, accompanied by an attendant priest, he came to his house and sitting down on the seat prepared for him he bowed to his host, who was also seated, and said, "Lay Brother, art thou grieving?" and on his replying, "Yes, Reverend Sir, I am," he said, "Friend, sages of old hearkened to the words of Wisdom, and when they lost a father, they did not grieve." And at the request of his host he told a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life in the house of a landowner. And they called him young Sujāta. When he was grown up, his grandsire died. Then his father from the day of the old man's death was filled with sorrow, and taking his bones from the place of cremation he erected an earth-mound in his pleasure-garden, and depositing the remains there, whenever he visited

[1] These stanzas occur also in no. 332 *supra*.

the place, adorned the tope with flowers and studiously lamented, neither bathing nor anointing himself nor eating. Neither did he attend to his business. The Bodhisatta, on observing this, thought, "My father ever since the death of my grandfather goes about overwhelmed with grief. And no one, I am sure, except myself has power to console him. I will find a way to deliver him from his sorrow."

[156] So seeing a dead ox lying outside the city, he brought grass and water and placing them before it said, "Eat and drink, eat and drink." All that passed by on seeing this said, "Friend Sujāta, are you mad? Do you offer grass and water to a dead ox?" But he answered not a word.

So they went to his father and said, "Your son has become mad. He is giving grass and water to a dead ox." On hearing this the landowner ceased to grieve for his father, and began to grieve for his son. And he went in haste and cried, "My dear Sujāta, are you not in your sober senses? Why do you offer grass and water to the carcase of an ox?" And hereupon he spoke two stanzas:—

Why haste to bring thy new-mown grass so sweet,
And cry to lifeless beast, 'Arise and eat'?

No food may raise to life an ox that's dead,
Thy words are idle and of folly bred.

Then the Bodhisatta uttered two stanzas:—

Methinks this beast may come to life again,
Both head and tail and its four feet remain.

But of my grandsire head and limbs are gone:
No fool weeps o'er his grave, but thou alone.

[157] On hearing this the father of the Bodhisatta thought: "My son is wise. He knows the right thing to be done both for this world and for the next. He did this to console me." And he said, "My dear and wise son Sujāta, it is known to me that all existing things are impermanent. Henceforth I will not grieve. Such a son as this must be every one that would remove a father's grief." And singing the praises of his son he said:—

As ghee-fed flame that blazes out amain
Is quenched with water, so he quenched my pain.
With sorrow's shaft my heart was wounded sore,
He healed the wound and did my life restore.
The barb extracted, full of peace and joy,
I cease to grieve and hearken to my boy.
Thus kindly souls wean mortals from their grief,
As wise Sujāta brought his sire relief.

The Master having ended his discourse revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the landowner attained fruition of the First Path:—"At that time I myself was Sujāta."

No. 353.

DHONASĀKHA-JĀTAKA.

"'*Though thou art now,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, while living in the Bhesakalā grove near Suṁsumāragiri (Mount Crocodile) in the country of the Bhaggas, told concerning young prince Bodhi. This prince was the son of Udena, and at this time dwelt in Suṁsumāragiri. Now he summoned a very skilful artisan, and got him to build him a palace called Kokanada, and to make it unlike that of any other king. [158] And afterwards he thought, "This artisan may build a similar palace for some other king." And from a feeling of envy he plucked out his eyes. This circumstance became known in the assembly of the Brethren. Then they raised a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Sirs, young prince Bodhi had the eyes of such and such an artisan put out. Surely he is a harsh, cruel, and violent man." The Master came and asked what was the topic the Brethren were debating as they sat together, and hearing what it was he said, "Not now only, but formerly too such was his nature, and of old in like manner he put out the eyes of a thousand warriors and, after slaying them, he offered up their flesh as a religious sacrifice." And so saying he told them a story of past times.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became a world-renowned teacher at Takkasilā, and youths of the warrior and brahmin castes came from all India, to be taught the arts by him. The son of the king of Benares too, prince Brahmadatta, was taught the three Vedas by him. Now he was by nature harsh, cruel, and violent. The Bodhisatta, by his power of divination knowing his character, said, "My friend, you are harsh, cruel, and violent, and verily power that is attained by a man of violence is shortlived: when his power is gone from him, he is like a ship that is wrecked at sea. He reaches no sure haven. Therefore be not of such a character." And by way of admonition he repeated two stanzas:—

Though thou art now with peace and plenty blest,
  Such happy fate may short-lived prove to be:
Should riches perish, be not sore distrest,
  Like storm-tost sailor wrecked far out at sea.

Each one shall fare according to his deed,
And reap the harvest as he sows the seed,
Whether of goodly herb, or maybe noxious weed.

[159] Then he bade his teacher farewell and returned to Benares, and after exhibiting his proficiency in the arts to his father, he was established in the viceroyalty and on his father's death he succeeded to the kingdom. His family priest, Piṅgiya by name, was a harsh and cruel man. Being greedy of fame, he thought, "What if I were to cause all the rulers of

India to be seized by this king, and if he should thus become sole monarch and I become sole priest?" And he got the king to hearken to his words.

And the king marched forth with a great army and invested the city of a certain king and took him prisoner. And by similar means he gained the sovereignty of all India, and with a thousand kings in his train, he went to seize upon the kingdom of Takkasilā. The Bodhisatta repaired the walls of the city and made it impregnable to its enemies. And the king of Benares had a canopy set up over him and a curtain thrown round about him, at the foot of a big banyan tree on the banks of the Ganges. And having a couch spread for him, he took up his quarters there. Fighting in the plains of India he had taken captive a thousand kings, but failing in his attack on Takkasilā, he asked his priest, "Master, though we have come hither with a host of captive kings, we cannot take Takkasilā. What now are we to do?"

"Great king," he answered, "put out the eyes of the thousand kings [160] and ripping open their bellies let us take their flesh and the five sweet substances and make an offering to the guardian deity of this banyan. And surrounding the tree with a rimmed circumference let us fill it with blood five inches deep. And so shall the victory soon be ours."

The king readily assented and concealing mighty wrestlers behind the curtain, he summoned each king separately, and when the wrestlers had squeezed them in their arms till they had reduced them to a state of insensibility, he had their eyes put out, and after they were dead, he took the flesh and caused the carcases to be carried away by the Ganges. Then he made the offering, as described above, and had the drum beaten and went forth to battle. Then came a certain Yakkha from his watch-tower and tore out the right eye of the king. Severe pain set in, and maddened by the agony he suffered, he went and lay down at full length upon the couch prepared for him at the foot of the banyan tree. At this moment a vulture took a sharp-pointed bone, and perched on the top of the tree, in eating the flesh it let drop the bone, and the sharp point falling as with iron spikes on the king's left eye, destroyed that eye too. At this moment he recalled the words of the Bodhisatta and said, "Our teacher when he said 'These mortals experience results corresponding to their deeds, even as fruit corresponds with the seed,' spoke, I suppose, with all this before his mind's eye." And in his lamentation he addressed Piṅgiya in two stanzas:—

Ah! now at last I recognize the truth
The Master taught me in my heedless youth:
'Sin not,' he cried, 'or else the evil deed
To thine own punishment may one day lead.'

Beneath this tree's trim boughs and quivering shade
Libation due of sandal oil was made.
'Twas here I slew a thousand kings, and lo!
The pangs they suffered then, I now must undergo.

[161] Thus lamenting, he called to mind his queen-consort, and repeated this stanza :—

O Ubbarī, my queen of swarthy hue,
  Lithe as a shoot of fair moringa tree,
That dost thy limbs with sandal oil bedew,
  How should I live, bereft of sight of thee?
  Yea death itself than this less grievous far would be!

While he was still murmuring these words, he died and was born again in hell. The priest so ambitious of power could not save him, nor could he save himself by his own power, and as soon as he died, his army broke up and fled.

The Master, having ended his lesson, thus identified the Birth: "At that time the young prince Bodhi was the marauding king, Devadatta was Piṅgiya, and I myself was the world-famed teacher."

No. 354.

URAGA-JĀTAKA.

[162] "*Man quits his mortal frame,*" *etc.* This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning a landowner whose son had died. The introductory story is just the same as that of the man who lost both his wife and father. Here too the Master in the same way went to the man's house, and after saluting him as he was seated, asked him saying, "Pray, Sir, are you grieving?" And on his replying, "Yes, Reverend Sir, ever since my son's death I grieve," he said, "Sir, verily that which is subject to dissolution is dissolved, and that which is subject to destruction is destroyed[1], and this happens not to one man only, nor in one village merely, but in countless spheres, and in the three modes of existence, there is no creature that is not subject to death, nor is there any existing thing that is capable of abiding in the same condition. All beings are subject to

[1] Compare the story of Epictetus as given by Bacon, *Advancement of Learning*, i. 8. The philosopher one day saw a woman weeping for a broken pitcher, and next day saw another woman weeping over her dead son. Whereupon he said, "*Heri vidi fragilem frangi, hodie vidi mortalem mori.*"

death, and all compounds are subject to dissolution. But sages of old, when they lost a son, said, 'That which is subject to destruction is destroyed,' and grieved not." And hereupon at the man's request he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin household, in a village outside the gates of Benares, and rearing a family he supported them by field labour. He had two children, a son and a daughter. When the son was grown up, the father brought a wife home for him from a family of equal rank with his own. Thus with a female slave they composed a household of six: the Bodhisatta and his wife, the son and daughter, the daughter-in-law and the female slave. They lived happily and affectionately together. The Bodhisatta thus admonished the other five; "According as ye have received, give alms, observe holy days, keep the moral law, dwell on the thought of death, be mindful of your mortal state. For in the case of beings like ourselves, death is certain, life uncertain: all existing things are transitory and subject to decay. Therefore take heed to your ways day and night." They readily accepted his teaching and dwelt earnestly on the thought of death.

Now one day the Bodhisatta went with his son to plough his field. [163] The son gathered together the rubbish and set fire to it. Not far from where he was, lived a snake in an anthill. The smoke hurt the snake's eyes. Coming out from his hole in a rage, it thought, "This is all due to that fellow," and fastening upon him with its four teeth it bit him. The youth fell down dead. The Bodhisatta on seeing him fall, left his oxen and came to him, and finding that he was dead, he took him up and laid him at the foot of a certain tree, and covering him up with a cloak, he neither wept nor lamented. He said, "That which is subject to dissolution is dissolved, and that which is subject to death is dead. All compound existences are transitory and liable to death." And recognizing the transitory nature of things he went on with his ploughing. Seeing a neighbour pass close by the field, he asked, "Friend, are you going home?" And on his answering "Yes," he said, "Please then to go to our house and say to the mistress, 'You are not to-day as formerly to bring food for two, but to bring it for one only. And hitherto the female slave alone has brought the food, but to-day all four of you are to put on clean garments, and to come with perfumes and flowers in your hands.'"

"All right," he said, and went and spoke these very words to the brahmin's wife.

She asked, "By whom, Sir, was this message given?"

"By the brahmin, lady," he replied.

Then she understood that her son was dead. But she did not so much as tremble. Thus showing perfect self-control, and wearing white garments and with perfumes and flowers in her hand, she bade them bring food, and accompanied the other members of the family to the field. But no one of them all either shed a tear or made lamentation. The Bodhisatta, still sitting in the shade where the youth lay, ate his food. And when his meal was finished, they all took up fire-wood and lifting the body on to the funeral pile, they made offerings of perfumes and flowers, and then set fire to it. But not a single tear was shed by any one. All were dwelling on the thought of death. Such was the efficacy of their virtue that the throne of Sakka manifested signs of heat. [164] Sakka said, "Who, I wonder, is anxious to bring me down from my throne?" And on reflection he discovered that the heat was due to the force of virtue existing in these people, and being highly pleased he said, "I must go to them and utter a loud cry of exultation like the roaring of a lion, and immediately afterwards fill their dwelling place with the seven treasures." And going there in haste he stood by the side of the funeral pyre and said, "What are you doing?"

"We are burning the body of a man, my lord."

"It is no man that you are burning," he said. "Methinks you are roasting the flesh of some beast that you have slain."

"Not so, my lord," they said. "It is merely the body of a man that we are burning."

Then he said, "It must have been some enemy."

The Bodhisatta said, "It is our own true son, and no enemy."

"Then he could not have been dear as a son to you."

"He was very dear, my lord."

"Then why do you not weep?"

Then the Bodhisatta, to explain the reason why he did not weep, uttered the first stanza:—

> Man quits his mortal frame, when joy in life is past,
> E'en as a snake is wont its worn out slough to cast.
> No friend's lament can touch the ashes of the dead:
> Why should I grieve? He fares the way he had to tread.

[165] Sakka on hearing the words of the Bodhisatta, asked the brahmin's wife, "How, lady, did the dead man stand to you?"

"I sheltered him ten months in my womb, and suckled him at my breast, and directed the movements of his hands and feet, and he was my grown up son, my lord."

"Granted, lady, that a father from the nature of a man may not weep, a mother's heart surely is tender. Why then do you not weep?"

And to explain why she did not weep, she uttered a couple of stanzas:—

Uncalled he hither came, unbidden soon to go;
E'en as he came, he went. What cause is here for woe?

No friend's lament can touch the ashes of the dead:
Why should I grieve? He fares the way he had to tread.

On hearing the words of the brahmin's wife, Sakka asked the sister: "Lady, what was the dead man to you?"

"He was my brother, my lord."

"Lady, sisters surely are loving towards their brothers. Why do you not weep?"

But she to explain the reason why she did not weep, repeated a couple of stanzas:—

Though I should fast and weep, how would it profit me?
My kith and kin alas! would more unhappy be.

[166] No friend's lament can touch the ashes of the dead:
Why should I grieve? He fares the way he had to tread.

Sakka on hearing the words of the sister, asked his wife: "Lady, what was he to you?"

"He was my husband, my lord."

"Women surely, when a husband dies, as widows are helpless. Why do you not weep?"

But she to explain the reason why she did not weep, uttered two stanzas:—

As children cry in vain to grasp the moon above,
So mortals idly mourn the loss of those they love.

No friend's lament can touch the ashes of the dead:
Why should I grieve? He fares the way he had to tread.

[167] Sakka on hearing the words of the wife, asked the handmaid, saying, "Woman, what was he to you?"

"He was my master, my lord."

"No doubt you must have been abused and beaten and oppressed by him and therefore, thinking he is happily dead, you weep not."

"Speak not so, my lord. This does not suit his case. My young master was full of long-suffering and love and pity for me, and was as a foster child to me."

"Then why do you not weep?"

And she to explain why she did not weep, uttered a couple of stanzas:—

A broken pot of earth, ah! who can piece again?
So too to mourn the dead is nought but labour vain.

No friend's lament can touch the ashes of the dead:
Why should I grieve? He fares the way he had to tread.

Sakka after hearing what they all had to say, was greatly pleased and said, "Ye have carefully dwelt on the thought of death. Henceforth ye are not to labour with your own hands. I am Sakka, king of heaven. I will create the seven treasures in countless abundance in your house. [168] Ye are to give alms, to keep the moral law, to observe holy days, and to take heed to your ways." And thus admonishing them, he filled their house with countless wealth, and so parted from them.

The Master having finished his exposition of the Law, declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the landowner attained the fruit of the First Path:—"At that time Khujjuttarā was the female slave, Uppalavaṇṇā the daughter, Rāhula the son, Khemā the mother, and I myself was the brahmin."

No. 355.

GHATA-JĀTAKA.

"*While others weep,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning a minister of the king of Kosala. The introductory story is identical with one already given. But in this case the king after bestowing great honour on a minister who served him well, gave ear to certain mischief-makers and had him seized and thrown into prison. While he was lying there, he entered upon the First Path. The king, becoming aware of his great merit, released him. He took a scented garland and coming into the presence of the Master, saluted him and sat down. Then the Master asked if some evil had not befallen him. "Yes, Reverend Sir," he answered, "but through evil good has come to me. I have entered on the First Path." "Verily," said the Master, "not you only, but sages of old got good out of evil." And herewith at his request he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born to him as the son of his queen-consort. And they called him prince Ghata. He afterwards acquired a knowledge of the arts at Takkasilā and ruled his kingdom righteously.

Now a certain minister misconducted himself in the royal harem. The king, after witnessing the offence with his own eyes, banished him from

his kingdom. At that time a king named Vaṅka ruled in Sāvatthi. The minister went to him and entering his service, just as in the former story[1], gained the king's ear and got him to seize on the kingdom of Benares. After gaining possession of the kingdom, he had the Bodhisatta bound in chains and threw him into prison. The Bodhisatta entered on an ecstatic meditation [169] and sat cross-legged in the air. A burning heat sprang up in the body of Vaṅka. He came and beheld the countenance of the Bodhisatta radiant with the beauty of a full-blown lotus, like to a golden mirror, and in the form of a question repeated the first stanza:—

While others weep and wail, their cheeks with tears bestained,
Why still with smiling face, has Ghata ne'er complained?

Then the Bodhisatta, to explain why he did not grieve, recited the remaining stanzas:—

To change the past all sorrow is but vain,
It has no blessing for a future state:
Why should I, Vaṅka, of my woes complain?
Grief is no helpmeet fit with us to mate.

One that is sick with sorrow pines away,
His food insipid and distasteful grows,
Pierced as with arrows, to his grief a prey,
He sinks a laughing-stock to all his foes.

Whether my home be on dry land or sea,
Be it in village, or some forest drear,
No sorrow ever shall come nigh to me,
A soul converted can have nought to fear.

But he that lacks completion in himself
And is with lust of things of sense a-fire,
Not the whole world, with all its sordid pelf,
Can e'er suffice for such a man's desire.

[170] Vaṅka therefore, after hearing these four stanzas, asked forgiveness of the Bodhisatta, and restored him to his kingdom and went his way. But the Bodhisatta handed over the kingdom to his ministers, and retreating to the Himālayas became an ascetic, and without any break in his ecstatic meditation was destined to birth in the world of Brahma.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Ananda was king Vaṅka, and I myself was king Ghata."

[1] Compare No. 303 *supra*.

No. 356.

KĀRAṆḌIYA-JĀTAKA.

"*Why in forest,*" *etc.*—This was a story told by the Master while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning the Captain of the Faith (Sāriputta). That elder, they say, when wicked folk came to him, such as hunters, fishermen and the like, laid down the moral law to them, and any others that he might see from time to time, saying, "Receive ye the law." Through respect for the elder, they could not disobey his words and accepted the law, but failed to keep it, and still followed each after his own business. The elder took counsel with his fellow-priests and said, "Sirs, these men receive the law from me, but keep it not." [171] They answered, "Holy Sir, you preach the law to them against their wishes, and as they dare not disobey what you tell them, they accept it. Henceforth lay not down the law to such as these." The elder was offended. On hearing of the incident they started a discussion in the Hall of Truth, how that the elder Sāriputta preached the law to any that he happened to see. The Master came and inquired what was the topic that the Brethren were debating in their assembly, and on hearing what it was, he said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also he preached the law to any men he might chance to see, even though they did not ask for it." And herewith he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born and grew up in a brahmin household, and became the chief pupil of a world-famed teacher at Takkasilā. At that time this teacher preached the moral law to any one that he might see, fishermen and the like, even if they did not want it, repeatedly bidding them receive the law. But though they received it, they kept it not. The teacher spoke of it to his disciples. His disciples said, "Holy Sir, you preach to them against their wishes, and therefore they break the law. Henceforth preach only to those who wish to hear you, and not to those who do not wish." The teacher was filled with regret, but even so he still laid down the law to all whom he happened to see.

Now one day some people came from a certain village and invited the teacher to partake of the cakes offered to brahmins. He summoned his disciple named Kāraṇḍiya and said, "My dear son, I am not going, but you are to go there with these five hundred disciples, and receive the cakes, and bring the portion that falls to my share." So he sent him. The disciple went, and as he was returning, he spied on the road a cave, and the thought struck him, "Our master lays down the law, without being asked, to all that he sees. Henceforth I will cause him to preach only to those that wish to hear him." [172] And while the other disciples were comfortably seated,

he arose and picking up a huge stone, flung it into the cave, and again and again repeated the action. Then the disciples stood up and said, "Sir, what are you doing?" Kāraṇḍiya said not a word. And they went in haste and told their master. The master came and in conversing with Kāraṇḍiya repeated the first stanza:—

Why in forest all alone
Seizing oft a mighty stone,
Didst thou hurl it with a will,
Mountain cave as 'twere to fill?

On hearing his words, Kāraṇḍiya to rouse his master uttered the second stanza:—

I would make this sea-girt land
Smooth as palm of human hand:
Thus I level knoll and hill
And with stones each hollow fill.

The brahmin, on hearing this, repeated the third stanza:—

Ne'er a one of mortal birth
Has the power to level earth.
Scarce Kāraṇḍiya can hope
With a single cave to cope.

[173] The disciple, on hearing this, spoke the fourth stanza:—

If a man of mortal birth
Has no power to level earth,
Heretics may well refuse,
Brahmin, to adopt thy views.

On hearing this the teacher made an appropriate reply. For he now recognized that other men might differ from him, and thinking, "I will no longer act thus," he uttered the fifth stanza:—

Friend Kāraṇḍiya, in short
For my good thou dost exhort:
Earth can never levelled be,
Neither can all men agree.

Thus did the teacher sing the praises of his disciple. And he, after he had thus admonished his teacher, conducted him home.

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[174] The Master, having ended this lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Sāriputta was the brahmin, and I myself was the disciple Kāraṇḍiya."

No. 357.

LAṬUKIKA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Elephant of sixty years,*" *etc.*—This was a story told by the Master while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, concerning Devadatta. One day they raised a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Sirs, Devadatta is harsh, cruel, and violent. He has not an atom of pity for mortals." When the Master came, he inquired what was the topic the Brethren were assembled to discuss, and on hearing what it was, he said, "Brethren, not now only, but formerly also he was pitiless." And herewith he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young elephant, and growing up a fine comely beast, he became the leader of the herd, with a following of eighty thousand elephants, and dwelt in the Himālayas. At that time a quail laid her eggs in the feeding-ground of the elephants. When the eggs were ready to be hatched, the young birds broke the shells and came out. Before their wings had grown, and when they were still unable to fly, the Great Being with his following of eighty thousand elephants, in ranging about for food, came to this spot. On seeing them the quail thought, "This royal elephant will trample on my young ones and kill them. Lo! I will implore his righteous protection for the defence of my brood." Then she raised her two wings and standing before him repeated the first stanza:—

Elephant of sixty years,
Forest lord amongst thy peers,
I am but a puny bird,
Thou a leader of the herd;
With my wings I homage pay,
Spare my little ones, I pray.

[175] The Great Being said, "O quail, be not troubled. I will protect thy offspring." And standing over the young birds, while the eighty thousand elephants passed by, he thus addressed the quail: "Behind us comes a solitary rogue elephant. He will not do our bidding. When he comes, do thou entreat him too, and so insure the safety of thy offspring." And with these words he made off. And the quail went forth to meet the other elephant, and with both wings uplifted, making respectful salutation, she spoke the second stanza:—

[1] For this story see Benfey's *Introduction to the Panchatantra*.

Roaming over hill and dale
  Cherishing thy lonely way,
Thee, O forest king, I hail,
  And with wings my homage pay.
I am but a wretched quail,
  Spare my tender brood to slay.

On hearing her words, the elephant spoke the third stanza:—

I will slay thy young ones, quail;
What can thy poor help avail?
My left foot can crush with ease
Many thousand birds like these.

[176] And so saying, with his foot he crushed the young birds to atoms, and staling over them washed them away in a flood of water, and went off loudly trumpeting. The quail sat down on the bough of a tree and said, "Then be off with you and trumpet away. You shall very soon see what I will do. You little know what a difference there is between strength of body and strength of mind. Well! I will teach you this lesson." And thus threatening him she repeated the fourth stanza:—

Power abused is not all gain,
Power is often folly's bane.
Beast that didst my young ones kill,
I will work thee mischief still.

And so saying, shortly afterwards she did a good turn to a crow, and when the crow, who was highly pleased, asked, "What can I do for you?" the quail said, "There is nothing else, Sir, to be done, but I shall expect you to strike with your beak and to peck out the eyes of this rogue elephant." The crow readily assented, and the quail then did a service to a blue fly, and when the fly asked, "What can I do for you?" she said, "When the eyes of this rogue elephant have been put out by the crow, then I want you to let fall a nit upon them." The fly agreed, and then the quail did a kindness to a frog, and when the frog asked what it was to do, she said, "When this rogue elephant becomes blind, and shall be searching for water to drink, then take your stand and utter a croak on the top of a mountain, and when he has climbed to the top, come down and croak again at the bottom of the precipice. This much I shall look for at your hands." After hearing what the quail said, the frog readily assented. [177] So one day the crow with its beak pecked out both the eyes of the elephant, and the fly dropped its eggs upon them, and the elephant being eaten up with maggots was maddened by the pain, and overcome with thirst wandered about seeking for water to drink. At this moment the frog standing on the top of a mountain uttered a croak. Thought the elephant, "There must be water there," and climbed up the mountain. Then the frog descended, and standing at the bottom croaked again. The elephant thought, "There will be water there," and

moved forward towards the precipice, and rolling over fell to the bottom of the mountain and was killed. When the quail knew that the elephant was dead, she said, "I have seen the back of mine enemy," and in a high state of delight strutted over his body, and passed away to fare according to her deeds.

The Master said, "Brethren, one ought not to incur the hostility of anyone. These four creatures, by combining together, brought about the destruction of this elephant, strong as he was.

A quail with crow, blue fly and frog allied
  Once proved the issue of a deadly feud.
Through them king elephant untimely died:
  Therefore all quarrelling should be eschewed."

Uttering this stanza inspired by Perfect Wisdom, he thus identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the rogue elephant, and I myself was the leader of the herd of elephants."

No. 358.

CULLADHAMMAPĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"*Mahāpatāpa's wretched queen*," *etc.*—This story the Master, when dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, told concerning the going about of Devadatta to slay the Bodhisatta. In all other Births Devadatta failed to excite so much as an atom of fear in the Bodhisatta, [178] but in the Culladhammapāla Birth, when the Bodhisatta was only seven months old, he had his hands and feet and head cut off and his body encircled with sword cuts, as it were with a garland. In the Daddara[1] Birth he killed him by twisting his neck, and roasted his flesh in an oven and ate it. In the Khantivādi[2] Birth he had him scourged with two thousand strokes of a whip, and ordered his hands and feet and ears and nose to be cut off, and then had him seized by the hair of his head and dragged along, and when he was stretched at full length on his back, he kicked him in the belly and made off, and that very day the Bodhisatta died. But both in the Cullanandaka and the Vevaṭiyakapi[3] Births he merely had him put to death. Thus did Devadatta for a long time go about to slay him, and continued to do so, even after he became a Buddha. So one day they raised a discussion in the Hall of

[1] This does not occur in either of the two Daddara-jātakas, no. 172, vol. ii. and no. 304 *supra*.

[2] No. 313 *supra*.

[3] These two *jātakas* do not seem to have been identified.

Truth, saying, "Sirs, Devadatta is continually forming plots to slay the Buddhas. Being minded to kill the Supreme Buddha, he suborned archers to shoot him, he threw down a rock upon him, and let loose the elephant Nālāgiri on him." When the Master came and inquired what subject the Brethren were assembled to discuss, on hearing what it was he said, "Brethren, not now only, but formerly too he went about to kill me, but now he fails to excite a particle of fear in me, though formerly when I was prince Dhammapāla he brought about my death, though I was his own son, by encircling my body with sword cuts, as it were with a garland." And so saying, he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Mahāpatāpa was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as the son of his queen-consort Candā and they named him Dhammapāla. When he was seven months old, his mother had him bathed in scented water and richly dressed and sat playing with him. The king came to the place of her abode. And as she was playing with the boy, being filled with a mother's love for her child, she omitted to rise up on seeing the king. He thought, "Even now this woman is filled with pride on account of her boy, and does not value me a straw, but as the boy grows up, she will think, 'I have a man for my son,' and will take no notice of me. I will have him put to death at once." So he returned home, and sitting on his throne summoned the executioner into his presence, with all the instruments of his office. [179] The man put on his yellow robe and wearing a crimson wreath laid his axe upon his shoulder, and carrying a block and a bowl in his hands, came and stood before the king, and saluting him said, "What is your pleasure, Sire?"

"Go to the royal closet of the queen, and bring hither Dhammapāla," said the king.

But the queen knew that the king had left her in a rage, and laid the Bodhisatta on her bosom and sat weeping. The executioner came and giving her a blow in the back snatched the boy out of her arms and took him to the king and said, "What is your pleasure, Sire?" The king had a board brought and put down before him, and said, "Lay him down on it." The man did so. But queen Candā came and stood just behind her son, weeping. Again the executioner said, "What is your pleasure, Sire?" "Cut off Dhammapāla's hands," said the king. Queen Candā said, "Great king, my boy is only a child, seven months old. He knows nothing. The fault is not his. If there be any fault, it is mine. Therefore bid my hands to be cut off." And to make her meaning clear, she uttered the first stanza:—

Mahāpatāpa's wretched queen,
'Tis I alone to blame have been.
Bid Dhammapāla, Sire, go free,
And off with hands of luckless me.

The king looked at the executioner. "What is your pleasure, Sire?" "Without further delay, off with his hands," said the king. At this moment the executioner took a sharp axe, and lopped off the boy's two hands, as if they had been young bamboo shoots. [180] The boy, when his hands were cut off, neither wept nor lamented, but moved by patience and charity bore it with resignation. But the queen Candā put the tips of his fingers in her lap and stained with blood went about lamenting. Again the executicner asked, "What is your pleasure, Sire?" "Off with his feet," said the king. On hearing this, Candā uttered the second stanza:—

Mahāpatāpa's wretched queen,
'Tis I alone to blame have been.
Bid Dhammapāla, Sire, go free,
And off with feet of luckless me.

But the king gave a sign to the executioner, and he cut off both his feet. Queen Candā put his feet also in her lap, and stained with blood, lamented and said, "My lord Mahāpatāpa, his feet and hands are cut off. A mother is bound to support her children. I will work for wages and support my son. Give him to me." The executioner said, "Sire, is the king's pleasure fulfilled? Is my service finished?" "Not yet," said the king. "What then is your pleasure, Sire?" "Off with his head," said the king. Then Candā repeated the third stanza:—

Mahāpatāpa's wretched queen,
'Tis I alone to blame have been.
Bid Dhammapāla, Sire, go free,
And off with head of luckless me.

And with these words she offered her own head. Again the executioner asked, "What is your pleasure, Sire?" "Off with his head," said the king. So he cut off his head and asked, "Is the king's pleasure fulfilled?" "Not yet," said the king. "What further am I to do, Sire?" "Catching him with the edge of the sword," said the king, "encircle him with sword cuts as it were with a garland." Then he threw the body of the boy up into the air, and catching it with the edge of his sword, encircled him with sword cuts, as it were with a garland, and scattered the bits on the dais. Candā placed the flesh of the Bodhisatta in her lap, and as she sat on the dais lamenting, she repeated these stanzas:—

[181] No friendly councillors advise the king,
'Slay not the heir that from thy loins did spring':
No loving kinsmen urge the tender plea,
'Slay not the boy that owes his life to thee.'

Moreover after speaking these two stanzas queen Candā, pressing both her hands upon her heart, repeated the third stanza:—

Thou, Dhammapāla, wert by right of birth
The lord of earth:
Thy arms, once bathed in oil of sandal wood,
Lie steeped in blood.
My fitful breath alas! is choked with sighs
And broken cries.

While she was thus lamenting, her heart broke, as a bamboo snaps, when the grove is on fire, and she fell dead on the spot. The king too being unable to remain on his throne fell down on the dais. An abyss was cleft asunder in the ground, and straightway he fell into it. Then the solid earth, though many myriads more than two hundred thousand leagues in thickness, being unable to bear with his wickedness, clave asunder and opened a chasm. A flame arose out of the Avīci hell, and seizing upon him, wrapped him about, as with a royal woollen garment, [182] and plunged him into Avīci. His ministers performed the funeral rites of Candā and the Bodhisatta.

The Master, having brought this discourse to an end, identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the king, Mahāpajāpatī was Candā, and I myself was prince Dhammapāla."

No. 359.

SUVAṆṆAMIGA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*O Golden-foot*," This was a story told by the Master while in residence at Jetavana, about a maiden of gentle birth in Sāvatthi. She was, they say, the daughter in the household of a servitor of the two chief disciples at Sāvatthi, and was a faithful believer, fondly attached to Buddha, the Law, and the Church, abounding in good works, wise unto salvation, and devoted to almsgiving and such like deeds of piety. Another family in Sāvatthi of equal rank but of heretical views chose her in marriage. Then her parents said, "Our daughter is a faithful believer, devoted to the Three Treasures, given to alms and other good works, but you hold heretical views. And as you will not allow her to give alms, or to hear the Truth, or to visit the monastery, or to keep the moral law, or to observe holy days, as she pleases, we will not give her to you in marriage. Choose ye a maiden from a family of heretical views like yourselves." When their offer was rejected, they said, "Let your daughter when she comes to our house do everything of this kind, as she pleases. We will not prevent her. Only grant us this boon." "Take her then," they answered. So they celebrated the marriage

[1] Compare *Tibetan Tales*, xli: *The Gazelle and the Hunter.*

festivity at an auspicious season and led her home. She proved faithful in the discharge of her duties, and a devoted wife, and rendered due service to her father-in-law and mother-in-law. One day she said to her husband, "I wish, my lord, to give alms to our family priests." "Very well, my dear, give them just what you please." So one day she invited these priests, and making a great entertainment, she fed them with choice food, and taking a seat apart from them she said, "Holy Sirs, this family is heretical and unbelieving. They are ignorant of the value of the Three Treasures. Well then, Sirs, until this family understands the value of the Three Treasures, do you continue to receive your food here." The priests assented and continually ate their meals there. Again she addressed her husband, [183] "Sir, the priests constantly come here. Why do you not see them?" On hearing this he said, "Very well, I will see them." On the morrow she told him when the priests had finished their meal. He came and sat respectfully on one side, conversing affably with the priests. Then the Captain of the Faith preached the Law to him. He was so charmed with the exposition of the faith, and the deportment of the priests, that from that day forward he prepared mats for the elders to sit on, and strained water for them, and during the meal listened to the exposition of the faith. By and bye his heretical views gave way. So one day the elder in expounding the faith declared the Truths to the man and his wife, and when the sermon was ended, they were both established in the fruition of the First Path. Thenceforth all of them, from his parents down to the hired servants, gave up their heretical views, and became devoted to the Buddha, his Law, and the Church. So one day this young girl said to her husband, "What, Sir, have I to do with the household life? I wish to adopt the religious life." "Very well, my dear," he said, "I too will become an ascetic." And he conducted her with great pomp to a sisterhood, and had her admitted as a novice, and himself too went to the Master and begged to be ordained. The Master admitted him first to deacon's and afterwards to priest's orders. They both received clear spiritual vision, and shortly attained to Sainthood. One day they raised a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Sirs, a certain woman by reason of her own faith and that of her husband became a novice. And both of them having adopted the religious life, and gained clear spiritual vision, attained to Sainthood." The Master, when he came, inquired what was the topic the Brethren were sitting in council to discuss, and on hearing what it was, he said, "Brethren, not now only, did she set her husband free from the bonds of passion. Formerly too she freed even sages of old from the bonds of death." And with these words he held his peace, but being pressed by them he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young stag, and grew up a beautiful and graceful creature, of the colour of gold. His fore and hind feet were covered, as it were, with a preparation of lac. [184] His horns were like a silver wreath, his eyes resembled round jewels, and his mouth was like a ball of crimson wool. The doe that was his mate was also a handsome creature, and they lived happily and harmoniously together. Eight myriads of dappled deer followed in the train of the Bodhisatta. While they were thus living there, a certain hunter set a snare in the deer drives. So one day the Bodhisatta, while leading his herd, entangled his foot in the snare, and thinking to break the noose he tugged at it and cut the skin of his foot. Again he tugged it, and hurt the flesh, and a third time and injured the tendon. And the noose penetrated to the very bone. Not

being able to break the snare, the stag was so alarmed with the fear of death that he uttered a succession of cries. On hearing it the herd of deer fled in a panic. But the doe, as she fled, looking amongst the deer, missed the Bodhisatta, and thought, "This panic must certainly have something to do with my lord," and flying in haste to him, with many tears and lamentations she said, "My lord, you are very strong. Why can you not get the better of the snare? Put forth your strength and break it." And thus stirring him up to make an effort, she uttered the first stanza:—

O Golden-foot, no effort spare
To loose thyself from thongéd snare.
How could I joy, bereft of thee,
To range amidst the woodland free?

[185] The Bodhisatta, on hearing this, responded in a second stanza:—

I spare no effort, but in vain,
My liberty I cannot gain.
The more I struggle to get loose,
The sharper bites the thongéd noose.

Then the doe said: "My lord, fear not. By my own power will I entreat the hunter, and by giving up my own life I will gain yours in exchange." And thus comforting the Great Being, she continued to embrace the blood-stained Bodhisatta. But the hunter approached, with sword and spear in hand, like to the destroying flame at the beginning of a cycle. On seeing him, the doe said, "My lord, the hunter is coming. By my own power I will rescue you. Be not afraid." And thus comforting the stag, she went to meet the hunter, and standing at a respectful distance, she saluted him and said, "My lord, my husband is of the colour of gold, and endued with all the virtues, the king of eight myriads of deer." And thus singing the praises of the Bodhisatta, she begged for her own death, if only the king of the herd might remain intact, and she repeated the third stanza:—

Let on the earth a leafy bed,
Hunter, where we may fall, be spread:
And drawing from its sheath thy sword,
Slay me and afterwards my lord.

The hunter, on hearing this, was struck with amazement and said, "Even human beings give not up their lives for their king; much less the beasts. What can this mean? This creature speaks with a sweet voice in the language of men. [186] This day will I grant life to her and to her mate." And greatly charmed with her, the hunter uttered the fourth stanza:—

A beast that speaks with voice of men,
Ne'er came before within my ken.
Rest thou in peace, my gentle deer,
And cease, O Golden-foot, to fear.

The doe seeing the Bodhisatta set at his ease, was highly delighted and returning thanks to the hunter, repeated the fifth stanza:—

As I to-day rejoice to see
This mighty beast at liberty,
So, hunter, that didst loose the gin,
Rejoice with all thy kith and kin.

And the Bodhisatta thought, "This hunter has granted life to me and this doe, and to eight myriads of deer. He has been my refuge, and I ought to be a refuge to him." [187] And in his character of one supremely virtuous he thought, "One ought to make a proper return to one's benefactor," and he gave the hunter a magic jewel which he had found in their feeding ground and said: "Friend, henceforth take not the life of any creature, but with this jewel set up a household and maintain a wife and children, and give alms and do other good works." And thus admonishing him, the stag disappeared in the forest.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time Channa[1] was the hunter, this female novice was the doe, and I myself was the royal stag."

No. 360.

SUSSONDI-JĀTAKA[2].

"*I scent the fragrance,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, while living at Jetavana, told concerning a backsliding Brother. The Master asked if it were true that he longed for the world, and what he had seen to make him regret having taken orders. The Brother answered, "It was all owing to the charms of a woman." The Master said, "Verily, Brother, there is no possibility of being on one's guard against womenfolk. Sages of old, though they took the precaution to dwell in the abode of the Garuḍas, failed to be on their guard against them." And being urged by him, the Master related a story of the past.

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[1] A Brother who was suspended for siding with heretics.

[2] Compare No. 327 *supra*.

Once upon a time king Tamba reigned in Benares, and his queen-consort named Sussondī was a woman of surpassing beauty. At that time the Bodhisatta came to life as a young Garuḍa. Now the Nāga island was then known as Seruma island, and the Bodhisatta lived on this island in the abode of the Garuḍas. And he went to Benares, disguised as a youth, and played at dice with king Tamba. Remarking his beauty they said to Sussondī, "Such and such a youth plays at dice with our king." She longed to see him, and one day she adorned herself and repaired to the dice-chamber. [188] There taking her stand amongst the attendants, she fixed her gaze on the youth. He too gazed on the queen, and the pair fell in love with one another. The Garuḍa king by an act of supernatural power stirred up a storm in the city. The people, through fear of the house falling, fled out of the palace. By his power he caused it to be dark, and carrying off the queen with him in the air, he made his way to his own abode in Nāga island. But no one knew of the coming or going of Sussondī. The Garuḍa took his pleasure with her, and still came to play at dice with the king. Now the king had a minstrel named Sagga, and not knowing where the queen had gone, the king addressed the minstrel and said, "Go now and explore every land and sea, and discover what has become of the queen." And so saying he bade him begone.

He took what was necessary for his journey, and beginning the search from the city gate, at last came to Bhārukaccha. At that time certain merchants of Bhārukaccha were setting sail for the Golden Land. He approached them and said, "I am a minstrel. If you remit my passage money, I will act as your minstrel. Take me with you." They agreed to do so, and putting him on board weighed anchor. When the ship was fairly off, they called him and bade him make music for them. He said, "I would make music, but if I do, the fish will be so excited that your vessel will be wrecked." "If a mere mortal," they said, "make music, there will be no excitement on the part of the fish. Play to us." "Then do not be angry with me," he said, and tuning his lute and keeping perfect harmony between the words of his song and the accompaniment of the lute string, he made music for them. The fish were maddened at the sound and splashed about. And a certain sea monster leaping up fell upon the ship and broke it in two. Sagga lying on a plank was carried along by the wind till he reached a banyan tree in the Nāga island, where the Garuḍa king lived. Now queen Sussondī, whenever the Garuḍa king went to play at dice, came down from her place of abode, [189] and as she was wandering on the edge of the shore, she saw and recognized the minstrel Sagga, and asked him how he got there. He told her the whole story. And she comforted him and said, "Do not be afraid," and embracing him in her arms, she carried him to her abode and laid him on a couch. And when he was greatly revived, she fed him with heavenly

food, bathed him in heavenly scented-water, arrayed him in heavenly raiment, and adorned him with flowers of heavenly perfume, and made him recline upon a heavenly couch. Thus did she watch over him, and whenever the Garuḍa king returned, she hid her lover, and so soon as the king was gone, under the influence of passion she took her pleasure with him. At the end of a month and a half from that time some merchants, who dwelt at Benares, landed at the foot of the banyan tree in this island, to get fire-wood and water. The minstrel went on board ship with them, and on reaching Benares, as soon as he saw the king, while he was playing at dice, Sagga took his lute, and making music recited the first stanza:—

I scent the fragrance of the timira grove,
  I hear the moaning of the weary sea:
Tamba, I am tormented with my love,
  For fair Sussondī dwells afar from me.

On hearing this the Garuḍa king uttered the second stanza:—

How didst thou cross the stormy main,
And Seruma in safety gain?
How didst thou, Sagga, tell me, pray,
To fair Sussondī win thy way?

[190] Then Sagga repeated three stanzas:—

With trading-folk from Bhārukaccha land
  My ship was wrecked by monsters of the sea;
I on a plank did safely gain the strand,
When an anointed queen with gentle hand
  Upbore me tenderly upon her knee,
  As though to her a true son I might be.
She food and raiment brought, and as I lay
With love-lorn eyes hung o'er my couch all day.
Know, Tamba, well; this word is sooth I say.

The Garuḍa, while the minstrel thus spake, was filled with regrets and said: "Though I dwelt in the abode of the Garuḍas, I failed to guard her safely. What is this wicked woman to me?" So he brought her back and presented her to the king and departed. And thenceforth he came not there any more.

The Master, his lesson ended, declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the worldly-minded Brother attained fruition of the First Path:—"At that time Ānanda was the king of Benares, and I myself was the Garuḍa king."

No. 361.

VAṆṆĀROHA-JĀTAKA[1].

[191] "*Is it thus, Sudātha,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning the two chief disciples. On a certain occasion the two chief elders resolved during the rainy season to devote themselves to solitude. So they bade the Master farewell and leaving the company of the Brethren they went forth from Jetavana, carrying their bowl and robes with their own hands, and lived in a forest near a border village. And a certain man, who waited on the elders and lived upon their broken victuals, dwelt apart in the same place. On seeing how happily these elders lived together, he thought: "I wonder if it is possible to set them at variance." So he drew nigh to Sāriputta and said, "Can it be, Reverend Sir, that there is some quarrel between you and the venerable chief elder Moggallāna?" "Why so, Sir?" he asked. "He ever, Holy Sir, speaks in your dispraise and says, 'When I am gone, what is Sāriputta worth compared with me in caste, lineage, family and country, or in the power of attainments in the sacred volumes?'" The elder smiled and said, "Be off, sirrah!" Another day he drew nigh to the chief elder Moggallāna, and said the same thing. He too smiled and said, "Be off, sirrah!" Moggallāna went to Sāriputta and asked, "Has this fellow, who lives on our leavings, said aught to you?" "Yes, friend, he has." "And he said exactly the same thing to me. We must drive him away." "Very well, friend, drive him away." The elder said, "You are not to come here," and snapping his fingers at him, he drove him away. The two elders lived happily together, and returning to the Master, made obeisance to him and sat down. The Master spoke kindly to them and asked if they had kept their Retreat pleasantly. They said, "A certain beggar wished to set us at variance, but failing in the attempt he ran away." The Master said, "Verily, Sāriputta, not now only, but formerly also, he thought to set you at variance, but failing in the attempt he ran away." And hereupon at his request he related a story of bygone days.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a tree-god in a forest. [192] At that time a lion and a tiger lived in a mountain-cave in that forest. A jackal was in attendance on them, and living on their broken meats began to wax gross of body. And one day he was struck with the thought, "I have never yet eaten the flesh of a lion or a tiger. I must set these two animals by the ears, and when in consequence of their quarrel they have come by their death, I will eat their flesh." So he drew nigh to the lion and said, "Is there any quarrel, Sir, between you and the tiger?" "Why so, Sir?" "Your Reverence," he said, "he ever speaks in your dispraise and says, 'When I

[1] Compare no. 349 *supra*, *Tibetan Tales*, XXXIII: *The Jackal as Calumniator*, and Benfey's *Introduction to the Panchatantra*.

am gone, this lion will never attain to the sixteenth part of my personal beauty, nor of my stature and girth, nor of my natural strength and power.'" Then the lion said to him, "Off with you. He will never speak thus of me." Then the jackal drew nigh to the tiger also, and spoke after the same manner. On hearing him, the tiger hastened to the lion, and asked, "Friend, is it true, that you said so and so of me?" And he spoke the first stanza:—

Is it thus [1]Sudāṭha speaks of me?
"In grace of form and pedigree,
In might and prowess in the field,
[1]Subāhu still to me must yield."

On hearing this Sudāṭha repeated the four remaining stanzas:—

Is it thus Subāhu speaks of me?
"In grace of form and pedigree,
In might and prowess in the field,
Sudāṭha still to me must yield."
If such injurious words are thine,
No more shalt thou be friend of mine.
The man that lends a ready ear
To any gossip he may hear,
Soon picks a quarrel with a friend,
And love in bitter hate will end.
No friend suspects without a cause,
Or carefully looks out for flaws;
[193] But on his friend in trust will rest
As child upon its mother's breast,
And ne'er will by a stranger's word
Be parted from his bosom's lord.

When the qualities of a friend had been thus set forth in these four stanzas, the tiger said, "The fault is mine," and begged pardon of the lion. And they continued to live happily together in the same place. But the jackal departed and fled elsewhere.

The Master, having brought his lesson to an end, identified the Birth: "At that time the jackal was the beggar who lived on broken meats, the lion was Sāriputta, the tiger Moggallāna, and the deity that dwelt in that forest and saw the whole thing with his own eyes was I myself."

[1] Sudāṭha (strong-tooth) is the lion, Subāhu (strong-arm) the tiger.

No. 362.

SĪLAVĪMAṀSA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Virtue and learning,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, while residing at Jetavana, told concerning a brahmin who would test the power of virtue. The king, they say, owing to his reputation for virtue, regarded him with special honour, beyond what was paid to other brahmins. He thought, "Can it be that the king regards me with special honour, because I am endowed with virtue, or as one devoted to the acquisition of learning? I will just test the comparative importance of virtue and learning."

So one day he abstracted a coin from the royal treasury board. The treasurer, such was his respect for him, did not say a word It occurred a second time, and the treasurer said nothing. But on the third occasion he had him arrested as one who lived by robbery, and brought him before the king. And when the king asked what his offence was, he charged him with stealing the king's property.

[194] "Is this true, brahmin?" said the king.

"I am not in the habit of stealing your property, Sire," he said, "but I had my doubts as to the relative importance of virtue and learning, and in testing which was the greater of the two, I thrice abstracted a coin, and then I was given into custody and brought before you. Now that I know the greater efficacy of virtue compared with learning, I no longer wish to live a layman's life. I will become an ascetic."

On obtaining leave to do so, without so much as looking back on his house door, he went straight to Jetavana and begged the Master to ordain him. The Master granted him both deacon's and priest's orders. And he had been no long time in orders, before he attained to spiritual insight and reached the highest fruition. The incident was discussed in the Hall of Truth, how that a certain brahmin, after proving the power of virtue, took orders and obtaining spiritual insight reached Sainthood. When the Master came and inquired of the Brethren what was the nature of the topic they were sitting to discuss, on hearing what it was, he said, "Not this man now only, but sages of old also put virtue to the proof, and by becoming ascetics worked out their own salvation." And herewith he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family. And when he came of age, he acquired every liberal art at Takkasilā, and on his return to Benares he went to see the king. The king offered him the post of family priest, and as he kept the five moral precepts, the king looked upon him with respect as a virtuous man. "Can it be," he thought, "that the king regards me with respect as a virtuous man, or as one devoted to the acquisition of learning?" And the whole story corresponds exactly with the modern instance, but in this case the brahmin said, "Now I know the great im-

[1] Compare nos. 86, vol. i., 290, vol. ii., 305, 330, vol. iii., and L. Feer, *Journal Asiat.*, 1875.

portance of virtue compared with learning." And hereupon he spoke these five stanzas:

Virtue and learning I was fain to test;
Henceforth I doubt not virtue is the best.
Virtue excels vain gifts of form and birth,
Apart from virtue learning has no worth.
A prince or peasant, if to sin enslaved,
In neither world from misery is saved.
Men of high caste with those of base degree,
If virtuous here, in heaven will equal be.
[195] Not birth, nor lore, nor friendship aught avails,
Pure virtue only future bliss entails.

Thus did the Great Being sing the praises of virtue, and having gained the consent of the king, that very day he betook himself to the Himālaya region, and adopting the religious life of an ascetic he developed the Faculties and Attainments, and became destined to birth in the Brahma-world.

The Master here ended this lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time it was I myself that put virtue to the test and adopted the religious life of an ascetic."

No. 363.

HIRI-JĀTAKA.

[196] "*Who spite of honour,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, when dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning a rich merchant, a friend of Anāthapiṇḍika, who lived in a border province. Both the introductory story and the story of the past are related in full in the concluding Birth of the ninth division of the first book[1], but in this version when the merchant of Benares was told that the followers of the foreign merchant were mulcted of all their property and, after losing everything they possessed, had to take to flight, he said, "Because they failed to do what they ought for the strangers who came to them, they find no one ready to do them a good turn." And so saying he repeated these verses:

Who spite of honour, while he plays the part
Of humble servant, loathes thee in his heart,
Poor in good works and rich in words alone—
Ah! such a friend thou surely wouldst not own.

[1] No. 90, vol. i.

Be thou in deed to every promise true,
Refuse to promise what thou canst not do;
Wise men on empty braggarts look askew.
No friend suspects a quarrel without cause,
For ever watching to discover flaws:
But he that trustful on a friend can rest,
As little child upon its mother's breast,
Will ne'er by any stranger's deed or word,
Be separated from his bosom's lord.
Who draws the yoke of human friendship well,
Of bliss increased and honoured life can tell:
But one that tastes the joys of calm repose,
Drinking sweet draughts of Truth—he only knows
Escape from bonds of sin and all his woes.

[197] Thus did the Great Being, disgusted by coming into contact with evil associates, through the power of solitude, bring his teaching to a climax and lead men to the eternal Nirvana.

The Master, his lesson ended, thus identified the Birth: "At that time I myself was the merchant of Benares."

No. 364.

KHAJJOPANAKA-JĀTAKA.

This Question about a fire-fly will be set forth in full in the Mahāummagga.

No. 365.

AHIGUṆḌIKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Lo! here we lie,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, whilst living at Jetavana, told concerning an aged priest. The story has been already related in full in the Sālaka Birth[1]. In this version also the old man after ordaining a village lad abuses and strikes him. The lad escaped and returned to the world. [198] The old man once more admitted him to orders, and acted just as before. The youth, after he had for the third time returned to the world, on being again solicited to come back, would not so much as look the old man in the face. The matter was talked over in the Hall of Truth, how that a certain elder could live neither with his novice nor without him, while the boy after seeing the old man's fault of temper, being a sensitive youth, would not even look at him. The Master came

[1] See No. 249, vol. ii.

and asked what was the subject of discussion. When they told him, he said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also this same youth was a sensitive novice, who after observing the elder's faults would not so much as look at him." And so saying he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a corn-factor's family. And when he was grown up, he got his living by selling corn.

Now a certain snake-charmer caught a monkey and trained him to play with a snake. And when a festival was proclaimed at Benares, he left the monkey with the corn-merchant and roamed about for seven days, making sport with the snake. The merchant meanwhile fed the monkey with food both hard and soft. On the seventh day the snake-charmer got drunk at the festival merry-making, and came back and struck the monkey three times with a piece of bamboo, and then taking him with him to a garden, he tied him up and fell asleep. The monkey got loose from his chain, and climbing up a mango tree, sat there eating the fruit. The snake-charmer on waking up saw the monkey perched on the tree and thought, "I must catch him by wheedling him." And in talking with him he repeated the first stanza:

Lo! here we lie, my pretty one,
Like gambler by the dice undone.
Let fall some mangoes: well we know,
Our living to thy tricks we owe.

The monkey, on hearing this, uttered the remaining verses:

Thy praises, friend, unmeaning sound;
A pretty monkey ne'er was found.
[199] Who in the stores, when drunk, I pray,
Did starve and beat me sore to-day?
When I, snake-charmer, call to mind
The bed of pain where I reclined,
Though I should some day be a king,
No prayer from me this boon should wring,
Thy cruelty remembering.
But if a man is known to live
Content at home, is apt to give,
And springs of gentle race, the wise
With such should form the closest ties.

With these words the monkey was lost in a crowd of fellow-monkeys[1].

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time the old man was the snake-charmer, the novice was the monkey, and I myself was the corn-merchant."

[1] Another reading gives, "was lost in a thicket of trees".

No. 366.

GUMBIYA-JĀTAKA[1].

[200] "*Poison like honey*," *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while dwelling at Jetavana, about a Brother who regretted taking orders. The Master asked him if it were true that he regretted it. "It is true, Holy Sir," he said. "What have you seen to cause this feeling?" asked the Master. When the Brother replied, "It was owing to the charms of a woman," the Master said, "These five qualities of desire are like the honey sprinkled over with deadly poison, and left in the road by one Gumbika." And hereupon at the request of the Brother he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life in a merchant's household. And when he was grown up, he set out from Benares with merchandise on five hundred carts for trading purposes. On reaching the high road, at the entrance of a forest, he called together all the members of his caravan and said, "Lo! on this road are leaves, flowers, fruit and the like, that are poisonous. In eating see that you take no strange food, without first asking me about it: for demons set in the road baskets of fresh rice and various sweet wild fruits, and sprinkle poison over them. Be sure not to eat of them without my consent." And after uttering this warning, he proceeded on his journey.

Then a certain Yakkha, named Gumbiya, strewed leaves on a spot in the middle of the forest, and dropping some pieces of honey, covered them with deadly poison, and himself wandered all about the road, pretending to tap the trees, as if he were looking for honey. In their ignorance men thought, "This honey must have been left here as a meritorious act," and then through eating it, they met their death. And the demons came and devoured their flesh. The men also belonging to the Bodhisatta's caravan, some of them being naturally greedy, at the sight of these dainties, could not restrain themselves, and partook of them. But those that were wise said, "We will consult the Bodhisatta before we eat," and stood holding it in their hands. And when he saw what they had in their hands, he made them throw it away. And those that had already eaten the whole of it died. But to those who had eaten only half of it, he administered an emetic, and after they had vomited, [201] he gave them the four sweet things, and so by his supernatural power they recovered. The Bodhisatta

[1] Compare No. 85, vol. i.

arrived in safety at the place he wished to reach, and after disposing of his wares, he returned to his own house.

Poison like honey in look, taste, and smell,
Was laid by Gumbiya with purpose fell:
All who as honey ate the noxious food,
Through their own greed did perish in the wood.
But they who wisely from the bait abstained,
Were free from torture and at peace remained.
So lust, like poison-bait, for man is laid;
His heart's desire has oft to death betrayed.
But who, though frail, besetting sins forego,
Escape from bonds of suffering and woe.

The Master, after delivering these verses inspired by Perfect Wisdom, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—[202] At the conclusion of the Truths the backsliding Brother attained the fruit of the First Path:—"At that time I myself was that merchant."

No. 367.

SĀLIYA-JĀTAKA.

"*Who got his friend,*" *etc.*—This was a story told by the Master, whilst living in the Bamboo Grove, in reference to a saying that Devadatta could not even inspire alarm.

When Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the family of a village householder, and when he was young he played with other boys at the foot of a banyan tree, at the entrance of the village. A poor old doctor at that time who had no practice strayed out of the village to this spot, and saw a snake asleep in the fork of a tree, with its head tucked in. He thought, "There is nothing to be got in the village. I will cajole these boys and make the snake bite them, and then I shall get somewhat for curing them." So he said to the Bodhisatta, "If you were to see a young hedgehog, would you seize it?" "Yes, I would," said he.

[203] "See, here is one lying in the fork of this tree," said the old man. The Bodhisatta, not knowing it was a snake, climbed up the tree and seized it by the neck, but when he found it was a snake, he did not allow

it to turn upon him, but getting a good grip of it, he hastily flung it from him. It fell on the neck of the old doctor, and coiling round him, it bit him so severely[1] that its teeth met in his flesh and the old man fell down dead on the spot, and the snake made its escape. People gathered together about him, and the Great Being, in expounding the Law to the assembled multitude, repeated these verses:

> Who got his friend to seize
> A deadly snake, as hedgehog, if you please,
> By the snake's bite was killed
> As one that evil to his neighbour willed.
> He that to strike is fain
> The man that never striketh back again,
> Is struck and lieth low,
> E'en as this knave sore hurt by deadly blow.
> So dust that should be thrown
> Against the wind, back in one's face is blown;
> And ill designed to one
> That holy is, and has no evil done,
> On the fool's pate at last
> Recoils, like dust when thrown against the blast.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time the poor old doctor was Devadatta, the wise youth was myself."

No. 368.

TACASĀRA-JĀTAKA.

[204] "*Fallen into hand of foes,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, whilst dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning the Perfection of Wisdom. It was then the Master said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also the Tathāgata proved himself wise and full of resources." And herewith he related an old legend of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the household of a village proprietor. The whole story runs on exactly like that of the previous birth. But in this version when the doctor was dead, his village neighbours said, "These youths have

[1] Reading *karakarā nikhāditvā*, cf. the Sanskrit *kaṭakaṭā*.

caused the man's death. We will bring them before the king." And they bound them in fetters and led them to Benares. The Bodhisatta in the course of his journey admonished the other lads and said to them: "Do not be afraid. Even when you are brought into the presence of the king, show yourselves fearless and happy in your mind. The king will first of all talk with us, and afterwards I shall know what to do." They readily acquiesced in what he said, and acted accordingly. When the king found them calm and happy, he said, "These poor wretches have been bound in chains and brought here as murderers, and although they have come to such misery, they are without fear and even happy. I will ask them the reason why they are not troubled."

And he repeated the first stanza:

> Fallen into hand of foes
> And with bamboo fetters bound,
> How can ye conceal your woes,
> And with smiling face be found?

On hearing this the Bodhisatta uttered the remaining verses:

> There is no good however slight,
> That man from groans and mourning e'er will gain;
> His adversaries feel delight,
> When they behold a foe o'ercome with pain.
> [205] But enemies with grief are filled
> When with bold front he goes to meet his fate,
> And blenches not, as one well-skilled
> All things with judgment to discriminate.
> Be it by muttered spell or charm,
> By lavish gifts, or help of powerful kin,
> That he may best escape from harm,
> A man should strive some vantage ground to win.
> But should he fail to reach success,
> With others' aid or by himself alone,
> He should not grieve but acquiesce;
> Fate is too strong, his utmost he has done.

[206] The king on hearing the Bodhisatta's exposition of the law, investigated the matter, and discovering the innocence of the boys, he had their fetters removed, and bestowed much honour on the Great Being, and made him his temporal and spiritual adviser and his valued minister. He also conferred honour on the other youths and appointed them to various offices.

When the Master had brought this lesson to an end, he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king of Benares, the inferior clergy were the other youths, and I myself was the wise youth."

No. 369.

MITTAVINDA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*What was the evil,*" *etc.*—This story the Master whilst living at Jetavana told concerning an unruly Brother. The incident that led to the story will be found in the Mahāmittavinda Birth.

Now this Mittavindaka, when cast into the sea, showed himself very covetous, and going on to still greater excess came to the place of torment inhabited by beings doomed to hell. And he made his way into the Ussada hell, taking it to be a city, and there he got a wheel as sharp as a razor fixed upon his head. Then the Bodhisatta in the shape of a god went on a mission to Ussada. On seeing him, Mittavindaka repeated the first stanza in the form of a question:—

What was the evil wrought by me,
  Thus to provoke the curse of heaven,
That my poor head should ever be
  With circling wheel of torture riven?

[207] The Bodhisatta, on hearing this, uttered the second stanza:

Forsaking homes of joy and bliss,
That decked with pearls, with crystal *this*,
And halls of gold and silver sheen,
What brought thee to this gloomy scene?

Then Mittavindaka replied in a third stanza:

"Far fuller joys I there shall gain
  Than any these poor worlds can show."
This was the thought that proved my bane
  And brought me to this scene of woe.

The Bodhisatta then repeated the remaining stanzas:

From four to eight, to sixteen thence, and so
To thirty-two insatiate greed doth grow.
Thus on and on thou, greedy soul, wert led
Till doomed to wear this wheel upon thy head.
So all, pursuing covetous desire,
Insatiate still, yet more and more require:
The broadening path of appetite they tread,
And, like thee, bear this wheel upon their head.

[1] See Nos. 41, 82, 104, vol. i., and *Divyāvadāna*, p. 603.

But while Mittavindaka was still speaking, the wheel fell upon him and crushed him, so that he could say no more. But the divine being returned straight to his celestial abode.

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[208] The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "At that time the unruly Brother was Mittavindaka, and I myself was the divine being."

No. 370.

PALĀSA-JĀTAKA.

"*The goose said to the Judas tree,*" *etc.*—This was a story told by the Master, whilst residing at Jetavana, concerning the rebuke of sin. The incident that led to the story will be set forth in the Paññā Birth. But on this occasion the Master addressing the Brethren said, "Brothers, sin ought to be regarded with suspicion. Though it be as small as a banyan shoot, it may prove fatal. Sages of old too suspected whatever was open to suspicion." And with this he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a golden gosling, and when he came to be a full-grown goose, he lived in a golden cave, in the Cittakūṭa mountain in the Himālaya region, and used to go constantly and eat the wild paddy that grew on a natural lake. On the way by which he went to and fro was a big Judas tree. Both in going and returning, he would always stop and rest there. So a friendship sprang up between him and the divinity that dwelt in that tree. By and bye a certain fowl, after eating the ripe fruit of a banyan, came and perched on the Judas tree, and dropped its excrement into the fork of it. Thence there sprang up a young banyan, which grew to the height of four inches and was bright with red shoots and greenery. The royal goose, on seeing this, addressed the guardian deity of the tree and said, "My good friend, every tree on which a banyan shoot springs up is destroyed by its growth. Do not suffer this to grow, or it will destroy your place of abode. Go back at once, and root it up and throw it away. One ought to suspect that which justifies suspicion." And thus conversing with the tree-sprite the goose uttered the first stanza:

[209] The goose said to the Judas tree,
'A banyan shoot is threatening thee:
What thou dost in thy bosom rear
Will rend thee limb from limb, I fear.'

On hearing this the tree-god, not heeding his words, repeated the second stanza:

Well! let it grow, and should I be
A refuge to the banyan tree,
And tend it with a parent's love,
It will to me a blessing prove.

Then the goose uttered the third stanza:

It is a cursed shoot, I fear,
Thou dost within thy bosom rear.
I say goodbye and off I flee,
This growth alas! misliketh me.

With these words the royal goose spread out his wings and made straight for mount Cittakūṭa. Thenceforth he came not back any more. By and bye the banyan shoot grew up. This tree also had its guardian deity. And in its growth, it broke down the Judas tree, and with a branch the abode of the tree-god also fell. At this moment reflecting on the words of the royal goose, the tree-god thought, [210] "The king of the geese foresaw this danger in the future and warned me of it, but I did not hearken unto his words." And thus lamenting, he uttered the fourth stanza:

A spectre grim like Meru's height
Has brought me to a fearful plight;
Scorning the words friend goosey said,
I now am overwhelmed with dread.

Thus did the banyan, as it grew up, break down all the Judas tree and reduce it to a mere stump, and the dwelling place of the tree-god wholly disappeared.

Wise men abhor the parasitic thing
That chokes the form to which it loves to cling.
The wise, suspecting danger from the weed,
Destroy the root before it comes to seed.

This was the fifth stanza, inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

The Master here, his lesson ended, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths five hundred Brethren attained Sainthood:— "At that time I myself was the golden goose."

No. 371.

DĪGHITIKOSALA-JĀTAKA[1].

[211] "*Thou art within my power,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, whilst dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning some quarrelsome folk from Kosambī. When they came to Jetavana, the Master addressed them at the time of their reconciliation and said, "Brethren, ye are my lawful sons in the faith, begotten by the words of my mouth. Children ought not to trample under foot the counsel given them by their father, but ye follow not my admonition. Sages of old, when the men who had slain their parents and seized upon their kingdom fell into their hands in the forest, did not put them to death, though they were confirmed rebels, but they said, 'We will not trample on the counsel given us by our parents'." And hereupon he related a story of the past. In this Birth both the incident that led up to the story and the story itself will be fully set forth in the Saṅghabhedaka Birth.

Now prince Dīghāvu, having found the king of Benares lying on his side in the forest, seized him by his top-knot and said, "Now will I cut into fourteen pieces the marauder who slew my father and mother." And at the very moment when he was brandishing his sword, he recalled the advice given him by his parents and he thought, "Though I should sacrifice my own life, I will not trample under foot their counsel. I will content myself with frightening him." And he uttered the first stanza:

Thou art within my power, O king,
  As prone thou liest here:
What stratagem hast thou to bring
  Deliverance from thy fear?

Then the king uttered the second stanza:

Within thy power, my friend, I lie
  All helpless on the ground,
Nor know I any means whereby
  Deliverance may be found.

[212] Then the Bodhisatta repeated the remaining verses:

Good deeds and words alone, not wealth, O king,
In hour of death can any comfort bring.
[2]"*This* man abused me, *that* struck me a blow,
A third o'ercame and robbed me long ago."
All such as harbour feelings of this kind,
To mitigate their wrath are ne'er inclined.
"*He* did abuse and buffet me of yore,
He overcame me and oppressed me sore."

[1] Compare No. 428 *infra*, *Dhammapada*, Comment., p. 104, and *Mahāvagga*, x. 2.
[2] *Dhammapada* v. 3—5.

They who such thoughts refuse to entertain,
Appease their wrath and live at one again.
Not hate, but love alone makes hate to cease:
This is the everlasting law of peace.

After these words the Bodhisatta said, "I will not do thee a wrong, Sire. But do thou slay me." And he placed his sword in the king's hand. The king too said, "Neither will I wrong thee." And he sware an oath, and went with him to the city, and presented him to his councillors and said, "This, Sirs, is prince Dīghāvu, the son of the king of Kosala. He has spared my life. [213] I may not do him any harm." And so saying he gave him his daughter in marriage, and established him in the kingdom that had belonged to his father. Thenceforth the two kings reigned happily and harmoniously together.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "The father and mother of those days are now members of the royal household, and prince Dīghāvu was myself."

No. 372.

MIGAPOTAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*To sorrow for the dead,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, whilst dwelling at Jetavana, told about a certain elder. It is said that he admitted a youth to orders, and that this novice, after ministering to him zealously, by and bye fell sick and died. The old man overcome with grief at the youth's death went about loudly lamenting. The Brethren, failing to console him, raised a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, "A certain old man on the death of his novice goes about lamenting. By dwelling on the thought of death, he will surely become a castaway." When the Master came, he inquired of the Brethren what was the subject they had met to discuss, and on hearing what it was he said, "Not now only, but formerly also, the old man went about lamenting, when this youth died." And with this he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the form of Sakka. At that time a man, who lived in the kingdom of Kāsi, came into the Himālaya region, and

adopting the life of an ascetic lived on wild fruits. One day he found in the forest a young deer that had lost its dam. He took it home to his hermitage, and fed and cherished it. The young deer grew up a handsome and comely beast, and the ascetic took care of it and treated it as his own child. One day the young deer died of indigestion from a surfeit of grass. The ascetic went about lamenting and said, "My child is dead." Then Sakka, king of heaven, exploring the world, saw that ascetic, [214] and thinking to alarm him, he came and took his stand in the air and uttered the first stanza:

To sorrow for the dead doth ill become
The lone ascetic, free from ties of home.

The ascetic no sooner heard this than he uttered the second stanza:

Should man with beast consort, O Sakka, grief
For a lost playmate finds in tears relief.

Then Sakka repeated two stanzas:

Such as to weep are fain may still lament the dead,
Weep not, O sage, 'tis vain to weep the wise have said.

If by our tears we might prevail against the grave,
Thus would we all unite our dearest ones to save.

While Sakka was thus speaking, the ascetic recognising that it was useless to weep, and singing the praises of Sakka, repeated three stanzas[1]:

[215] As ghee-fed flame that blazes out amain
Is quenched with water, so he quenched my pain.

With sorrow's shaft my heart was wounded sore:
He healed my wound and did my life restore.

The barb extracted, full of joy and peace,
At Sakka's words I from my sorrow cease.

After thus admonishing the ascetic, Sakka departed to his own place of abode.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth:—"At that time the old man was the ascetic, the novice was the deer, and I myself was Sakka."

[1] These stanzas are to be found in No. 352 *supra*, and in No. 410 *infra*.

No. 373.

MŪSIKA-JĀTAKA.

"*People cry 'Where is she gone,'*" *etc.*—This story the Master, whilst residing in the Bamboo Grove, told about Ajātasattu. The incident that led to the story has been already fully told in the Thusa Birth[1]. Here too the Master observed the king at the same moment playing with his boy and also listening to the Law. And knowing as he did that danger to the king will arise through his son, he said, "Sire, kings of old suspected what was open to suspicion, and kept their heirs in confinement, saying, 'Let them bear rule, after our bodies have been burned on the funeral pyre.'" And with this he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family, and became a world-famed teacher. The son of the king of Benares, prince Yava by name, after applying himself diligently to acquire all the liberal arts from him, being now anxious to depart, bade him good-bye. The teacher, knowing by his power of divination that danger would befall the prince through his son, considered how he might remove this danger from him, and began to look about him for an apt illustration.

[216] Now he had at this time a horse, and a sore place appeared on its foot. And in order to give proper attention to the sore the horse was kept to the stable. Now close by was a well. And a mouse used to venture out of its hole and nibble the sore place on the horse's foot. The horse could not stop it, and one day being unable to bear the pain, when the mouse came to bite him, he struck it dead with his hoof and kicked it into the well. The grooms not seeing the mouse said, "On other days the mouse came and bit the sore place, but now it is not to be seen. What has become of it?" The Bodhisatta witnessed the whole thing and said, "Others from not knowing ask, 'Where is the mouse?' But I alone know that the mouse has been killed by the horse, and dropped into the well." And making this very fact an illustration, he composed the first stanza and gave it to the young prince.

Looking about for another illustration, he saw that same horse, when the boil was healed, go out and make his way to a barley field to get some barley to eat, and thrust his head through a hole in the fence, and taking this as an illustration he composed a second stanza and gave it to the

[1] No. 338 *supra*.

prince. But the third stanza he composed by his own mother-wit and gave this also to him. And he said, "My friend, when you are established in the kingdom, as you go in the evening to the bathing tank, walk as far as the front of the staircase, repeating the first stanza, and as you enter the palace in which you dwell, walk to the foot of the stairs, repeating the second stanza, and as you go thence to the top of the stairs, repeat the third stanza." And with these words he dismissed him.

The young prince returned home and acted as viceroy, and on his father's death he became king. An only son was born to him, and when he was sixteen years old he was eager to be king. And being minded to kill his father, he said to his retainers, "My father is still young. When I come to look upon his funeral pyre I shall be a worn-out old man. What good will it be for me to come to the throne then?" "My lord," they said, "it is out of the question for you to go to the frontier and play the rebel. You must find some way or other to slay your father, and to seize upon his kingdom." [217] He readily agreed, and went in the evening, and took his sword and stood in the king's palace near the bathing tank, prepared to kill his father. The king in the evening sent a female slave called Mūsikā, saying, "Go and cleanse the surface of the tank. I shall take a bath." She went there and while she was cleaning the bath she caught sight of the prince. Fearing that what he was about might be revealed, he cut her in two with his sword and threw the body into the tank. The king came to bathe. Everybody said, "To-day the slave Mūsikā does not return. Where and whither is she gone?" The king went to the edge of the tank, repeating the first stanza:

People cry, 'Where is she gone?
  Mūsikā, where hast thou fled?'
This is known to me alone:
  In the well she lieth dead.

Thought the prince, "My father has found out what I have done." And being panic-stricken he fled and told everything to his attendants. After the lapse of seven or eight days, they again addressed him and said, "My lord, if the king knew he would not be silent. What he said must have been a mere guess. Put him to death." So one day he stood sword in hand at the foot of the stairs, and when the king came he was looking about for an opportunity to strike him. The king came repeating the second stanza:

Like a beast of burden still
  Thou dost turn and turn about,
Thou that Mūsikā[1] didst kill,
  Fain wouldst Yava[1] eat, I doubt.

[1] Mūsikā means *mouse*, Yava *barley*.

[218] Thought the prince, "My father has seen me," and fled in terror. But at the end of a fortnight he thought, "I will kill the king by a blow from a shovel." So he took a spoon-shaped instrument with a long handle and stood poising it. The king climbed to the top of the stair, repeating the third stanza:

Thou art but a weakling fool,
Like a baby with its toy,
Grasping this long spoon-like tool,
I will slay thee, wretched boy.

That day being unable to escape, he grovelled at the king's feet and said, "Sire, spare my life." The king after rating him had him bound in chains and cast into prison. And sitting on a magnificent royal seat shaded by a white parasol, he said, "Our teacher, a far-famed brahmin foresaw this danger to us, and gave us these three stanzas." And being highly delighted, in the intensity of his joy he gave forth the rest of the verses:

I am not free by dwelling in the sky,
Nor by some act of filial piety.
Nay when my life was sought by this my son,
Escape from death through power of verse was won.
Knowledge of every kind be apt to learn,
And what it all may signify discern:
Though thou shouldst use it not, the time will be
When what thou hearest may advantage thee.

[219] By and bye on the death of the king the young prince was established on the throne.

The Master here brought his lesson to a close, and identified the Birth: "At that time the far-famed teacher was myself."

No. 374.

CULLADHANUGGAHA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Since thou hast gained,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master whilst living at Jetavana, about the temptation of a Brother by the wife of his unregenerate days. When the Brother confessed that it was owing to the wife

[1] See Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal*, ii. 371, and *Tibetan Tales*, xii., *Susroṇi*. Compare also No. 425 *infra*.

that he had left, that he regretted having taken orders, the Master said, "Not now only, Brother, did this woman do you a mischief. Formerly too it was owing to her that your head was cut off." And at the request of the Brethren he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was reborn as Sakka. At that time a certain young brahmin of Benares acquired all the liberal arts at Takkasilā, and having attained to proficiency in archery, he was known as the clever Little Archer. Then his master thought, "This youth has acquired skill equal to my own," and he gave him his daughter to wife. He took her and wishing to return to Benares he set out on the road. Half way on his journey, an elephant laid waste a certain place, and no man dared to ascend to that spot. The clever Little Archer, though the people tried to stop him, [220] took his wife and climbed up to the entrance of the forest. Then when he was in the midst of the wood, the elephant rose up to attack him. The Archer wounded him in the forehead with an arrow, which piercing him through and through came out at the back of his head, and the elephant fell down dead on the spot. The clever Archer after making this place secure, went on further to another wood. And there fifty robbers were infesting the road. Up to this spot too, though men tried to stop him, he climbed till he found the regular place, where the robbers killed the deer and roasted and ate the venison, close to the road. The robbers, seeing him approach with his gaily attired wife, made a great effort to capture him. The robber chief, being skilled in reading a man's character, just gave one look at him, and recognizing him as a distinguished hero, did not suffer them to rise up against him, though he was single-handed. The clever Archer sent his wife to these robbers, saying, "Go and bid them give us a spit of meat, and bring it to me." So she went and said, "Give me a spit of meat." The robber chief said, "He is a noble fellow," and bade them give it her. The robbers said, "What! is he to eat our roast meat?" And they gave her a piece of raw meat. The Archer, having a good opinion of himself, was wroth with the robbers for offering him raw meat. The robbers said, "What! is he the only man, and are we merely women?" And thus threatening him, they rose up against him. The Archer wounded and struck to the ground fifty robbers save one with the same number of arrows. He had no arrow left to wound the robber chief. There had been full fifty arrows in his quiver. With one of them he had wounded the elephant, and with the rest the fifty robbers save one. So he knocked down the robber chief, and sitting on his chest bade his wife bring him his sword in her hand to cut off his head. At that very moment she conceived a passion for the robber chief [221] and placed the hilt of the

sword in his hand and the sheath in that of her husband. The robber grasping the hilt drew out the sword, and cut off the head of the Archer. After slaying her husband he took the woman with him, and as they journeyed together he inquired of her origin.. "I am the daughter," she said, "of a world-famed professor at Takkasilā."

"How did he get you for his wife?" he said.

"My father," she said, "was so pleased at his having acquired from him an art equal to his own, that he gave me to him to wife. And because I fell in love with you, I let you kill my lawful husband."

Thought the robber chief, "This woman now has killed her lawful husband. As soon as she sees some other man, she will treat me too after the same sort. I must get rid of her."

And as he went on his way, he saw their path cut off by what was usually a poor little shallow stream, but which was now flooded, and he said, "My dear, there is a savage crocodile in this river. What are we to do?"

"My lord," she said, "take all the ornaments I wear, and make them into a bundle in your upper robe, and carry them to the further side of the river, and then come back and take me across."

"Very well," he said, and took all her adornments, and going down to the stream, like one in great haste, he gained the other bank, and left her and fled.

On seeing this she cried, "My lord, you go as if you were leaving me. Why do you do this? Come back and take me with you." And addressing him she uttered the first stanza:

Since thou hast gained the other side,
With all my goods in bundle tied,
Return as quickly as may be
And carry me across with thee.

The robber, on hearing her, as he stood on the further bank, repeated the second stanza[1]:

Thy fancy, lady, ever roves
From well-tried faith to lighter loves,
[222] Me too thou wouldst ere long betray,
Should I not hence flee far away.

But when the robber said, "I will go further hence: you stop where you are," she screamed aloud, and he fled with all her adornments. Such was the fate that overtook the poor fool through excess of passion. And being quite helpless she drew nigh to a clump of cassia plants and sat there weeping. At that moment Sakka, looking down upon the world, saw her smitten with desire and weeping for the loss of both husband and lover.

[1] This stanza occurs in No. 318 *supra*, with which this story may be compared.

And thinking he would go and rebuke her and put her to shame, he took with him Mātali and Pañcasikha[1], and went and stood on the bank of the river and said, "Mātali, do you become a fish, Pañcasikha, you change into a bird, and I will become a jackal. And taking a piece of meat in my mouth, I will go and place myself in front of this woman, and when you see me there, you, Mātali, are to leap up out of the water, and fall before me, and when I shall drop the piece of meat I have taken in my mouth, and shall spring up to seize the fish, at that moment, you, Pañcasikha, are to pounce upon the piece of meat, and to fly up into the air, and you, Mātali, are to fall into the water."

Thus did Sakka instruct them. And they said, "Good, my lord." Mātali was changed into a fish, Pañcasikha into a bird, and Sakka became a jackal. And taking a piece of meat in his mouth, he went and placed himself in front of the woman. The fish leaping up out of the water fell before the jackal. The jackal dropping the piece of meat he held in his mouth, sprang up to catch the fish. The fish jumped up and fell into the water, and the bird seized the piece of meat and flew up into the air. The jackal thus lost both fish and meat and sat sulkily looking towards the clump of cassia. The woman seeing this said, "Through being too covetous, he got neither flesh nor fish," [223] and, as if she saw the point of the trick, she laughed heartily.

The jackal, on hearing this, uttered the third stanza:

Who makes the cassia thicket ring
With laughter, though none dance or sing,
Or clap their hands, good time to keep?
Fair one, laugh not, when thou shouldst weep.

On hearing this, she repeated the fourth stanza:

O silly jackal, thou must wish
Thou hadst not lost both flesh and fish.
Poor fool! well mayst thou grieve to see
What comes of thy stupidity.

Then the jackal repeated the fifth stanza:

Another's faults are plainly seen,
'Tis hard to see one's own, I ween.
Methinks thou too must count the cost,
When spouse and lover both are lost.

[224] On hearing his words she spoke this stanza:

King jackal, 'tis just as you say,
So I will hie me far away,
And seek another wedded love
And strive a faithful wife to prove.

[1] His charioteer and a gandharva.

Then Sakka, king of heaven, hearing the words of this vicious and unchaste woman, repeated the final stanza :

He that would steal a pot of clay
Would steal a brass one any day :
So she who was her husband's bane
Will be as bad or worse again.

Thus did Sakka put her to shame and brought her to repent, and then returned to his own abode.

The Master here ended his lesson and revealed the Truths, and identified the Birth :—At the conclusion of the Truths the backsliding Brother attained the fruit of the First Path :—"At that time the backsliding Brother was the Archer, the wife he had left was that woman, and I myself was Sakka, king of heaven."

No. 375.

KAPOTA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*I feel quite well,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, whilst dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning a greedy Brother. This story of the greedy Brother has already been fully told in divers ways. In this case the Master asked him if he were greedy and on his confessing that it was so, said, "Not now only, but formerly also, Brother, you were greedy, and through greed came by your death." And herewith he told a story of the past.

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[225] Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young pigeon and lived in a wicker cage, in the kitchen of a rich merchant of Benares. Now a crow hankering after fish and flesh made friends with this pigeon, and lived in the same place. One day he caught sight of a lot of fish and meat and thought, "I'll have this to eat," and lay loudly groaning in the cage. And when the pigeon said, "Come, my friend, let us sally out for our food," he refused to go, saying, "I am laid up with a fit of indigestion. Do you go." And when the pigeon was gone, he said, "My troublesome enemy is off.

[1] Compare No. 42, vol. i., No. 274, vol. ii.

I will now eat fish and meat to my heart's content." And so thinking, he repeated the first stanza:

I feel quite well and at my ease,
  Since Mr Pigeon off is gone.
My cravings I will now appease:
  Potherbs and meat should strengthen one.

So when the cook who was roasting the fish and meat came out of the kitchen, wiping away streams of sweat from his person, the crow hopped out of his basket and hid himself in a basin of spices. The basin gave forth a 'click' sound, and the cook came in haste, and seizing the crow pulled out his feathers. And grinding some moist ginger and white mustard he pounded it with a rotten date, and smeared him all over with it, and rubbing it on with a potsherd [226] he wounded the bird. Then he fastened the potsherd on his neck with a string, and threw him back into the basket, and went off.

When the pigeon came back and saw him he said, "Who is this crane lying in my friend's basket? He is a hot-tempered fellow and will come and kill this stranger." And thus jesting, he spoke the second stanza:

'Child of the Clouds,'[1] with tufted crest,
Why didst thou steal my poor friend's nest?
Come here, Sir Crane. My friend the crow
Has a hot temper, you must know.

The crow, on hearing this, uttered the third stanza:

Well mayst thou laugh at such a sight,
For I am in a sorry plight.
The cook has plucked and basted me
With rotten dates and spicery.

The pigeon, still making sport of him, repeated the fourth stanza:

Bathed and anointed well, I think,
Thou hast thy fill of food and drink.
Thy neck so bright with jewel sheen,
Hast thou, friend, to Benares been?

Then the crow repeated the fifth stanza:

Let not my friend or bitterest foe
On visit to Benares go.
They plucked me bare and as a jest
Have tied a potsherd on my breast.

[227] The pigeon hearing this repeated the final stanza:

These evil habits to outgrow
Is hard with such a nature, crow.
Birds should be careful to avoid
The food they see by man enjoyed.

[1] Cranes are conceived at the sound of thunder-clouds. Cf. *Meghadūta* 9.

After thus reproving him, the pigeon no longer dwelt there, but spread his wings and flew elsewhere. But the crow died then and there.

The Master here ended his lesson and revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the greedy Brother attained fruition of the Second Path:—"At that time the crow was the greedy Brother, the pigeon was myself."

BOOK VI.—CHANIPĀTA.

No. 376.

AVĀRIYA-JĀTAKA.

[228] "*Ne'er be angry, etc.*" The Master told this tale while dwelling at Jetavana, about a ferryman. This man, they say, was foolish and ignorant: he knew not the qualities of the Three Jewels and of all excellent beings: he was hasty, rough and violent. A certain country Brother, wishing to wait on the Buddha, came one evening to the ferry on the Aciravatī and said to the ferryman: "Lay-brother, I wish to cross, let me have your boat." "Sir, it is too late, stay here." "Lay-brother, I cannot stay here, take me across." The ferryman said angrily, "Come then, Sir Priest," and took him into the boat: but he steered badly and made the boat ship water, so that the Brother's robe was wet, and it was dark before he put him on the farther bank. When the Brother reached the monastery, he could not wait on the Buddha that day. Next day he went to the Master, saluted and sat on one side. The Master gave greeting and asked when he had come. "Yesterday." "Then why do you not wait on me till to-day?" When he heard his reason, the Master said, "Not now only, but of old also that man was rough: and he annoyed wise men of old, as he did you." And when asked he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family. When he grew up, he was educated in all the arts at Takkasilā [229], and became an ascetic. After living long on wild fruits in the Himālaya, he came to Benares for salt and vinegar: he stayed in the royal garden and next day went into the city to beg. The king saw him in the palace-yard and being pleased with his deportment caused him to be brought in and fed: then he took a promise and made him dwell in the garden: and he came daily to pay respect. The Bodhisatta said to him, "O great king, a king should rule his kingdom with righteousness, eschewing the four evil courses, being zealous and full

of patience and kindness and compassion," and with such daily exhortation he spoke two stanzas:

Ne'er be angry, prince of warriors; ne'er be angry, lord of earth:
Anger ne'er requite with anger: thus a king is worship-worth.

In the village, in the forest, on the sea or on the shore,
Ne'er be angry, prince of warriors: 'tis my counsel evermore.

So the Bodhisatta spoke these stanzas to the king every day. The king was pleased with him and offered him a village whose revenue was a hundred thousand pieces: but he refused. In this way the Bodhisatta lived for twelve years. Then he thought, "I have stayed too long, I will take a journey through the country and return here": so without telling the king and only saying to the gardener, "Friend, I weary, I will journey in the country and return, pray do you tell the king," [230] he went away and came to a ferry on the Ganges. There a foolish ferryman named Avāriyapitā lived: he understood neither the merits of good men nor his own gain and loss: when folk would cross the Ganges, he first took them across and then asked for his fare; when they gave him none, he quarrelled with them, getting much abuse and blows but little gain, so blind a fool was he.

Concerning him, the Master in his Perfect Wisdom spoke the third stanza:

The father of Avāriya,
His boat's on Ganges wave:
He ferries first the folk across,
And then his fare he'll crave:
And that is why he earns but strife,
A thriftless, luckless, knave!

The Bodhisatta came to this ferryman and said, "Friend, take me to the other bank." He said, "Priest, what fare will you pay me?" "Friend, I will tell you how to increase your wealth, your welfare, and your virtue." The ferryman thought, "He will certainly give me something," so he took him across and then said, "Pay me the fare." The Bodhisatta said, "Very well, friend," and so telling him first how to increase his wealth, he spoke this stanza:

Ask your fare before the crossing, never on the further shore:
Different minds have folk you ferry, different after and before.

[231] The ferryman thought, "This will be only his admonition to me, now he will give me something else": but the Bodhisatta said, "Friend, you have there the way to increase wealth, now hear the way to increase welfare and virtue," so he spoke a stanza of admonition:

In the village, in the forest, on the sea, and on the shore,
Ne'er be angry, my good boatman; 'tis my counsel evermore.

So having told him the way to increase welfare and virtue, he said, "There you have the way to increase welfare, and the way to increase virtue." Then that stupid one, not reckoning his admonition as anything, said, "Priest, is that what you give me as my fare?" "Yes, friend." "I have no use for it, give me something else." "Friend, except that I have nothing else." "Then why did you go on my boat?" he said, and threw the ascetic down on the bank, sitting on his chest and striking his mouth.

The Master said: "So you see that when the ascetic gave this admonition to the king he got the boon of a village, and when he gave the same admonition to a stupid ferryman he got a blow in the mouth: therefore when one gives this admonition it must be given to suitable people, not to unsuitable," and so in his Perfect Wisdom he then spoke a stanza:

For counsel good the king bestowed the revenue of a town:
The boatman for the same advice has knocked the giver down.

As the man was striking the priest, his wife came with his rice, and seeing the ascetic, she said, "Husband, this is an ascetic of the king's court, do not strike him." He was angry, and saying, "You forbid me to strike this false priest!" he sprang up and struck her down. The plate of rice fell and broke, and the fruit of her womb miscarried. The people gathered round him and [232] crying, "Murdering rascal!" they bound him and brought him to the king. The king tried him and caused him to be punished.

The Master in his Perfect Wisdom explaining the matter spoke the last stanza:

The rice was spilt, his wife was struck, child killed before its birth,
To him, like fine gold to a beast, counsel was nothing worth.

When the Master had ended his lesson, he declared the Truths:—after the Truths the brother was established in the fruit of the first path: and identified the Birth: "At that time the ferryman was the ferryman of to-day, the king was Ānanda, the ascetic was myself."

No. 377.

SETAKETU-JĀTAKA.

"*Friend, be not angry,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale at Jetavana, of a deceitful Brother. The occasion of the story will appear in the Uddāla[1] Birth.

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[1] No. 487, vol. iv.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a far-famed teacher and taught the sacred texts to five hundred pupils. The senior of them, Setaketu by name, was born of a brahmin family from the north, and was very proud on account of his caste. One day he went out of the town with other pupils, and when coming in again he saw a [233] caṇḍāla. "Who are you?" he said. "I am a caṇḍāla." He feared the wind after striking the caṇḍāla's body might touch his own body, so he cried, "Curse you, you ill-omened caṇḍāla, get to leeward," and went quickly to windward, but the caṇḍāla was too quick for him and stood to windward of him. Then he abused and reviled him the more, "Curse you, ill-omened one." The caṇḍāla asked, "Who are you?" "I am a brahmin student." "Very well, if you are, you will be able to answer me a question." "Yes." "If you can't, I will put you between my feet." The brahmin, feeling confident, said, "Proceed." The caṇḍāla, making the company understand the case, asked the question, "Young brahmin, what are the quarters?" "The quarters are four, the East and the rest." The caṇḍāla said, "I am not asking about that kind of quarter: and you, ignorant even of this, loathe the wind that has struck my body," so he took him by the shoulder and forcing him down put him between his feet. The other pupils told their teacher of the affair. He asked, "Young Setaketu, have you been put between a caṇḍāla's feet?" "Yes, teacher: the son of a slave put me between his feet, saying, 'He doesn't know even the quarters'; but now I shall know what to do to him," and so he reviled the caṇḍāla angrily. The teacher admonished him: "Young Setaketu, be not angry with him, he is wise; he was asking about another kind of quarter, not this: what you have not seen, or heard, or understood is far more than what you have": and he spoke two stanzas by way of admonition:

Friend, be not angry, anger is not good:
  Wisdom is more than you have seen or heard:
[234] By 'quarter' *parents* may be understood,
  And *teacher* is denoted by the word.

The *householder* who gives food, clothes and drink,
  Whose doors are open, he a 'quarter' is:
And 'quarter' in the highest sense, we think,
  Is that last state where misery shall be bliss[1].

[235] So the Bodhisatta explained the quarters to the young brahmin: but he thinking, "I was put between a caṇḍāla's feet," left that place and going to Takkasilā learned all the arts from a far-famed teacher. With that teacher's permission he left Takkasilā, and wandered learning all practical arts. Coming to a frontier village he found five hundred ascetics

[1] This rests on fanciful puns on the names of the four quarters.

dwelling near it and was ordained by them. All their arts, texts and practices he learnt, and they accompanied him to Benares. Next day he went to the palace-yard begging. The king, pleased with the ascetics' deportment, gave them food in the palace and lodging in his garden. One day he said, sending them food, "I will salute your reverences this evening in the garden." Setaketu went to the garden and collecting the ascetics, said, "Sirs, the king is coming to-day; now by once conciliating kings a man may live happily all the years of his life, so now some of you do the swinging penance, some lie on thorn-beds, some endure the five fires, some practise the mortification by squatting, some the act of diving, some repeat texts," and after these orders he set himself at the door of the hut on a chair with a head-rest, put a book with a brilliant-coloured wrapping on a painted stand, and explained texts as they were inquired about by four or five intelligent pupils. At that moment the king arrived [236] and seeing them doing these false penances he was delighted: he came up to Setaketu, saluted him and sat on one side: then talking to his family priest he spoke the third stanza:

With uncleansed teeth, and goatskin garb and hair
All matted, muttering holy words in peace:
Surely no human means to good they spare,
They know the Truth, and they have won Release.

The priest heard this and spoke the fourth stanza:

A learned sage may do ill deeds, O king:
A learned sage may fail to follow right:
A thousand Vedas will not safety bring,
Failing just works, or save from evil plight.

When the king heard this, he took away his favour from the ascetics. Setaketu thought: "This king took a liking to the ascetics, but this priest has destroyed it as if he had cut it with an axe: I must talk to him": so talking to him he spoke the fifth stanza:

[237] "A learned sage may do ill deeds, O king:
A learned sage may fail to follow right"
You say: then Vedas are a useless thing:
Just works with self-restraint are requisite.

The priest hearing this, spoke the sixth stanza:

Nay, Vedas are not useless utterly:
Though works with self-restraint true doctrine is:
Study of Vedas lifts man's name on high,
But 'tis by conduct that he reaches Bliss.

So the priest refuted Setaketu's doctrine. He made them all laymen, gave them shields and weapons, and appointed them to be attendants on the

king as Superior Officers: and hence they say comes the race of Superior[1] Officers.

After the lesson the Master identified the Birth: "At that time Setaketu was the cheating priest, the caṇḍāla was Sāriputta, and the King's priest was myself."

No. 378.

DARĪMUKHA-JĀTAKA.

[238] *"Pleasures of sense," etc.*—This tale was told by the Master while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the Great Renunciation. The incident that led to the story has been told before.

Once upon a time the Magadha king reigned in Rājagaha. The Bodhisatta was born of his chief queen, and they called him prince Brahmadatta. On the day of his birth, the family priest also had a son: his face was very beautiful, so they called him Darīmukha[2]. Both grew up in the king's court dear friends together, and in the sixteenth year they went to Takkasilā and learned all the arts. Then, meaning to acquire all practical usages and understand country observances, they wandered through towns, villages and all the land. So they reached Benares, and staying in a temple they went into the city next day to beg. In one of the houses in the city the people of the house had cooked rice-porridge and prepared seats to feed brahmins and give them portions. These people seeing the two youths begging, thought, "The brahmins have come," and making them come in laid a white cloth on the Bodhisatta's seat and a red rug on Darīmukha's. Darīmukha observed the omen and understood that his friend should be king in Benares and himself commander of the army. They ate and took their portions, and then with a blessing left and went to the king's garden. The Bodhisatta lay on the royal stone-seat. Darīmukha sat stroking his feet. The king of Benares had been dead seven days. The family priest had performed funeral rites and sent out the

[1] Cf. Hiouen-Thsang's Life, p. 257.

[2] "Cave-mouth": perhaps 'very beautiful' should be 'very wide.'

festal car for seven days as there was no heir to the throne. This ceremony of the car will be explained in the Mahājanaka Birth. This car left the city and reached the gate of the garden, [239] accompanied by an army of the four divisions and by the music of hundreds of instruments. Darīmukha, hearing the music, thought, "This car is coming for my friend, he will be king to-day and give me the commander's place, but why should I be a layman? I will go away and become an ascetic"; so without a word to the Bodhisatta he went on one side and stood concealed. The priest stayed the car at the gate of the garden, and entering saw the Bodhisatta lying on the royal seat: observing the auspicious marks on his feet, he thought, "He has merit and is worthy to be king even of the four continents with two thousand islands around them, but what is his courage?" So he made all the instruments sound their loudest. The Bodhisatta woke and taking the cloth from his face he saw the multitude: then covering his face again he lay down for a little, and rising when the car stopped sat cross-legged on the seat. The priest resting on his knee said, "Lord, the kingdom falls to you." "Why, is there no heir?" "No, lord." "Then it is well," and so he accepted, and they anointed him there in the garden. In his great glory he forgot Darīmukha. He mounted the car and drove amid the multitude in solemn form round the city: then stopping at the palace-gate he arranged the places of the courtiers and went up to the terrace. At that instant Darīmukha seeing the garden now empty came and sat on the royal seat in the garden. A withered leaf fell before him. In it he came to see the principles of decay and death, grasped the three marks of things, and making the earth re-echo with joy he entered on *paccekabodhi*. At that instant the characters of a householder vanished from him, a miraculous bowl and frock fell from the sky and clave to his body, at once he had the eight requisites and the perfect deportment of a centenarian monk, [240] and by miracle he flew into the air and went to the cave Nandamūla[1] in the Himālaya.

The Bodhisatta ruled his kingdom with righteousness, but the greatness of his glory infatuated him and for forty years he forgot Darīmukha. In the fortieth year he remembered him, and saying, "I have a friend named Darīmukha; where is he now?" he longed to see him. Thenceforth even in the seraglio and in the assembly he would say, "Where is my friend Darīmukha? I will give great honour to the man who tells me of his abode." Another ten years passed while he remembered Darīmukha from time to time. Darīmukha, though now a paccekabuddha, after fifty years reflected and knew that his friend remembered him: and thinking, "He is now old and increased with sons and daughters, I will go and preach the law to him and ordain him," he went by miracle through

[1] This is specially the abode of paccekabuddhas.

the air, and lighting in the garden he sat like a golden image on the stone seat. The gardener seeing him came up and asked, "Sir, whence come you?" "From the cave Nandamūlaka." "Who are you?" "Friend, I am Darīmukha the pacceka." "Sir, do you know our king?" "Yes, he was my friend in my layman days." "Sir, the king longs to see you, I will tell him of your coming." "Go and do so." He went and told the king that Darīmukha was come and sitting on the stone-seat. The king said, "So my friend is come, I shall see him": so he mounted his car and with a great retinue went to the garden and saluting the paccekabuddha with kindly greeting he sat on one side. The paccekabuddha said, "Brahmadatta, do you rule your kingdom with righteousness, never follow evil courses or oppress the people for money, and do good deeds with charity?" [241] and after kindly greeting, "Brahmadatta, you are old, it is time for you to renounce pleasures, and be ordained," so he preached the law and spoke the first stanza:

Pleasures of sense are but morass and mire:
  The 'triply-rooted terror' them I call.
Vapour and dust I have proclaimed them, Sire:
  Become a Brother and forsake them all.

[242] Hearing this, the king explaining that he was bound by desires spoke the second stanza:

Infatuate, bound and deeply stained am I,
  Brahmin, with pleasures: fearful they may be,
But I love life, and cannot them deny:
  Good works I undertake continually.

[243] Then Darīmukha though the Bodhisatta said, "I cannot be ordained," did not reject him and exhorted him yet again:

He who rejects the counsel of his friend,
  Who pities him, and would avert his doom,
Thinking "this world is better," finds no end,
  Foolish, of long rebirths within the womb.

That fearful place of punishment is his,
  Full of all filth, held evil by the good:
The greedy their desires can ne'er dismiss,
  The flesh imprisons all the carnal brood.

[244] So Darīmukha the paccekabuddha showing the misery rising from conception and quickening, to show next the misery of birth spoke a stanza and a half:

Covered with blood and with gross foulness stained,
  All mortal beings issue from the birth:
Whate'er they touch thereafter is ordained
  To bring them pain and sorrow on the earth.

I speak what I have seen, not what I hear
  From others: I remember times of old.

[245] Now the Master in his Perfect Wisdom said, "So the paccekabuddha helped the king with good words," and at the end spoke the remaining half-stanza:

Darīmukha did to Sumedha's[1] ear
Wisdom in many a stanza sweet unfold.

The paccekabuddha, showing the misery of desires, making his words understood, said, "O king, be ordained or not, but anyhow I have told the wretchedness of desires and the blessings of ordination, be thou zealous," and so like a golden royal goose he rose in the air, and treading on clouds he reached the Nandamūlaka cave. The Great Being made on his head the salutations resplendent with the ten finger-nails put together and bowing down stood till [246] Darīmukha passed out of sight: then he sent for his eldest son and gave him the kingdom: and leaving desires, while a great multitude was weeping and lamenting, he went to the Himālaya and building a hut of leaves he was ordained as an ascetic: then in no long time he gained the Faculties and Attainments and at his life's end he went to Brahma's heaven.

The lesson ended, the Master declared the truths: then many attained the First Path and the rest:—and he identified the Birth: "At that time the king was myself."

No. 379.

NERU-JĀTAKA.

"*Ravens and crows,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale in Jetavana concerning a certain Brother. The story is that he got the forms of meditation from the Master and then went to a frontier village. There the people, pleased with his deportment, fed him, built him a hut in the wood, and exacting a promise, made him live there, and gave him great honour. But they forsook him for the teachers of the permanence of matter, afterwards forsaking those for the sect who deny immortality, and those again for the sect of naked ascetics: for teachers of all these sects came among them in turn. So he was unhappy

[1] If Sumedha is a proper name, this must be taken from another story: but it may mean merely 'wise.'

among those people who knew not good and evil, and after the rains and the pavāraṇā[1] he went back to the Master, and at his request told him where he had stayed during the rains and that he had been unhappy among people who knew not good and evil. The Master said, "Sages of old, even when born as beasts, stayed not a day among those who knew not good and evil, why have you done so?" and so he told the tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a golden goose. Along with his younger brother [247] he lived on the hill Cittakūṭa and fed on wild paddy in the Himālaya. One day in their flight back to Cittakūṭa they saw the golden mountain Neru and settled on its summit. Around the mountain dwell birds and beasts of various kinds for feeding ground: from the time of their coming to the mountain onwards they became golden of hue from its lustre. The Bodhisatta's brother saw this, but being ignorant of the cause said, "Now what is the cause here?" and so talking to his brother he spoke two stanzas:

Ravens and crows, and we the best of birds,
When on this mountain, all appear the same.

Mean jackals rival tigers and their lords,
The lions: what can be the mountain's name?

The Bodhisatta hearing this spoke the third stanza:

Noblest of Mountains, Neru is it hight,
All animals are here made fair to sight.

The younger one hearing this spoke the remaining three stanzas:

Where'er the good find honour small or none,
Or less than others, live not, but begone.

Dull and clever, brave and coward, all are honoured equally:
Undiscriminating Mountain, good men will not stay on thee!

[248] Best, indifferent and meanest Neru does not separate,
Undiscriminating Neru, we alas! must leave thee straight.

With this they both flew up and went to Cittakūṭa.

After the lesson, the Master proclaimed the Truths and identified the Birth: at the close of the Truths, that Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path: "At that time the younger goose was Ānanda, the elder was myself."

[1] The festival at the end of the rains.

No. 380.

ĀSAṄKA-JĀTAKA.

"*In heavenly garden,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning the temptation of a Brother by his former wife. The occasion will appear in the Indriya[1] Birth. The Master found that the brother was backsliding owing to thoughts of his wife, so he said, "Sir, this woman does you harm: formerly also for her sake you sacrificed an army of the four divisions and dwelt in the Himālaya three years in much misery": so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family at a village of that country. When he grew up, he learned the arts [249] at Takkasilā, became an ascetic and reaching the Faculties and Attainments lived on roots and fruits in the Himālaya. At that time a being of perfect merit fell from the Heaven of the Thirty-three and was conceived as a girl inside a lotus in a pool: and when the other lotuses grew old and fell, that one grew great and stood. The ascetic coming to bathe saw it and thought, "The other lotuses fall, but this one is grown great and stands; why is this?" So he put on his bathing-dress and crossed to it, then opening the lotus he saw the girl. Feeling towards her as to a daughter he took her to his hut and tended her. When she came to sixteen years, she was beautiful, and in her beauty excelled the hue of man, but attained not the hue of gods. Sakka came to wait on the Bodhisatta. He saw the maiden, asked and was told the way in which she was found, and then asked, "What ought she to receive?" "A dwelling-place and supply of raiment, ornament and food, O sir." He answered, "Very well, lord," and created a crystal palace for her dwelling, made for her a bed, raiment and ornament, food and drink divine. The palace descended and rested on the ground when she was going up; when she had gone up it ascended and stayed in the air. She did various services to the Bodhisatta as she lived in the palace. A forester saw this and asked, "What is this person to you, lord?" "My daughter." So he went to Benares and told the king, "O king, I have seen in the Himālaya a certain ascetic's daughter of such beauty." The king was caught by hearing this, and making the forester his guide he went with an army of the four divisions to that place, and pitching a camp he took the forester and his retinue of ministers and entered the hermitage. [250] He saluted the Bodhisatta and said, "Lord, women are a stain to the religious life; I will tend your daughter."

[1] No. 423, *infra*.

Now the Bodhisatta had given the maiden the name Āsaṅkā because she was brought to him by his crossing the water owing to his doubt (āsaṅkā), "What is in this lotus?" He did not say to the king directly, "Take her and go," but said, "If you know this maiden's name, O great king, take her and go." "Lord, if you tell it, I shall know." "I shall not tell it, but when you know it take her and depart." The king agreed, and thenceforth considered along with his ministers, "What may be her name?" He put forward all names hard to guess and talked with the Bodhisatta, saying, "Such and such will be her name": but the Bodhisatta said nay and refused him. So a year passed while the king was considering. Lions and other beasts seized his elephants and horses and men, there was danger from snakes, danger from flies, and many died worn out with cold. The king said to the Bodhisatta, "What need have I of her?" and took his way. The maiden Asaṅkā stood at an open crystal window. The king seeing her said, "We cannot find your name, live here in the Himālaya, we will depart." "Great king, if you go you will never find a wife like me. In the Heaven of the Thirty-three, in the Cittalatā garden, there is a creeper named Āsāvatī: in its fruit a divine drink is born, and they who drink of it once are intoxicated for four months and lie on a divine couch: it bears fruit once in a thousand years and the sons of the gods, though given to strong drink, [251] bear with their thirst for that divine drink saying, "We shall reap fruit from this," and come constantly throughout the thousand years to watch the plant saying, "Is it well?" But you grow discontented in one year: he who wins the fruit of his hope is happy, be not discontented yet," and so she spoke three stanzas:

In heavenly garden grows Āsāvatī;
Once in a thousand years, no more, the tree
Bears fruit: for it the gods wait patiently.
Hope on, O king, the fruit of hope is sweet:
A bird hoped on and never own'd defeat.
His wish, though far away, he won complete:
Hope on, O king: the fruit of hope is sweet.

The king was caught by her words: he gathered his ministers again and guessed at the name, making ten guesses each time till another year was past. But her name was not among the ten, and so the Bodhisatta refused him. Again the king said, "What need have I of her?" and took his way. She showed herself at the window: and the king said, "You stay, we will depart." [252] "Why depart, great king?" "I cannot find your name." "Great king, why can you not find it? Hope is not without success; a crane staying on a hill-top won his wish: why can you not win it? Endure, great king. A crane had its feeding-ground in a lotus-pool, but flying up lit on a hill-top: he stayed there that day and next day thought, 'I am happily settled on this hill-top: if without going down I stay here finding food and drinking water and so dwell this day, Oh it

would be delightful.' That very day Sakka, King of heaven, had crushed the Asuras and being now lord in the heaven of the Thirty-three was thinking, 'My wishes have come to the pitch of fulfilment, is there any one in the forest whose wishes are unfulfilled?' So considering, he saw that crane and thought, 'I will bring this bird's wishes to the pitch of fulfilment': not far from the crane's place of perch there is a stream, and Sakka sent the stream in full flood to the hill-top: so the crane without moving ate fish and drank water and dwelt there that day: then the water fell and went away: so, great king, the crane won fruition of that hope of his, and why will you not win it? Hope on," she said, with the rest of the verse. The king, hearing her tale, was caught by her beauty and attracted by her words: he could not go away, but gathering his ministers, and getting a hundred names [253] spent another year in guessing with these hundred names. At the end of three years he came to the Bodhisatta and asked, "Will that name be among the hundred, lord?" "You do not know it, great king." He saluted the Bodhisatta, and saying, "We will go now," he took his way. The maiden Āsaṅkā again stood by a crystal window. The king saw her and said, "You stay, we will depart." "Why, great king?" "You satisfy me with words, but not with love: caught by your sweet words I have spent here three years, now I will depart," and he uttered these stanzas:

You please me but with words and not in deed:
The scentless flower, though fair, is but a weed.
Promise fair without performance on his friends one throws away,
Never giving, ever hoarding: such is friendship's sure decay.
Men should speak when they will act, not promise what they cannot do:
If they talk without performing, wise men see them through and through.
My troops are wasted, all my stores are spent,
I doubt my life is spoilt: 'tis time I went.

[254] The maiden Asaṅkā hearing the king's words said, "Great king, you know my name, you have just said it; tell my father my name, take me and go," so talking with the king, she said:

Prince, you have said the word that is my name:
Come, king: my father will allow the claim.

The king went to the Bodhisatta, saluted and said, "Lord, your daughter is named Āsaṅkā." "From the time you know her name, take her and go, great king." He saluted the Bodhisatta, and coming to the crystal palace he said, "Lady, your father has given you to me, come now." "Come, great king, I will get my father's leave," she said, and coming down from the palace she saluted the Bodhisatta, got his consent and came to the king. The king took her to Benares and lived happily with her, increased with sons and daughters. The Bodhisatta continued in unbroken meditation and was born in the Brahma world.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—After the Truths, the Brother was established in the Fruition of the First Path:—"Āsaṅkā was the former wife, the king was the discontented Brother, the ascetic was myself."

No. 381.

MIGĀLOPA-JĀTAKA[1].

[255] "*Your ways, my son,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale in Jetavana, of an unruly Brother. The Master asked the Brother, "Are you really unruly?" He said, "Yes, lord": and the Master saying, "You are not unruly for the first time; formerly too through unruliness you did not the bidding of the wise and met your death by the Verambha[2] winds," told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a vulture by name Aparaṇṇagijjha, and dwelt among a retinue of vultures in Gijjhapabbata (Vulture Mountain). His son, Migālopa by name, was exceedingly strong and mighty; he flew high above the reach of the other vultures. They told their king that his son flew very far. He called Migālopa, and saying, "Son, they say you fly too high: if you do, you will bring death on yourself," spoke three stanzas:

Your ways, my son, to me unsafe appear,
You soar too high, above our proper sphere.

When earth is but a square field to your sight,
Turn back, my son, and dare no higher flight.

Other birds on soaring pinions lofty flight e'er now have tried,
Struck by furious wind and tempest they have perished in their pride.

[256] Migālopa through disobedience did not do his father's bidding, but rising and rising he passed the limit his father told him, clove even the Black Winds when he met them, and flew upwards till he met the Verambha winds in the face. They struck him, and at their mere stroke he fell into pieces and disappeared in the air.

[1] Cf. no. 427 *infra*.

[2] A wind so called from a sea of the same name, see *Divyāvadāna*, p. 105.

His aged father's wise commands disdained,
Beyond the Black, Verambha Winds he gained.

His wife, his children, all his household herd,
All came to ruin through that froward bird.

So they who heed not what their elders say,
Like this proud vulture beyond bounds astray,
Meet ruin, when right rules they disobey.

After the lesson the Master identified the Birth: "At that time Migālopa was the unruly Brother, Aparaṇṇa was myself."

No. 382.

SIRIKĀLAKAṆṆI-JĀTAKA.

[257] "*Who is this*," *etc.*— The Master told this tale in Jetavana concerning Anāthapiṇḍika. From the time when he was established in the fruition of the First Path he kept all the five first commandments unbroken; so also did his wife, his sons and daughters, his hired servants and his workpeople. One day in the Hall of Truth they began to discuss whether Anāthapiṇḍika was pure in his walk and his household also. The Master came and was told their subject: so he said, "Brethren, the wise men of old had pure households," and told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a merchant, giving gifts, keeping the commands, and performing the fast day duties: and so his wife kept the five commands, and so also did his sons, his daughters and his servants and workpeople. So he was called the merchant Suciparivāra (pure household). He thought, "If one of purer morals than I should come, it would not be proper to give him my couch to sit on or my bed to lie on, but to give him one pure and unused": so he had an unused couch and bed prepared on one side in his presence-chamber. At that time in the Heaven of the Four Kings[1] Kālakaṇṇī, daughter of Virūpakkha, and Sirī, daughter of Dhataraṭṭha, both together took many perfumes and garlands and went on the lake Anotatta to play there. Now on that lake there are many bathing-

[1] These are Dhataraṭṭha, King of the North, Virūḷha of the South, Virūpakkha of the West, and Vessavaṇa of the East.

places: the Buddhas bathe at their own place, the paccekabuddhas at theirs, [258] the Brethren at theirs, the ascetics at theirs, the gods of the six Kāma-heavens[1] at theirs, and the goddesses at theirs. These two came thither and began to quarrel as to which of them should bathe first. Kālakaṇṇī said, "I rule the world: it is proper that I bathe first." Sirī said, "I preside over the course of conduct that gives lordship to mankind: it is proper that I bathe first." Then both said, "The Four Kings will know which of us ought to bathe first": so they went to them and asked which of the two was worthy to bathe first in Anotatta. Dhataraṭṭha and Virūpakkha said, "We cannot decide," and laid the duty on Virūḷha and Vessavaṇa. They too said, "We cannot decide, we will send it to our Lord's feet": so they sent it to Sakka. He heard their tale and thought, "Those two are the daughters of my vassals; I cannot decide this case": so he said to them, "There is in Benares a merchant called Suciparivāra; in his house are prepared an unused couch and bed: she who can first sit or lie there is the proper one to bathe first." Kālakaṇṇī hearing this on the instant put on blue[2] raiment and used blue ointment and decked herself with blue jewels: she descended from the heaven as on a stone from a catapult, and just after the mid-watch of night she stood in the air, diffusing a blue light, not far from the merchant who was lying on a couch in the presence-chamber of his mansion. The merchant [259] looked and saw her: but to his eyes she was ungracious and unlovely. Talking to her he spoke the first stanza:

Who is this so dark of hue,
So unlovely to the view?
Who are you, whose daughter, say,
How are we to know you, pray?

Hearing him, Kālakaṇṇī spoke the second stanza:

The great king Virūpakkha is my sire:
I am Misfortune, Kālakaṇṇī dire:
Give me the house-room near you I desire.

Then the Bodhisatta spoke the third stanza:

What the conduct, what the ways,
  Of the men with whom you dwell?
This is what my question prays:
  We will mark the answer well.

Then she, explaining her own qualities, spoke the fourth stanza:

The hypocrite, the wanton, the morose,
  The man of envy, greed and treachery:
Such are the friends I love: and I dispose
  Their gains that they may perish utterly.

[1] Of which the Heaven of the Four Kings is the first.
[2] Blue is the unlucky colour.

[260] She spoke also the fifth, sixth, and seventh stanzas:

And dearer still are ire and hate to me,
Slander and strife, libel and cruelty.

The shiftless wight who knows not his own good,
Resenting counsel, to his betters rude:

The man whom folly drives, whom friends despise,
He is my friend, in him my pleasure lies.

[261] Then the Great Being, blaming her, spoke the eighth stanza:

Kāli, depart: there's naught to please you here:
To other lands and cities disappear.

Kālakaṇṇī, hearing him, was sorrowful and spoke another stanza:

I know you well: there's naught to please me here.
Others are luckless, who amass much gear;
My brother-god and I will make it disappear.

When she had gone, Sirī the goddess, coming with raiment and ointment of golden hue and ornament of golden brightness to the door of the presence-chamber, diffusing yellow light, rested with even feet on level ground and stood respectful. The Bodhisatta seeing her repeated the first stanza:

Who is this, divine of hue,
On the ground so firm and true?
Who are you, whose daughter, say,
How are we to know you, pray?

[262] Sirī, hearing him, spoke the second stanza:

The great king Dhataraṭṭha is my sire:
Fortune and Luck am I, and Wisdom men admire:
Grant me the house-room with you I desire.

Then

What the conduct, what the ways
  Of the men with whom you dwell?
This is what my question prays;
  We will mark your answer well.

He who in cold and heat, in wind and sun,
  Mid thirst and hunger, snake and poison-fly,
His present duty night and day hath done;
  With him I dwell and love him faithfully.

Gentle and friendly, righteous, liberal,
  Guileless and honest, upright, winning, bland,
Meek in high place: I tinge his fortunes all,
  Like waves their hue through ocean that expand[1].

[1] Perhaps vaṇṇam is really for the Sanskrit vṛṃhan *increasing*.

To friend or unfriend, better, like or worse,
  Helper or foe, by dark or open day,
Whoso is kind, [263] without harsh word or curse,
  I am his friend, living or dead, alway.

But if a fool have won some love from me,
  And waxes proud and vain,
His froward path of wantonness I flee,
  Like filthy stain.

Each man's fortune and misfortune are his own work, not another's:
Neither fortune nor misfortune can a man make for his brothers.

Such was Sirī's answer when questioned by the merchant.

[264] The Bodhisatta rejoiced at Sirī's words, and said, "Here is the pure seat and bed, proper for you; sit and lie down there." She stayed there and in the morning departed to the Heaven of the Four Great Kings and bathed first in lake Anotatta. The bed used by Sirī was called Sirisaya: hence is the origin of Sirisayana, and for this reason it is so called to this day.

After the lesson the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the goddess Sirī was Uppalavaṇṇā, the merchant Suciparivāra was myself."

No. 383[1].

KUKKUṬA-JĀTAKA.

[265] "*Bird with wings,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale in Jetavana, concerning a Brother who longed for the world. The Master asked him, "Why do you long for the world?" "Lord, through passion, for I saw a woman adorned." "Brother, women are like cats, deceiving and cajoling to bring to ruin one who has come into their power," so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a cock and lived in the forest with a retinue of many hundred cocks. Not far away lived a she-cat: and she deceived

[1] See Morris in *Folk-lore Journal*, ii. p. 332.

by devices the other cocks except the Bodhisatta and ate them : but the Bodhisatta did not fall into her power. She thought, "This cock is very crafty, but he knows not that I am crafty and skilful in device: it is good that I cajole him, saying, 'I will be your wife,' and so eat him when he comes into my power." She went to the root of the tree where he perched, and praying him in a speech preceded by praise of his beauty, she spoke the first stanza :

Bird with wings that flash so gaily, crest that droops so gracefully,
I will be your wife for nothing, leave the bough and come to me.

The Bodhisatta hearing her thought, "She has eaten all my relatives; now she wishes to cajole me and eat me: I will get rid of her." So he spoke the second stanza:

Lady fair and winning, you have four feet, I have only two:
Beasts and birds should never marry: for some other husband sue.

[266] Then she thought, "He is exceedingly crafty; by some device or other I will deceive him and eat him"; so she spoke the third stanza:

I will bring thee youth and beauty, pleasant speech and courtesy:
Honoured wife or simple slave-girl, at thy pleasure deal with me.

Then the Bodhisatta thought, "It is best to revile her and drive her away," so he spoke the fourth stanza:

Thou hast drunk my kindred's blood, and robbed and slain them cruelly:
"Honoured wife"! there is no honour in your heart when wooing me.

She was driven away and did not endure to look at him again.

So when they see a hero, women sly,
(Compare the cat and cock,) to tempt him try.

He that to great occasion fails to rise
'Neath foeman's feet in sorrow prostrate lies.

[267] One prompt a crisis in his fate to see,
As cock from cat, escapes his enemy.

These are stanzas inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

His lesson ended, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—after the Truths, the backsliding Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the cock was myself."

No. 384[1].

DHAMMADDHAJA-JĀTAKA.

"*Practise virtue,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, of a deceitful Brother. He said, "Brethren, this man is not deceitful now for the first time": so he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a bird: when he grew up he lived amidst a retinue of birds on an island in the middle of the sea. Certain merchants of Kāsi got a travelled crow and started on a voyage by sea. In the midst of the sea the ship was wrecked. The crow reached that island and thought, "Here is a great flock of birds, it is good that I use deceit on them and eat their eggs and young": so he descended in their midst and opening his mouth stood with one foot on the ground. "Who are you, master?" they asked. "I am a holy person." "Why do you stand on one foot?" "If I put down the other one, [268] the earth could not bear me." "Then why do you stand with your mouth open?" "We eat no other food, we only drink the wind;" and with this he called these birds and saying, "I will give you a sermon, you listen," he spoke the first stanza by way of a sermon:

Practise virtue, brethren, bless you! practise virtue, I repeat:
Here and after virtuous people have their happiness complete.

The birds, not knowing that he said this with deceit to eat their eggs, praised him and spoke the second stanza:

Surely a righteous fowl, a blessed bird,
He preaches on one leg the holy word.

The birds, believing that wicked one, said, "Sir, you take no other food but feed on wind only: so pray watch our eggs and young," so they went to their feeding-ground. That sinner when they went away ate his bellyful of their eggs and young, and when they came again he stood calmly on one foot with his mouth open. The birds not seeing their children when they came made a great outcry, "Who can be eating them?" but saying, "This crow is a holy person," they do not even suspect him. Then one day the Bodhisatta thought, "There was nothing

[1] See Morris in *Folk-lore Journal*, ii. p. 304.

wrong here formerly, it only began since this one came, it is good to try him": so making as if he were going to feed with the other birds he turned back and stood in a secret place. [269] The crow, confident because the birds were gone, rose and went and ate the eggs and young, then coming back stood on one foot with his mouth open. When the birds came, their king assembled them all and said, "I examined to-day the danger to our children, and I saw this wicked crow eating them, we will seize him": so getting the birds together and surrounding the crow he said, "If he flees, let us seize him," and spoke the remaining stanzas:

You know not his ways, when this bird you praise:
 You spoke with foolish tongue:
"Virtue," he'll say, and "Virtue" aye,
 But he eats our eggs and young.

The things he preaches with his voice
 His members never do:
His Virtue is an empty noise,
 His righteousness untrue.

At heart a hypocrite, his language charms,
 A black snake slinking to his hole is he:
He cozens by his outward coat of arms
 The country-folk in their simplicity.

Strike him down with beak and pinion,
 Tear him with your claws:
Death to such a dastard minion,
 Traitor to our cause.

[270] With these words the leader of the birds himself sprang up and struck the crow in the head with his beak, and the rest struck him with beaks and feet and wings: so he died.

At the end of the lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the crow was the deceitful Brother, the king of the birds was myself."

No. 385.

NANDIYAMIGA-JĀTAKA.

"*Will you go to the King's Park*," *etc.*—The Master told this in Jetavana, of a Brother who supported his mother. He asked the Brother, "Is it true that you support lay folk?" "Yes, lord." "What are they?" "My father and mother,

lord." "Well done, well done, Brother: you keep up the rule of the wise men of old, for they too even when born as beasts gave their life for their parents," and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when the Kosala king was reigning over the Kosalas in Sāketa (Oudh), the Bodhisatta was born as a deer; when he grew up he was named Nandiyamiga, and being excellent in character and conduct he supported his father and mother. The Kosala king was intent on the chase, and went every day to hunt with a great retinue, so that his people could not follow farming and their trades. The people gathered together and consulted, saying, "Sirs, this king of ours is destroying our trades, our home-life is perishing; what if we were to enclose the Añjanavana park, providing a gate, digging a tank and sowing grass there, then go into the forest with sticks and clubs in our hands, beat the thickets, and so expelling the deer and driving them along force them into the park like cows into a pen? then we would close the gate, send word to the king and go about our trades." "That is the way," they said, and so with one will they made the park ready, and then entering the wood enclosed a space [271] of a league each way. At the time Nandiya had taken his father and mother into a little thicket and was lying on the ground. The people with various shields and weapons in their hands encircled the thicket arm to arm; and some entered it looking for deer. Nandiya saw them and thought, "It is good that I should abandon life to-day and give it for my parents," so rising and saluting his parents he said, "Father and mother, these men will see us three if they enter this thicket; you can survive only in one way, and your life is best: I will give you the gift of your life, standing by the skirts of the thicket and going out as soon as they beat it: then they will think there can be only one deer in this little thicket and so will not enter: be heedful": so he got their permission and stood ready to run. As soon as the thicket was beaten by the people standing at its skirts and shouting he came out, and they thinking there would be only one deer there did not enter. Nandiya went among the other deer, and the people drove them along into the park; then closing the gate they told the king and went to their own homes. From that time the king always went himself and shot a deer; then he either took it and went away, or sent for it and had it fetched. The deer arranged their turns, and he to whom the turn came stood on one side: and they take him when shot. Nandiya drank water from the tank, and ate the grass, but his turn did not come yet. Then after many days his parents longing to see him thought, "Our son Nandiya, king of deer, was strong as an elephant and of perfect health: if he is alive he will certainly leap the fence and come to see us; we will send him [272] word": so they stood near the road and

seeing a brahmin they asked in human voice, "Sir, where are you going?" "To Sāketa," he said; so sending a message to their son they spoke the first stanza:

Will you go to the King's Park, brahmin, when Oudh you're travelling through?
Find out our dear son Nandiya and tell him our message true,
"Your father and mother are stricken in years and their hearts are fain for you."

The brahmin, saying, "It is well," accepted, and going to Sāketa next day entered the park, and asked "Which is Nandiya?" The deer came near him and said, "I." The brahmin told his message. Nandiya, hearing it, said, "I might go, brahmin; I might certainly leap the fence and go: but I have enjoyed regular food and drink from the king, and this stands to me as a debt: besides I have lived long among these deer, and it is improper for me to go away without doing good to this king and to them, or without showing my strength: but when my turn comes I will do good to them and come gladly": and so explaining this, he spoke two stanzas:

I owe the King my daily drink and food:
I cannot go till I have made it good.

To the King's arrows I'll expose my side:
Then see my mother and be justified.

[273] The brahmin hearing this went away. Afterwards on the day when his turn came, the king with a great retinue came into the park. The Bodhisatta stood on one side: and the king saying, "I will shoot the deer," fitted a sharp arrow to the string. The Bodhisatta did not run away as other animals do when scared by the fear of death, but fearless and making his charity his guide he stood firm, exposing his side with mighty ribs. The king owing to the efficacy of his love could not discharge the arrow. The Bodhisatta said, "Great king, why do you not shoot the arrow? shoot!" "King of deer, I cannot." "Then see the merit of the virtuous[1], O great king." Then the king, pleased with the Bodhisatta, dropped his bow and said, "This senseless length of wood knows your merit: shall I who have sense and am a man not know it? forgive me; I give you security." "Great king, you give me security, but what will this herd of deer in the park do?" "I give it to them too." So the Bodhisatta, having gained security for all deer in the park, for birds in the air and fishes in the water, in the way described in the Nigrodha Birth, established the king in the five commands and said, "Great king, it is good for a king to rule a kingdom by forsaking the ways of wrongdoing, not offending against the ten kingly virtues and acting with just righteousness.

[1] There is a pun here on *guṇaṃ* which means *merit* or *string*.

[274] Alms, morals, charity, justice and penitence,
Peace, mildness, mercy, meekness, patience:

These virtues planted in my soul I feel,
Thence springs up Love and perfect inward weal."

With these words he showed forth the kingly virtues in the form of a stanza, and after staying some days with the king he sent a golden drum round the town, proclaiming the gift of security to all beings: and then saying, "O king, be watchful," he went to see his parents.

Of old in Oudh a king of deer I hight,
By name and nature, Nandiya, Delight.

To kill me in his deer-park came the King,
His bow was bent, his arrow on the string.

To the King's arrow I exposed my side;
Then saw my mother and was justified.

These were the stanzas inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

At the end, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—At the end of the Truths, the Brother who supported his mother was established in the First Path:—"At that time the father and mother were members of the royal family, the brahmin was Sāriputta, the king Ānanda, the deer myself."

No. 386.

KHARAPUTTA-JĀTAKA[1].

[275] "*Goats are stupid,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale in Jetavana, concerning temptation of a Brother by his former wife. When the Brother confessed that he was longing for the world, the Master said, "Brother, this woman does you harm: formerly also you came into the fire through her and were saved from death by sages," so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when a king named Senaka was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was Sakka. The king Senaka was friendly with a certain nāga-king. This nāga-king, they say, left the nāga-world and ranged the

[1] For variants on this story see Benfey in *Orient and Occident*, vol. ii. pp. 133 ff., and the second story in the Arabian Nights.

earth seeking food. The village boys seeing him said, "This is a snake," and struck him with clods and other things. The king, going to amuse himself in his garden, saw them, and being told they were beating a snake, said, "Don't let them beat him, drive them away"; and this was done. So the nāga-king got his life, and when he went back to the nāga-world, he took many jewels, and coming at midnight to the king's bed-chamber he gave them to him, saying, "I got my life through you": so he made friendship with the king and came again and again to see him. He appointed one of his nāga girls, insatiate in pleasures, to be near the king and protect him: and he gave the king a charm, saying, "If ever you do not see her, repeat this charm." One day the king went to the garden with the nāga girl and was amusing himself in the lotus-tank. The nāga girl seeing a water-snake quitted her human shape and made love with him. The king not seeing the girl said, [276] "Where is she gone?" and repeated the spell: then he saw her in her misconduct and struck her with a piece of bamboo. She went in anger to the nāga-world, and when she was asked, "Why are you come?" she said, "Your friend struck me on the back because I did not do his bidding," shewing the mark of the blow. The nāga-king, not knowing the truth, called four nāga youths and sent them with orders to enter Senaka's bed chamber and destroy him like chaff by the breath of their nostrils. They entered the chamber at the royal bed-time. As they came in, the king was saying to the queen: "Lady, do you know where the nāga-girl has gone?" "King, I do not." "To-day when we were bathing in the tank, she quitted her shape and misconducted herself with a water-snake: I said, 'Don't do that,' and struck her with a piece of bamboo to give her a lesson: and now I fear she may have gone to the nāga-world and told some lie to my friend, destroying his good-will to me." The young nāgas hearing this turned back at once to the nāga-world and told their king. He being moved went instantly to the king's chamber, told him all and was forgiven: then he said, "In this way I make amends," and gave the king a charm giving knowledge of all sounds: "This, O king, is a priceless spell: if you give anyone this spell you will at once enter the fire and die." The king said, "It is well," and accepted it. From that time he understood the voice even of ants. One day he was sitting on the dais eating solid food with honey and molasses: and a drop of honey, a drop of molasses, and a morsel of cake fell on the ground. An ant seeing this comes crying, "The king's honey-jar is broken on the dais, his molasses-cart [277] and cake-cart are upset; come and eat honey and molasses and cake." The king hearing the cry laughed. The queen being near him thought, "What has the king seen that he laughs?" When the king had eaten his solid food and bathed and sat down cross-legged, a fly said to his wife, "Come, lady, let us enjoy love." She said, "Excuse me for a little, husband: they

will soon be bringing perfumes to the king; as he perfumes himself some powder will fall at his feet: I will stay there and become fragrant, then we will enjoy ourselves lying on the king's back." The king hearing the voice laughed again. The queen thought again, "What has he seen that he laughs?" Again when the king was eating his supper, a lump of rice fell on the ground. The ants cried, "A wagon of rice has broken in the king's palace, and there is none to eat it." The king hearing this laughed again. The queen took a golden spoon and helping him reflected, "Is it at the sight of me that the king laughs?" She went to the bed-chamber with the king and at bed-time she asked, "Why did you laugh, O king?" He said, "What have you to do with why I laugh?" but being asked again and again he told her. Then she said, "Give me your spell of knowledge." He said, "It cannot be given": but though repulsed she pressed him again.

The king said, "If I give you this spell, I shall die." "Even though you die, give it me." The king, being in the power of womankind, saying, "It is well," consented and went to the park in a chariot, saying, "I shall enter the fire after giving away this spell." At that moment, Sakka, king of gods, looked down on the earth and seeing this case said, "This foolish king, knowing that he will enter the fire through womankind, is on his way; I will give him his life": so he took Sujā, daughter of the Asuras, and went to Benares. [278] He became a he-goat and made her a she-goat, and resolving that the people should not see them, he stood before the king's chariot. The king and the Sindh asses yoked in the chariot saw him, but none else saw him. For the sake of starting talk he was as if making love with the she-goat. One of the Sindh asses yoked in the chariot seeing him said, "Friend goat, we have heard before, but not seen, that goats are stupid and shameless: but you are doing, with all of us looking on, this thing that should be done in secret and in a private place, and are not ashamed: what we have heard before agrees with this that we see:" and so he spoke the first stanza:

'Goats are stupid,' says the wise man, and the words are surely true:
This one knows not he's parading what in secret he should do.

The goat hearing him spoke two stanzas:

O, sir donkey, think and realise your own stupidity,
You're tied with ropes, your jaw is wrenched, and very downcast is your eye.

When you're loosed, you don't escape, Sir, that's a stupid habit too:
And that Senaka you carry, he's more stupid still than you.

[279] The king understood the talk of both animals, and hearing it he quickly sent away the chariot. The ass hearing the goat's talk spoke the fourth stanza:

Well, Sir king of goats, you fully know my great stupidity:
But how Senaka is stupid, prithee do explain to me.

The goat explaining this spoke the fifth stanza :—

He who his own special treasure on his wife will throw away,
Cannot keep her faithful ever and his life he must betray.

The king hearing his words said, "King of goats, *you* will surely act for my advantage : tell me now what is right for me to do." Then the goat said, "King, to all animals no one is dearer than self: it is not good [280] to destroy oneself and abandon the honour one has gained for the sake of anything that is dear": so he spoke the sixth stanza :—

A king, like thee, may have conceived desire
And yet renounced it if his life's the cost:
Life is the chief thing: what can man seek higher?
If life's secured, desires need ne'er be crossed.

So the Bodhisatta exhorted the king. The king, delighted, asked, "King of goats, whence come you?" "I am Sakka, O king, come to save you from death out of pity for you." "King of gods, I promised to give her the charm : what am I to do now?" "There is no need for the ruin of both of you: you say, 'It is the way of the craft,' and have her beaten with some blows: by this means she will not get it." The king said, "It is well," and agreed. The Bodhisatta after exhortation to the king went to Sakka's heaven. The king went to the garden, had the queen summoned and then said, "Lady, will you have the charm?" "Yes, lord." "Then go through the usual custom." "What custom?" "A hundred stripes [281] on the back, but you must not make a sound." She consented through greed for the charm. The king made his slaves take whips and beat her on both sides. She endured two or three stripes and then cried, "I don't want the charm." The king said, "You would have killed me to get the charm," and so flogging the skin off her back he sent her away. After that she could not bear to talk of it again.

At the end of the lesson the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth :—at the end of the Truths, the Brother was established in the First Path :—"At that time the king was the discontented brother, the queen his former wife, the steed Sāriputta, and Sakka was myself."

No. 387.

SŪCI-JĀTAKA.

"*Quickly threaded*," *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the perfection of wisdom. The occasion of the tale will be given in the Mahāummagga[1]. The Master addressed the brethren, "This is not the first time the Tathāgata is wise and skilled in devices," and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the kingdom of Kāsi in a smith's family, and when he grew up he became excellent in the craft. His parents were poor. Not far from their village was another smith's village of a thousand houses. The principal smith of the thousand was a favourite of the king, rich and of great substance. His daughter was exceedingly beautiful, like to a nymph of heaven, with all the auspicious marks of a lady of the land. People came from the villages round to have razors, axes, ploughshares and goads made, and generally saw that maiden. When they went back to their own villages, they praised her beauty [282] in the places where men sit and elsewhere. The Bodhisatta, being attracted by merely hearing of her, thought, "I will make her my wife": so he took iron of the best kind, and made one delicate strong needle which pierced dice and floated on water: then he made a sheath for it of the same kind and pierced dice with it: and in the same way he made seven sheaths: how he made them is not to be told, for such work prospers through the greatness of Bodhisattas' knowledge. Then he put the needle in a tube and placing it in a case he went to that village and asked for the street where the head-smith's house was: then standing at the door he said, "Who will buy for money from my hand a needle of this kind?" describing the needle, and so standing by the head-smith's house he spoke the first stanza:—

Quickly threaded, smooth and straight,
    Polished with emery,
Sharp of point and delicate,
    Needles! who will buy?

After this he praised it again and spoke the second stanza:—

Quickly threaded, strong and straight,
    Rounded properly,
Iron they will penetrate,
    Needles! who will buy?

[1] No. 546, vol. VI.

[283] At that moment the maiden was fanning her father with a palm-leaf as he lay on a little bed to allay discomfort after his early meal, and hearing the Bodhisatta's sweet voice, as if she had been sickened by a fresh lump of meat, and had the discomfort extinguished by a thousand pots of water, she said, "Who is this hawking needles with sweet voice in a village of smiths? For what business has he come? I will find out": so laying down the palm-fan she went out and spoke with him outside, standing in the verandah. The purpose of Bodhisattas prospers: it was for her sake he had come to that village. She speaking with him said, "Young man, dwellers in all the kingdom come to this village for needles and the like: it is in folly you wish to sell needles in a village of smiths; though you declare the praise of your needle all day no one will take it from your hand; if you wish to get a price, go to another village": so she spoke two stanzas:—

Our hooks are sold, both up and down,
    Men know our needles well:
We all are smiths in this good town:
    Needles! who can sell?

In iron-work we have renown,
    In weapons we excel:
We all are smiths in this good town:
    Needles! who can sell?

The Bodhisatta hearing her words said, "Lady, you say this not knowing and in ignorance": and so he spoke two stanzas:—

[284] Though all are smiths in this good town,
    Yet skill can needles sell;
For masters in the craft will own
    A first-rate article.

Lady, if once your father know
    This needle made by me;
On me your hand he would bestow
    And all his property.

The head-smith hearing all their talk called his daughter and asked, "Who is that you are talking to?" "Father, a man selling needles." "Then call him here." She went and called him. The Bodhisatta saluted the head-smith and stood by. The head-smith asked, "Of what village are you?" "I am of such a village and son of such a smith." "Why are you come here?" "To sell needles." "Come, let us see your needle." [285] The Bodhisatta, wishing to declare his qualities among them all, said, "Is not a thing seen in the midst of all better than one seen by each singly?" "Quite right, friend." So he gathered all the smiths together and in their midst said, "Sir, take the needle." "Master, have an anvil brought and a bronze dish full of water." This was done. The Bodhisatta took the needle-tube from the wrapper and gave it to

them. The head-smith taking it asked, "Is this the needle?" "No, it is not the needle, it is the sheath." He examining could not see end nor tip. The Bodhisatta, taking it from them, drew off the sheath with his nail and showing it to the people with "This is the needle, this is the sheath," he put the needle in the master's hand and the sheath at his feet. Again when the master said, "This is the needle, I suppose," he answered, "This too is a needle-sheath": then he struck it off with his nail, and so he laid six sheaths in succession at the head-smith's feet and saying, "Here is the needle," laid it on his hand. The thousand smiths snapped their fingers in delight, and the waving of cloths began; then the head-smith asked, "Friend, what is the strength of this needle?" "Master, have this anvil raised up by a strong man and a water-vessel set under the anvil: then strike the needle straight into the anvil." He had this done and struck the needle by the point into the anvil. The needle[1] piercing the anvil lay across on the surface of the water not moving a hair's breadth up or down. All the smiths said, "We have never heard all this time even by rumour that there are such smiths as this:" so they snapped their fingers and waved a thousand cloths. [286] The head-smith called his daughter and in the midst of the assembly saying, "This maiden is a suitable match for you," he poured water on[2] them and gave her away. And afterwards when the head-smith died the Bodhisatta became head-smith in the village.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth: "The smith's daughter was Rāhula's mother, the clever young smith was myself."

No. 388.

TUṆḌILA-JĀTAKA.

"*Something strange to-day,*" *etc.* The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a brother who feared death. He was born in Sāvatthi of good family and was ordained in the Faith: but he feared death and when he heard even a little moving of a bough, or falling of a stick or voice of bird or

[1] Reading *adhikaraṇim*: but we are not certain of the meaning.

[2] See Colebrooke's *Essays*, vol. I. p. 232.

beast or any such thing, he was frightened by the fear of death, and went away shaking like a hare wounded in the belly. The Brethren in the Hall of Truth began to discuss, saying, "Sirs, they say a certain Brother, fearing death, runs away shaking when he hears even a little sound: now to beings in this world death is certain, life uncertain, and should not this be wisely borne in mind?" The Master found that this was their subject and that the Brother allowed he was afraid of death: so he said, "Brethren, he is not afraid of death for the first time," and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was conceived by a wild sow: in due time she brought forth two male young. One day she took them and lay down in a pit. An old woman of a village at the gate of Benares was coming home with a basket-full of cotton from the cotton field [287] and tapping the ground with her stick. The sow heard the sound, and in fear of death left her young and ran away. The old woman saw the young pigs, and feeling towards them as to children of her own she put them in the basket and took them home: then she called the elder Mahātuṇḍila (Big-snout), the younger Cullatuṇḍila (Little-snout), and reared them like children. In time they grew up and became fat. When the old woman was asked to sell them for money, she answered, "They are my children," and would not sell them. On a certain feast-day some lewd fellows were drinking strong drink, and when their meat was done they considered where they could get meat: finding out that there were pigs in the old woman's house, they took money and going there, said, "Mother, take this money and give us one of those pigs." She said, "Enough, young men: are there people who would give their children to buyers to eat their flesh?" and so refused them. The fellows said, "Mother, pigs cannot be children of men, give them to us": but they could not get this though they asked again and again. Then they made the old woman drink strong drink, and when she was drunk, saying, "Mother, what will you do with the pigs? take the money and spend it," they put pieces of money in her hand. She took the pieces saying, "I cannot give you Mahātuṇḍila, take Cullatuṇḍila." "Where is he?" "There he is in that bush." "Call him." "I don't see any food for him." The fellows sent for a vessel of rice at a price. The old woman took it, and filling the pig's trough which stood at the door she waited by it. Thirty fellows stood by with nooses in their hands. The old woman called him, "Come, little Cullatuṇḍila, come." [288] Mahātuṇḍila, hearing this, thought, "All this time mother has never given the call to Cullatuṇḍila, she always calls me first; certainly some danger must have arisen for us to-day." He told his younger brother, saying, "Brother, mother is calling you, go and find out." He went out, and seeing them standing by the food-trough he thought, "Death is come upon me to-day,"

and so in fear of death he turned back shaking to his brother; and when he came back he could not contain himself but reeled about shaking. Mahātuṇḍila seeing him said, "Brother, you are shaking to-day and reeling and watching the entrance: why are you doing so?" He, explaining the thing that he had seen, spoke the first stanza:—

Something strange to-day I fear:
  The trough is full, and mistress by;
Men, noose in hand, are standing near:
  To eat appears a jeopardy.

Then the Bodhisatta hearing him said, "Brother Cullatuṇḍila, the purpose for which my mother rears pigs all this time [289] has to-day come to its fulfilment: do not grieve," and so with sweet voice and the ease of a Buddha he expounded the law and spoke two stanzas:—

You fear, and look for aid, and quake,
  But, helpless, whither can you flee?
We're fattened for our flesh's sake:
  Eat, Tuṇḍila, and cheerfully.

Plunge bold into the crystal pool,
  Wash all the stains of sweat away:
You'll find our ointment wonderful,
  Whose fragrance never can decay.

As he considered the Ten Perfections, setting the Perfection of Love before him as his guide, and uttered the first line, his voice reached and extended to Benares over the whole twelve leagues. At the instant of hearing it, the people of Benares from kings and viceroys downwards came, and those who did not come stood listening in their houses. The king's men breaking down the bush levelled the ground and scattered sand. The drunkenness left the lewd fellows, and throwing away the nooses they stood listening to the law. and the old woman's drunkenness left her also. The Bodhisatta began to preach the law to Cullatuṇḍila among the multitude.

[290] Cullatuṇḍila hearing him, thought, "My brother says so to me: but it is never our custom to plunge into the pool, and by bathing to wash away sweat from our bodies and after taking away old stain to get new ointment: why does my brother say so to me?" So he spoke the fourth stanza:—

But what is that fair crystal pool,
  And what the stains of sweat, I pray?
And what the ointment wonderful,
  Whose fragrance never can decay?

The Bodhisatta hearing this said, "Then listen with attentive ear," and so expounding the law with the ease of a Buddha he spoke these stanzas:—

The law is the fair crystal pool,
Sin is the stain of sweat, they say:
Virtue's the ointment wonderful,
Whose fragrance never will decay.

Men that lose their life are glad,
Men that keep it feel annoy:
Men should die and not be sad,
As at mid-month's festal joy.

[292] So the Great Being expounded the law in a sweet voice with a Buddha's charm. The multitude by thousands snapped their fingers and waved their cloths, and the air was full of the cry, "Good, good." The king of Benares honoured the Bodhisatta with royal place, and giving glory to the old woman he caused both pigs to be bathed in perfumed water, and clothed with robes, and ornamented with jewels on the neck, and put them in the position of his sons in the city: so he guarded them with a great retinue. The Bodhisatta gave the five commands to the king, and all the inhabitants of Benares and Kāsi kept the commands. The Bodhisatta preached the law to them on the holy days (new and full moon), and sitting in judgment decided cases: while he lived there were no bringers of unjust suits. Afterwards the king died. The Bodhisatta did the last honours to his body: then he caused a book of judgments to be written and said, "By observing this book ye should settle suits": so having expounded the Law to the people and preached to them with zeal, he went to the forest with Cullatuṇḍila while they all wept and lamented. Then the Bodhisatta's preaching went on for sixty thousand years.

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[293] After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—at the end of the Truths the Brother who feared death was established in the fruition of the first Path:—"In those days the king was Ānanda, Cullatuṇḍila was the Brother who fears death, the multitude was the Congregation, Mahātuṇḍila myself."

No. 389.

SUVAṆṆAKAKKAṬA-JĀTAKA.

"*Gold-clawed creature,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale when dwelling in the Bamboo-grove, of Ānanda's dying for his sake. The occasion is told in the Khandahāla[1] Birth about the hiring of bowmen, and in the Cullahaṃsa[2] Birth

[1] No. 542, vol. VI. [2] No. 533, vol. V.

about the roar of the elephant Dhanapāla[1]. Then they began a discussion in the Hall of Truth: "Sirs, has the Elder Ānanda, Treasurer of the Law, who attained all the wisdom possible to one still under discipline, given up his life for the Perfect Buddha when Dhanapāla came?" The Master came and was told the subject of their discussion: he said, "Brother, in former times also Ānanda gave up his life for me:" and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time there was a brahmin village called Sālindiya on the east side of Rājagaha. The Bodhisatta was born there in that village in a brahmin farmer's family. When he grew up he settled down and worked a farm of a thousand karīsas[2] in a district of Magadha to the north-east of the village. One day he had gone to the field with his men, and giving them orders to plough he went to a great pool at the end of the field to wash his face. In that pool there lives a crab of golden hue, beautiful and charming. The Bodhisatta having chewed his toothpick went down into the pool. When he was washing his mouth [294], the crab came near. Then he lifted up the crab and taking it laid it in his outer garment: and after doing his work in the field he put the crab again in the pool and went home. From that time when going to the field he always went first to that pool, laid the crab in his outer garment and then went about his work. So a strong feeling of confidence arose between them. The Bodhisatta came to the field constantly. Now in his eyes were seen the five graces and the three circles very pure. A she-crow in a nest on a palm in that corner of the field saw his eyes, and wishing to eat them said to the he-crow, "Husband, I have a longing." "Longing for what?" "I wish to eat the eyes of a certain brahmin." "Your longing is a bad one: who will be able to get them for you?" "I know that you can't: but in the ant-hill near our tree there lives a black snake: wait on him: he will bite the brahmin and kill him, then you will tear out his eyes and bring them to me." He agreed and afterwards waited on the black snake. The crab was grown great at the time when the seed sown by the Bodhisatta was sprouting. One day the snake said to the crow, "Friend, you are always waiting on me: what can I do for you?" "Sir, your female slave has taken a longing for the eyes of the master of this field: I wait on you in hopes of getting his eyes through your favour." The snake said, "Well, that is not difficult, you shall get them," and so encouraged him. Next day the snake lay waiting for the brahmin's coming, hidden [295] in the grass, by the boundary of the field where he came The Bodhisatta

[1] See introductory story to No. 21, Vol. i.; *Milindapañho*, p. 207.

[2] According to Childers, *Pali Dictionary* s.v. ammaṇam, this would be about eight thousand acres.

entering the pool and washing his mouth felt a return of affection for the crab, and embracing it laid it in his outer garment and went to the field. The snake saw him come, and rushing swiftly forward bit him in the flesh of the calf and having made him fall on the spot fled to his ant-hill. The fall of the Bodhisatta, the spring of the golden crab from the garment, and the perching of the crow on the Bodhisatta's breast followed close on each other. The crow perching put his beak into the Bodhisatta's eyes. The crab thought, "It was through this crow that the danger came on my friend: if I seize him the snake will come," so seizing the crow by the neck with its claw firmly as if in a vice, he got weary and then loosed him a little. The crow called on the snake, "Friend, why do you forsake me and run away? this crab troubles me, come ere I die," and so spoke the first stanza:—

Gold-clawed creature with projecting eyes,
Tarn-bred, hairless, clad in bony shell,
He has caught me: hear my woeful cries!
Why do you leave a mate that loves you well?

The snake hearing him, made its hood large and came consoling the crow.

The Master explaining the case in his Perfect Wisdom spoke the second stanza:—

[296] The snake fell on the crab amain, his friend he'd not forsake:
Puffing his mighty hood he came: but the crab turned on the snake.

The crab being weary then loosed him a little. The snake thinking, "Crabs do not eat the flesh of crows nor of snakes, then for what reason does this one seize us?" in enquiry spoke the third stanza:—

'Tis not for the sake of food
Crabs would seize a snake or crow:
Tell me, you whose eyes protrude,
Why you take and grip us so?

Hearing him, the crab explaining the reason spoke two stanzas:—

This man took me from the pool,
Great the kindness he has done;
If he dies, my grief is full:
Serpent, he and I are one.

Seeing I am grown so great
All would kill me willingly:
Fat and sweet and delicate,
Crows at sight would injure me!

[297] Hearing him, the snake thought: "By some means I must deceive him and free myself and the crow." So to deceive him he spoke the sixth stanza:—

If you have seized us only for his sake,
I'll take the poison from him: let him rise:
Quick! from the crow and me your pincers take;
Till then the poison's sinking deep, he dies.

Hearing him the crab thought, "This one wishes to make me let these two go by some means and then run away, he knows not my skill in device; now I will loosen my claw so that the snake can move, but I will not free the crow," so he spoke the seventh stanza:—

[298] I'll free the snake, but not the crow;
The crow shall be a hostage bound:
Never shall I let him go
Till my friend be safe and sound.

So saying he loosened his claw to let the snake go at his ease. The snake took away the poison and left the Bodhisatta's body free from it. He rose up well and stood in his natural hue. The crab thinking, "If these two be well there will be no prosperity for my friend, I will kill them," crushed both their heads like lotus-buds with his claws and took the life from them. The she-crow fled away from the place. The Bodhisatta spiked the snake's body with a stick and threw it on a bush, let the golden crab go free in the pool, bathed and then went to Sālindiya. From that time there was still greater friendship between him and the crab.

The lesson ended, the Master declared the Truths, and identifying the Birth spoke the last stanza:—

"Māra was the dusky serpent, Devadatta was the crow,
Good Ānanda was the crab, and I the brahmin long ago."

At the end of the Truths many reached the First Path and the other Paths. The female crow was Ciñcamānavikā, though this is not mentioned in the last stanza.

No. 390.

MAYHAKA-JĀTAKA.

[299] "*Did we joy,*" *etc.*—The Master told this while dwelling in Jetavana, of a stranger merchant. There was in Sāvatthi a stranger merchant, rich and of great substance: he did not enjoy his wealth himself nor give it to others: if choice food of fine flavours was served he would not eat it, eating only broth of

rice-dust with sour gruel; if silken clothes perfumed with incense were brought him he had them removed, and wore clothes of coarse hair-cloth for sugar; if a chariot adorned with jewels and gold and drawn by high-bred horses were brought him, he had it taken away and went in a broken-down old chariot with a parasol of leaves overhead. All his life he did nothing with gifts or the other merits, and when he died he was born in the hell Roruva. His substance was heirless: and the king's men carried it into the palace in seven days and nights. When it was carried in, the king went after breakfast to Jetavana, and saluted the Master. When he was asked why he did not wait regularly on Buddha, he answered, "Lord, a stranger merchant has died at Sāvatthi: seven days have been spent in carrying his wealth, to which he left no heir, into my house: but though he had all that wealth he neither enjoyed it himself nor gave it to others: his wealth was like lotus-tanks guarded by demons. One day he fell into the jaws of death after refusing to enjoy the flavour of choice meats and the like. Now why did that selfish and undeserving man gain all that wealth, and for what reason did he not incline his thoughts to the enjoyment of it?" This was the question he put to the Master. "Great king, the reason why he gained his wealth and yet did not enjoy it, was this," and so at his request the Master told a tale of old times.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, there was an unbelieving selfish merchant in Benares: he gave nothing to any one, he provided for no one. One day going to wait on the king he saw a paccekabuddha, named Tagarasikhi, begging, and saluting him he asked, "Sir, have you got alms?" The paccekabuddha said, "Am I not begging, merchant?" [300] The merchant gave orders to his man, "Go, take him to my house, set him on my seat and give him his bowl-full of the food prepared for me." The man took him to the house, set him down, and told the merchant's wife: she gave him his bowl full of food of excellent flavours. He taking the food and leaving the house went along the street. The merchant, returning from court, saw him and saluting asked him if he had got food. "I have, merchant." The merchant, looking at his bowl, could not reconcile his will to it, but thinking, "Had my slaves or work-people eaten this food of mine they would have done me hard service: alas, it is a loss for me!" and he could not make the after-thought perfect. Now giving is rich in fruit only to one who can make the three thoughts perfect:—

Did we joy to feel the wish to give,
  Give the gift, and give it cheerfully,
Ne'er regret the giving while we live,
  Children born of us would never die.
Joy before the bounty's given, giving cheerfully,
Pleasure at the thought thereafter, that is perfect charity.

So the stranger merchant gained much wealth, by reason of his giving alms to Tagarasikhi, but he could not enjoy his wealth because he could not make his after-thought pure. "Lord, why did he have no son?" The Master said, "O king, this was the cause of his having no son": and so at his request he told a tale of old.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a merchant's family worth eighty crores. When he grew up, at his parents' death he provided for his younger brother and carried on the house: he made an alms-chamber at the house-door and lived as a householder giving much in alms. One son was born to him; and when the son could walk on his feet, he saw the misery of desires and the blessing of renunciation, so handing over all his substance [301] together with his wife and child to his younger brother, he exhorted him

to continue almsgiving with diligence; then he became an ascetic, and gaining the Faculties and Attainments he dwelt in the Himālaya. The younger brother took that one son: but seeing him grow up he thought, "If my brother's son lives, the estate will be divided into two parts, I will kill my brother's son." So one day, sinking him in a river, he killed him. After he had bathed and come home, his brother's wife asked him, "Where is my boy?" "He was disporting himself in the river: I looked for him but could not see him." She wept and said nothing. The Bodhisatta, knowing of this matter, thought, "I will make this business public"; and so going through the air and lighting at Benares in fair raiment under and upper, he stood at the door: not seeing the alms-chamber, he thought, "That wicked man has destroyed the chamber." The younger brother, hearing of his coming, came and saluted the Bodhisatta and taking him up to the roof gave him good food to eat. And when the meal was over, seated for friendly talk he said, "My son does not appear: where is he?" "Dead, my lord." "In what way?" "At a bathing place: but I do not know the exact way." "Not know, thou wicked man! your deed was known to me: did you not kill him in that way? will you be able to keep that wealth when destroyed by kings and others? What difference is there, between you and the Mayha bird?" So the Bodhisatta expounding the law with the ease of a Buddha spoke these stanzas:--

There is a bird called Mayhaka, in mountain cave it lives:
On pipal trees with ripening fruit, 'mine,' 'mine' the cry it gives.

[302] The other birds, while thus he plains, in flocks about him fly:
They eat the fruit, but still goes on the Mayha's plaintive cry.

And even so a single man enormous wealth may win,
And yet may not divide it fair between himself and kin.

Not once enjoyment does he reap, of raiment or of food,
Of perfumes or of garlands gay; nor does his kinsfolk good.

'Mine, mine,' he whimpers as he guards his treasures greedily:
But kings, or robbers, or his heirs that wish to see him die
Pillage his wealth: yet still goes on the miser's plaintive cry.

A wise man, gaining riches great, is helpful to his kin:
'Tis thus he'll win repute on earth and heaven hereafter win.

[303] So the Great Being expounding to him the law made him renew the alms-giving, and going to the Himālaya pursued meditation without interruption and so went to the Brahmaloka heaven.

After the lesson, the Master said, "So, great king, the stranger merchant had neither son nor daughter for all that time because he killed his brother's son," and then he identified the Birth: "The younger brother was the stranger merchant, the elder was myself."

No. 391.

DHAJAVIHEṬHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Noble of face,*" *etc.*—The Master told this while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning his going about for the whole world's good. The occasion will appear in the Mahākaṇha Birth[1]. Then the Master said, "Brethren, this is not the first time the Tathāgata has gone about for the world's good," and so told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was Sakka. At that time a wizard, using his magic, came at midnight and corrupted the chief queen of Benares. Her handmaids knew of this. She herself went to the king and said, "Your majesty, some man enters the royal chamber at midnight and corrupts me." "Could you make any mark on him?" "I can." So she got a bowl of real vermilion, and when the man came at night and was going away after enjoyment, she set the mark of her five fingers on his back and in the morning told the king. The king gave orders to his men to go and looking everywhere bring a man with a vermilion mark on his back.

Now the wizard after his misconduct at night stands by day in a cemetery on one foot worshipping the sun. The king's men saw him and surrounded him: but he, thinking that his action had become known to them, [304] used his magic and flew away in the air. The king asked his men when they came back from seeing this, "Did you see him?" "Yes, we saw him." "Who is he?" "A Brother, your majesty." For after his misconduct at night he lived by day in disguise of a Brother. The king thought, "These men go about by day in ascetic's garb and misconduct themselves at night;" so being angry with the Brethren, he adopted heretical views, and sent round a proclamation by drum that all the Brethren must depart from his kingdom and that his men would punish them wherever found. All the ascetics fled from the kingdom of Kāsi, which was three hundred leagues in extent, to other royal cities, and there was no one, righteous Buddhist or Brahmin, to preach to the men of all Kāsi; so that the men without preaching became savage, and being averse to charity and the commandments were born in a state of punishment for the most part as they died, and never got birth in heaven. Sakka, not

[1] No. 469, vol. iv.

seeing any new gods, reflected on what the reason might be, and saw that it was the expulsion of the Brethren from the kingdom by the king of Benares owing to his adopting heretical views in anger about the wizard: then he thought, "Except myself there is no one who can destroy this king's heresy; I will be the helper of the king and his subjects," so he went to the paccekabuddhas in the Nandamūla cave and said, "Sirs, give me an old paccekabuddha, I wish to convert the kingdom of Kāsi." He got the senior among them. When he took his bow' and robes Sakka set him before and came himself after, making respectful salutation and venerating the paccekabuddha: himself becoming a beautiful young Brother he went thrice round the whole city from end to end, and then coming to the king's gate he stood in the air. They told the king, "Your majesty, there is a beautiful young Brother with a priest standing in the air [305] at the king's gate." The king rose from his seat and standing at the lattice said, "Young Brother, why do you, who are beautiful, stand venerating that ugly priest and holding his bowl and robes?" and so talking with him he spoke the first stanza:—

Noble of face, you make obeisance low;
Behind one mean and poor to sight you go:
Is he your better or your equal, say,
Declare to us your name and his, we pray.

The Sakka answered, "Great king, priests are in the place of teacher[1]; therefore it is not right that I should utter his name: but I will tell you my own name," so he spoke the second stanza:—

Gods do not tell the lineage and the name
  Of saints devout and perfect in the way:
As for myself, my title I proclaim,
  Sakka, the lord whom thirty gods obey.

The king hearing this asked in the third stanza what was the blessing of venerating the Brother:—

He who beholds the saint of perfect merits,
  And walks behind him with obeisance low:
[306] I ask, O king of gods, what he inherits,
  What blessings will another life bestow?

Sakka replied in the fourth stanza:—

He who beholds the saint of perfect merits,
  Who walks behind him with obeisance low:
Great praise from men in this world he inherits,
  And death to him the path of heaven will show.

The king hearing Sakka's words gave up his own heretical views, and in delight spoke the fifth stanza:—

[1] It is wrong to tell the name of a saintly teacher, cf. Mahāvagga i. 74. 1.

Oh, fortune's sun on me to-day doth rise,
  Our eyes have seen thy majesty divine:
Thy saint appears, O Sakka, to our eyes,
  And many a virtuous deed will now be mine.

Sakka, hearing him praising his master, spoke the sixth stanza:—

Surely 'tis good to venerate the wise,
  To knowledge who their learned thoughts incline:
Now that the saint and I have met thine eyes,
  O king, let many a virtuous deed be thine.

[307] Hearing this the king spoke the last stanza:—

From anger free, with grace in every thought,
  I'll lend an ear whenever strangers sue:
I take thy counsel good, I bring to nought
  My pride and serve thee, Lord, with homage due.

Having said so he came down from the terrace, saluted the paccekabuddha and stood on one side. The paccekabuddha sat cross-legged in the air and said, "Great king, that wizard was no Brother: henceforward recognise that the world is not vanity, that there are good Buddhists and Brahmins, and so give gifts, practise morality, keep the holy-days," preaching to the king. Sakka also by his power stood in the air, and preaching to the townsfolk, "Henceforward be zealous," he sent round proclamation by drum that the Buddhists and Brahmins who had fled should return. Then both went back to their own place. The king stood firm in the admonition and did good works.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—"At that time the paccekabuddha reached Nirvāna, the king was Ānanda, Sakka was myself."

No. 392.

BHISAPUPPHA-JĀTAKA.

"*You were never,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a certain Brother. The story is that the Brother had left Jetavana and dwelt in the Kosala kingdom near a certain wood: one day he went down into a lotus-pool [308], and seeing a lotus in flower he stood to leeward and smelt

it. Then the goddess who dwelt in that part of the forest frightened him saying, "Sir, you are a thief of odours, this is a kind of theft." He went back in a fright to Jetavana, and saluted the Master and sat down. "Where have you been staying, Brother?" "In such and such a wood, and the goddess frightened me in such and such a way." The Master said, "You are not the first who have been frightened by a goddess when smelling a flower; sages of old have been frightened in like manner," and at the Brother's request he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family of a village in Kāsi: when he grew up he learned the arts at Takkasilā, and afterwards became an ascetic and lived near a lotus-pool. One day he went down into the pool and stood smelling a lotus in full flower. A goddess who was in a hollow in a trunk of a tree alarming him spoke the first stanza:—

You were never given that flower you smell, though it's only a single bloom;
'Tis a species of larceny, reverend sir, you are stealing its perfume.

Then the Bodhisatta spoke the second stanza:—

I neither take nor break the flower: from afar I smell the bloom.
I cannot tell on what pretence you say I steal perfume.

At the same moment a man was digging in the pool for lotus-fibres and breaking the lotus-plants. The Bodhisatta seeing him said, "You call a man thief if he smells the flower from afar: [309] why do you not speak to that other man?" So in talk with her he spoke the third stanza:—

A man who digs the lotus-roots and breaks the stalks I see:
Why don't you call the conduct of that man disorderly?

The goddess, explaining why she did not speak to him, spoke the fourth and fifth stanzas:—

Disgusting like a nurse's dress are men disorderly:
I have no speech with men like him, but I deign to speak to thee.

When a man is free from evil stains and seeks for purity,
A sin like a hair-tip shows on him like a dark cloud in the sky.

So alarmed by her the Bodhisatta in emotion spoke the sixth stanza:—

Surely, fairy, you know me well, to pity me you deign:
If you see me do the like offence, pray speak to me again.

Then the goddess spoke to him the seventh stanza:—

I am not here to serve you, no hireling folk are we:
Find, Brother, for yourself the path to reach felicity.

[310] So exhorting him she entered her own abode. The Bodhisatta entered on high meditation and was born in the Brahmaloka world.

The lesson ended, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—at the end of the Truths, the Brother was established in the fruit of the First Path:—"At that time the goddess was Uppalavaṇṇā, the ascetic myself."

No. 393.

VIGHĀSA-JĀTAKA.

"*Happy life is theirs,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in the East Garden, concerning some Brethren who were given to amusement. The great Moggallāna had shaken their dwelling and alarmed them. The Brethren sat discussing their fault in the Hall of Truth. The Master being told this said to them, "They are not given to amusement for the first time," and so told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was Sakka. Seven brothers in a certain village of Kāsi seeing the evil of desires had renounced them and become ascetics: they dwelt in Mejjhāraññа but lived in various kinds of amusement, not practising devotion diligently and being of full habit of body. Sakka, king of gods, said, "I will alarm them;" and so he became a parrot, came to their dwelling-place and perching on a tree spoke the first stanza to alarm them:—

[311] Happy life is theirs who live on remnants left from charity:
Praise in this world is their lot, and in the next felicity.

Then one of them hearing the parrot's words called to the rest, and spoke the second stanza:—

Should not wise men listen when a parrot speaks in human tongue:
Hearken, brethren: 'tis our praises clearly that this bird has sung.

Then the parrot denying this spoke the third stanza:—

Not your praises I am singing, carrion-eaters: list to me,
Refuse is the food you eat, not remnants left from charity.

When they heard him, they all together spoke the fourth stanza:—

Seven years ordained, with duly tonsured hair,
  In Mejjhārañña here we spend our days,
Living on remnants: if you blame our fare,
  Who is it then you praise?

The Great Being spoke the fifth stanza, putting them to shame:—

Leavings of the lion, tiger, ravening beast, are your supply:
Refuse truly, though ye call it remnants left from charity.

[312] Hearing him the ascetics said, "If we are not eaters of remnants, then who pray are?" Then he telling them the true meaning spoke the sixth stanza:—

They who giving alms to priests and brahmins, wants to satisfy
Eat the rest, 'tis they who live on remnants left from charity.

So the Bodhisatta put them to shame and went to his own place.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth: "At that time the seven brothers were the sportive Brethren, Sakka was myself."

No. 394.

VAṬṬAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Oil and butter*," *etc.*—The Master told this while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a greedy Brother. Finding that he was greedy the Master said to him, "This is not the first time you are greedy: once before through greed in Benares you were not satisfied with carcases of elephants, oxen, horses and men; and in hopes of getting better food you went to the forest;" and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a quail and lived in the forest on rude grass and seeds. At the time there was in Benares a greedy crow who, not content with carcases of elephants and other animals, went to the forest in hopes of better food: eating wild fruits there he saw the Bodhisatta and thinking "This quail is very fat: I fancy he eats sweet food, I will ask

him of his food and eating it become fat myself," he perched on a bough above the Bodhisatta. The Bodhisatta [313], without being asked, gave him greeting and spoke the first stanza :—

Oil and butter are your victuals, nuncle; rich your food, I trow:
Tell me then what is the reason of your leanness, master crow.

Hearing his words the crow spoke three stanzas :—

I dwell in midst of many foes, my heart goes pit-a-pat
In terror as I seek my food: how can a crow be fat?

Crows spend their lives in fear, their wits for mischief ever keen;
The bits they pick are not enough; good quail, that's why I'm lean.

Rude grass and seeds are all your food: there's little richness there:
Then tell me why you're fat, good quail, on such a scanty fare.

The Bodhisatta hearing him spoke these stanzas, explaining the reason of his fatness :—

I have content and easy mind, short distances to go,
I live on anything I get, and so I'm fat, good crow.

Content of mind, and happiness with little care of heart,
A standard easily attained: that life's the better part.

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[314] After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth :—At the end of the Truths the Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path: "At that time the crow was the greedy Brother, the quail was myself."

No. 395.

KĀKA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Our old friend,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a greedy Brother. The occasion is as above.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a pigeon and lived in a nest-basket in the kitchen of a

[1] Cf. no. 42, vol. i.; no. 274, vol. ii.

Benares merchant. A crow became intimate with him and lived there also. Here the story is to be expanded. The cook pulled out the crow's feathers and sprinkled him with flour, then piercing a cowrie he hung it on the crow's neck and threw him into a basket. The Bodhisatta came from the wood, and seeing him made a jest and spoke the first stanza :—

Our old friend! look at him!
A jewel bright he wears;
His beard in gallant trim,
How gay our friend appears!

[315] The crow hearing him spoke the second stanza :—

My nails and hair had grown so fast,
They hampered me in all I did:
A barber came along at last,
And of superfluous hair I'm rid.

Then the Bodhisatta spoke the third stanza :—

Granted you got a barber then,
Who has cropped your hair so well:
Round your neck, will you explain,
What's that tinkling like a bell?

Then the crow uttered two stanzas :—

Men of fashion wear a gem
Round the neck: it's often done:
I am imitating them:
Don't suppose it's just for fun.

If you're really envious
Of my beard that's trimmed so true:
I can get you barbered thus;
You may have the jewel too.

The Bodhisatta hearing him spoke the sixth stanza :—

Nay, 'tis you they best become,
Gem and beard that's trimmed so true.
I find your presence troublesome:
I go with a good-day to you.

[316] With these words he flew up and went elsewhere; and the crow died then and there.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth :—After the Truths, the greedy Brother was established in the fruition of the Third Path: "At that time the crow was the greedy Brother, the pigeon was myself."

BOOK VII. SATTANIPĀTA.

No. 396.

KUKKU-JĀTAKA.

[317] "*The peak's a cubit,*" *etc.*—The Master told this while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the admonition of a king. The occasion will appear in the Tesakuṇa-Birth[1].

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was his councillor in things temporal and spiritual. The king was set on the way of the evil courses, ruled his kingdom unrighteously and collected wealth by oppressing the people. The Bodhisatta wishing to admonish him goes about looking for a parable. Now the king's bed-chamber was unfinished and the roof was not complete upon it: the rafters supported a peak but were only just set in position. The king had gone and taken his pleasure in the park: when he came to his house he looked up and saw the round peak: fearing it would fall upon him he went and stood outside, then looking up again he thought "How is that peak resting so? and how are the rafters?" and asking the Bodhisatta he spoke the first stanza:—

[318] The peak's a cubit and a half in height,
Eight spans will compass it in circuit round,
Of simsapa and sāra built aright:
Why does it stand so sound?

Hearing him the Bodhisatta thought "I have now got a parable to admonish the king," and spoke these stanzas:—

The thirty rafters bent, of sāra wood,
Set equally, encompass it around,
They press it tightly, for their hold is good:
'Tis set aright and sound.

[1] No. 521, vol. v.

So is the wise man, girt by faithful friends,
By steadfast counsellors and pure:
Never from height of fortune he descends:
As rafters hold the peak secure.

[319] While the Bodhisatta was speaking, the king considered his own conduct, "If there is no peak, the rafters do not stand fast; the peak does not stand if not held by the rafters; if the rafters break, the peak falls: and even so a bad king, not holding together his friends and ministers, his armies, his brahmins and householders, if these break up, is not held by them but falls from his power: a king must be righteous." At that instant they brought him a citron as a present. The king said to the Bodhisatta, "Friend, eat this citron." The Bodhisatta took it and said, "O king, people who know not how to eat this make it bitter or acid: but wise men who know take away the bitter, and without removing the acid or spoiling the citron-flavour they eat it," and by this parable he showed the king the means of collecting wealth, and spoke two stanzas:—

The rough-skinned citron bitter is to eat,
If it remain untouched by carver's steel:
Take but the pulp, O king, and it is sweet:
You spoil the sweetness if you add the peel.

Even so the wise man without violence,
Gathers king's dues in village and in town,
Increases wealth, and yet gives no offence:
He walks the way of right and of renown.

[320] The king taking counsel with the Bodhisatta went to a lotus-tank, and seeing a lotus in flower, with a hue like the new-risen sun, not defiled by the water, he said: "Friend, that lotus grown in the water stands undefiled by the water." Then the Bodhisatta said, "O king, so should a king be," and spoke these stanzas in admonition:—

Like the lotus in the pool,
White roots, waters pure, sustain it;
In the sun's face flowering full,
Dust nor mud nor wet can stain it.

So the man whom virtues rule,
Meek and pure and good we style him:
Like the lotus in the pool
Stain of sin cannot defile him.

[321] The king hearing the Bodhisatta's admonition afterwards ruled his kingdom righteously, and doing good actions, charity and the rest, became destined for heaven.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth: "At that time the king was Ānanda, the wise minister myself."

No. 397.

MANOJA-JĀTAKA.

"*The bow is bent,*" *etc.*—The Master told this while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, concerning a Brother who kept bad company. The occasion was given at length in the Mahilāmukhata Birth[1]. The Master said, "Brethren, he is not keeping bad company for the first time," and told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a lion and living with a lioness had two children, a son and a daughter. The son's name was Manoja. When he grew up he took a young lioness to wife: and so they became five. Manoja killed wild buffaloes and other animals, and so got flesh to feed his parents, sister and wife. [322] One day in his hunting ground he saw a jackal called Giriya, unable to run away and lying on his belly. "How now, friend?" he said. "I wish to wait on you, my lord." "Well, do so." So he took the jackal to his den. The Bodhisatta seeing him said, "Dear Manoja, jackals are wicked and sinners, and give wrong advice; don't bring this one near you:" but could not hinder him. Then one day the jackal wished to eat horseflesh, and said to Manoja, "Sir, except horseflesh there is nothing we have not eaten; let us take a horse." "But where are there horses, friend?" "At Benares by the river bank." He took this advice and went with him there when the horses bathe in the river; he took one horse, and throwing it on his back he came with speed to the mouth of his den. His father eating the horseflesh said, "Dear, horses are kings' property, kings have many stratagems, they have skilful archers to shoot; lions who eat horseflesh don't live long, henceforward don't take horses." The lion not following his father's advice went on taking them. The king, hearing that a lion was taking the horses, had a bathing-tank for horses made inside the town: but the lion still came and took them. The king had a stable made, and had fodder and water given them inside it. The lion came over the wall and took the horses even from the stable. The king had an archer called who shot like lightning, and asked if he could shoot a lion. He said he could, and making a tower near the wall where the lion came he waited there. The lion came and, posting the jackal in a cemetery outside, sprang into the town to take the horses. T'.e

[1] No. 26, vol. i. p. 185.

archer thinking "His speed is very great when he comes," did not shoot him, but when he was going away after taking a horse, hampered by the heavy weight, he hit him with a sharp arrow in the hind quarters. The arrow came out at his front quarters and flew in the air. [323] The lion yelled "I am shot." The archer after shooting him twanged his bow like thunder. The jackal hearing the noise of lion and bow said to himself, "My comrade is shot and must be killed, there is no friendship with the dead, I will now go to my old home in the wood," and so he spoke two stanzas :—

The bow is bent, the bowstring sounds amain;
Manoja, king of beasts, my friend, is slain.

Alas, I seek the woods as best I may:
Such friendship's naught; others must be my stay.

The lion with a rush came and threw the horse at the den's mouth, falling dead himself. His kinsfolk came out and saw him blood-stained, blood flowing from his wounds, dead from following the wicked; and his father, mother, sister and wife seeing him spoke four stanzas in order :—

His fortune is not prosperous whom wicked folk entice;
Look at Manoja lying there, through Giriya's advice.

No joy have mothers in a son whose comrades are not good:
Look at Manoja lying there all covered with his blood.

And even so fares still the man, in low estate he lies,
Who follows not the counsel of the true friend and the wise.

This, or worse than this, his fate
Who is high, but trusts the low:
[324] See, 'tis thus from kingly state
He has fallen to the bow.

Lastly, the stanza of the Perfect Wisdom :—

Who follows outcasts is himself out cast,
Who courts his equals ne'er will be betrayed,
Who bows before the noblest rises fast;
Look therefore to thy betters for thine aid.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—After the Truths the brother who kept bad company was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the jackal was Devadatta, Manoja was the keeper of bad company, his sister was Uppalavaṇṇā, his wife the Sister Khemā, his mother the mother of Rāhula, his father myself."

No. 398.

SUTANO-JĀTAKA.

"*The King has sent,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a Brother who supported his mother. The occasion will appear in the Sāma[1] Birth.

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[325] Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the family of a poor householder: they called his name Sutana. When he grew up he earned wages and supported his parents: when his father died, he supported his mother. The king of that day was fond of hunting. One day he went with a great retinue to a forest a league or two in extent, and made proclamation to all, "If a deer escape by any man's post, the man is fined the value of the deer." The ministers having made a concealed hut by the regular road gave it to the king. The deer were roused by the crying of men who had surrounded their lairs, and one antelope came to the king's post. The king thought, "I will hit him," and sent an arrow. The animal, who knew a trick, saw that the arrow was coming to his broadside, and wheeling round fell as if wounded by the arrow. The king thought, "I have hit him," and rushed to seize him. The deer rose and fled like the wind. The ministers and the rest mocked the king. He pursued the deer and when it was tired he cut it in two with his sword: hanging the pieces on one stick he came as if carrying a pole and saying, "I will rest a little," he drew near to a banyan tree by the road and lying down fell asleep. A yakkha called Makhādeva was reborn in that banyan, and got from Vessavaṇa[2] all living things who came to it as his food. When the king rose he said, "Stay, you are my food," and took him by the hand. "Who are you?" said the king. "I am a yakkha born here, I get all men who come to this place as my food." The king, taking good heart, asked, "Will you eat to-day only or continually?" "I will eat continually what I get." "Then eat this deer to-day and let me go; from to-morrow I will send you a man with a plate of rice every day." "Be careful then: on the day when no one is sent [326] I will eat you." "I am king of Benares: there is nothing I cannot do." The yakkha took his promise and let him go. When the king came to the town, he told the case to a minister in attendance and asked what was to be done.

[1] No. 540, vol. VI.

[2] King of the yakkhas.

"Was a limit of time fixed, O king?" "No." "That was wrong when you were about it: but never mind, there are many men in the jail." "Then do you manage this affair, and give me life." The minister agreed, and taking a man from the jail every day sent him to the yakkha with a plate of rice without telling him anything. The yakkha eats both rice and man. After a time the jails became empty. The king finding no one to carry the rice shook with fear of death. The minister comforting him said, "O king, desire of wealth is stronger than desire of life: let us put a packet of a thousand pieces on an elephant's back and make proclamation by drum, 'Who will take rice and go to the yakkha and get this wealth?'" and he did so. The Bodhisatta thought, "I get pence and halfpence for my wages and can hardly support my mother: I will get this wealth and give it her, and then go to the yakkha: if I can get the better of him, well, and if I cannot she will live comfortably": so he told his mother, but she said, "I have enough, dear, I don't need wealth," and so forbade him twice; but the third time without asking her, he said, "Sirs, bring the thousand pieces, I will take the rice." So he gave his mother the thousand pieces and said, "Don't fret, dear; I will overcome the yakkha and give happiness to the people: I will come making your tearful face to laugh," and so saluting her he went to the king with the king's men, and saluting him stood there. The king said, "My good man, will you take the rice?" "Yes, O king." "What should you take with you?" [327] "Your golden slippers, O king." "Why?" "O king, that yakkha gets to eat all people standing on the ground at the foot of the tree: I will stand on slippers, not on his ground." "Anything else?" "Your umbrella, O king." "Why so?" "O king, the yakkha gets to eat all people standing in the shade of his own tree: I will stand in the shade of the umbrella, not of his tree." "Anything else?" "Your sword, O king." "For what purpose?" "O king, even goblins fear those with weapons in their hands." "Anything else?" "Your golden bowl, O king, filled with your own rice." "Why, good man?" "It is not meet for a wise man like me to take coarse food in an earthen dish." The king consented and sent officers to give him all he asked. The Bodhisatta said, "Fear not, O great king, I will come back to-day having overcome the yakkha and caused you happiness," and so taking the things needful and going to the place, he set men not far from the tree, put on the golden slippers, girt the sword, put the white umbrella over his head, and taking rice in a gold dish went to the yakkha. The yakkha watching the road saw him and thought, "This man comes not as they came on the other days, what is the reason?" The Bodhisatta drawing near the tree pushed the plate of rice in the shadow with the sword-point, and standing near the shadow spoke the first stanza:—

The king has sent thee rice prepared and seasoned well with meat:
If Makhādeva is at home, let him come forth and eat!

[328] Hearing him the yakkha thought, "I will deceive him, and eat him when he comes into the shadow," and so he spoke the second stanza:—

> Come inside, young man, with your seasoned food,
> Both it and you, young man, to eat are good.

Then the Bodhisatta spoke two stanzas:—

> Yakkha, you'll lose a great thing for a small,
> Men fearing death will bring no food at all.
>
> You'll have good supply of cheer,
> Pure and sweet and flavoured to your mind:
> But a man to bring it here,
> If you eat me, will be hard to find.

[329] The yakkha thought, "The young man speaks sense," and being well disposed spoke two stanzas:—

> Young Sutana, my interests are clearly as you show:
> Visit your mother then in peace, you have my leave to go.
>
> Take sword, and parasol, and dish, young man, and go your ways,
> Visit your mother happily and bring her happy days.

Hearing the yakkha's words the Bodhisatta was pleased, thinking, "My task is accomplished, the yakkha overcome, much wealth won and the king's word made good," and so returning thanks to the yakkha he spoke a final stanza:—

> With all thy kith and kin, yakkha, right happy may you be:
> The king's command has been performed, and wealth has come to me.

So he admonished the yakkha, saying, "Friend, you did evil deeds of old, you were cruel and harsh, you ate the flesh and blood of others and so were born as a yakkha: from henceforth do no murder or the like:" so telling the blessings of virtue and the misery of vice, he established the yakkha in the five virtues: then he said, "Why dwell in the forest? come, I will settle you by the city gate and make you get the best rice." So he went away with the yakkha, making him take the sword and the other things, and came to Benares. They told the king that Sutana was come with the yakkha. The king with his ministers [330] went out to meet the Bodhisatta, settled the yakkha at the city gate and made him get the best rice: then he entered the town, made proclamation by drum, and calling a meeting of the townsfolk spoke the praises of the Bodhisatta and gave him the command of the army: himself was established in the Bodhisatta's teaching, did the good works of charity and the other virtues, and became destined for heaven.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—After the Truths, the Brother who supported his mother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the Yakkha was Aṅgulimāla, the king Ānanda, the youth myself."

No. 399.

GIJJHA-JĀTAKA.

"*How will the old folks,*" *etc.*—The Master told this when dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a Brother who supported his mother.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born of a vulture. When he grew up he put his parents, now old and dim of eye, in a vulture's cave and fed them by bringing them flesh of cows and the like. At the time a certain hunter laid snares for vultures all about a Benares cemetery. One day the Bodhisatta seeking for flesh came to the cemetery and caught his foot in the snares. He did not think of himself, but remembered his old parents. "How will my parents live now? I think they will die, ignorant that I am caught, helpless and destitute, wasting away in that hill-cave:" so lamenting he spoke the first stanza:—

How will the old folks manage now within the mountain cave?
For I am fastened in a snare, cruel Nilīya's slave.

[331] The son of a hunter, hearing him lament, spoke the second stanza, the vulture spoke the third, and so on alternately:—

Vulture, what strange laments of yours are these my ears that reach?
I never heard or saw a bird that uttered human speech.

I tend my aged parents within a mountain cave,
How will the old folks manage now that I've become your slave?

Carrion a vulture sights across a hundred leagues of land;
Why do you fail to see a snare and net so close at hand?

When ruin comes upon a man, and fates his death demand,
He fails to see a snare or net although so close at hand.

Go, tend your aged parents within their mountain-cave,
Go, visit them in peace, you have from me the leave you crave.

O hunter, happiness be thine, with all thy kith and kin:
I'll tend my aged parents their mountain-cave within.

Then the Bodhisatta, freed from the fear of death, joyfully gave thanks and speaking a final stanza took his mouthful of meat, and went away and gave it to his parents.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—After the Truths, the Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—[332] "At that time, the hunter was Channa, the parents were king's kin, the vulture-king myself."

No. 400.

DABBHAPUPPHA-JĀTAKA.[1]

"*Friend Anutīracārī,*" *etc.*—The Master told this while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning Upananda, of the Sakya tribe. He was ordained in the faith, but forsook the virtues of contentment and the rest and became very greedy. At the beginning of the rains he tried two or three monasteries, leaving at one an umbrella or a shoe, at one a walking-stick or a water-pot, and dwelling in one himself. He began the rains in a country-monastery, and saying, "The Brethren must live contentedly," explained to the Brethren, as if he were making the moon rise in the sky, the way to the noble state of content, praising contentment with the necessaries. Hearing him the Brethren threw away their pleasant robes and vessels, and took pots of clay and robes of dust-rags. He put the others in his own lodging, and when the rains and the pavāraṇā festival were over he filled a cart and went to Jetavana. On the way, behind a monastery in the forest, wrapping his feet with creepers and saying, "Surely something can be got here," he entered the monastery. Two old Brethren had spent the rains there: they had got two coarse cloaks and one fine blanket, and, as they could not divide them, they were pleased to see him, thinking, "This Elder will divide these between us," and said, "Sir, we cannot divide this which is raiment for the rains; we have a dispute about it, do you divide it between us." He consented and giving the two coarse cloaks to them he took the blanket, saying, "This falls to me who know the rules of discipline," and went away. These Elders, who loved the blanket, went with him to Jetavana, and told the matter to the Brethren who knew the rules, saying, "Is it right for those who know the rules to devour plunder thus?" The Brethren seeing the pile of robes and bowls brought by the Elder Upananda, said, "Sir, you have great merit, you have gained much food and raiment." He said, "Sirs, where is my merit? I gained this in such and such a manner," telling them all. In the Hall of Truth they raised a talk, saying, "Sirs, Upananda, of the Sakya tribe, is very covetous and greedy." [333] The Master, finding their subject, said, "Brothers, Upananda's deeds are not suited for progress; when a Brother explains progress to another he should first act suitably himself and then preach to others."

Yourself first stablish in propriety,
Then teach; the wise should not self-seeking be.

By this stanza of the Dhammapada he showed the law and said, "Brothers, Upananda is not covetous for the first time; he was so before and he plundered men's property before": and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a tree-spirit by a river-bank. A jackal, named Māyāvī, had taken a wife and lived in a place by that river-bank. One day his mate said to him, "Husband, a longing has come upon me: I desire to eat a fresh rohita fish." He said, "Be easy, I will bring it you," and

[1] Cf. *Folk-lore Journal*, iv. 52, *Tibetan Tales*, p. 332.

going by the river he wrapt his feet in creepers, and went along the bank. At the moment, two otters, Gambhīracārī and Anutīracārī, were standing on the bank looking for fish. Gambhīracārī saw a great rohita fish, and entering the water with a bound he took it by the tail. The fish was strong and went away dragging him. He called to the other, "This great fish will be enough for both of us, come and aid me," speaking the first stanza:—

> Friend Anutīracārī, rush to my aid, I pray:
> I've caught a great fish: but by force he's carrying me away.

[334] Hearing him, the other spoke the second stanza:—

> Gambhīracārī, luck to you! your grip be firm and stout,
> And as a roc would lift a snake, I'll lift the fellow out.

Then the two together took out the rohita fish, laid him on the ground and killed him: but saying each to the other, "You divide him," they quarrelled and could not divide him: and so sat down, leaving him. At the moment the jackal came to the spot. Seeing him, they both saluted him and said, "Lord of the grey grass-colour, this fish was taken by both of us together: a dispute arose because we could not divide him: do you make an equal division and part it," speaking the third stanza:—

> A strife arose between us, mark! O thou of grassy hue,
> Let our contention, honoured sir, be settled fair by you.

The jackal hearing them, said, declaring his own strength:—

> I've arbitrated many a case and done it peacefully:
> Let your contention, honoured sirs, be settled fair by me.

Having spoken that stanza, and making the division, he spoke this stanza:—

> Tail, Anutīracārī; Gambhīracārī, head:
> The middle to the arbiter will properly be paid.

[335] So having divided the fish, he said, "You eat head and tail without quarrelling," and seizing the middle portion in his mouth he ran away before their eyes. They sat downcast, as if they had lost a thousand pieces, and spoke the sixth stanza:—

> But for our strife, it would have long sufficed us without fail:
> But now the jackal takes the fish, and leaves us head and tail.

The jackal was pleased and thinking "Now I will give my wife rohita fish to eat," he went to her. She saw him coming and saluting him spoke a stanza:—

> Even as a king is glad to join a kingdom to his rule,
> So I am glad to see my lord to-day with his mouth full.

Then she asked him about the means of attainment, speaking a stanza:—

How, being of the land, have you from water caught a fish?
How did you do the feat, my lord? pray answer to my wish.

The jackal, explaining the means to her, spoke the next stanza:—

By strife it is their weakness comes, by strife their means decay:
By strife the otters lost their prize: Māyāvi, eat the prey.

[336] There is another stanza uttered by the Perfect Wisdom of Buddha:—

Even so when strife arises among men,
They seek an arbiter: he's leader then:
Their wealth decays, and the king's coffers gain.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—"At that time the jackal was Upananda, the otters the two old men, the tree-spirit who witnessed the cause was myself."

No. 401.

DASAṆṆAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Dasanna's good sword,*" *etc.*—The Master told this, when living in Jetavana, concerning the temptation of a Brother by his wife when a layman. The Brother confessed that he was backsliding for this reason. The Master said, "That woman does you harm: formerly too you were dying of mental sickness owing to her, and got life owing to wise men," and so he told a tale of old.

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[337] Once upon a time when the great king Maddava was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin household. They called his name young Senaka. When he grew up he learned all the sciences at Takkasilā, and coming back to Benares he became king Maddava's counsellor in things temporal and spiritual, and being called wise Senaka he was looked upon in all the city as the sun or the moon. The son of the king's household priest came to wait on the king and seeing the chief queen adorned with all ornaments and exceedingly beautiful, he became enamoured, and

when he went home lay without taking food. His comrades enquired of him and he told them the matter. The king said, "The household priest's son does not appear, how is this?" When he heard the cause, he sent for him and said, "I give her to you for seven days, spend those days at your house and on the eighth send her back." He said, "Very well," and taking her to his house took delight with her. They became enamoured of each other, and keeping it secret they fled by the house door and came to the country of another king. No man knew the place they went to, and their path was like the way of a ship. The king made proclamation by drum round the city, and though he sought in many ways he did not find the place whither she had gone. Then great sorrow for her fell upon him: his heart became hot and poured out blood: after that blood flowed from his entrails, and his sickness became great. The great royal physicians could not cure him. The Bodhisatta thought, "The disease is not in the king, he is touched by mental sickness because he sees not his wife: I will cure him by a certain means"; so he instructed the king's wise counsellors, Āyura and Pukkusa by name, saying, "The king has no sickness, except mental sickness because he sees not the queen: now he is a great helper to us and we will cure him by a certain means: [338] we will have a gathering in the palace-yard and make a man who knows how to do it swallow a sword: we will put the king at a window and make him look down on the gathering: the king seeing the man swallow a sword will ask, 'Is there anything harder than that?' Then, my lord Āyura, you should make answer, 'It is harder to say 'I give up so and so'": then he will ask you, my lord Pukkusa, and you should make answer, "O king, if a man says, 'I give up so and so' and does not give it, his word is fruitless, no men live or eat or drink by such words; but they who do according to that word and give the thing according to their promise, they do a thing harder than the other: then I will find what to do next." So he made a gathering. Then these three wise men went and told the king, saying, "O great king, there is a gathering in the palace-yard; if men look down on it their sorrow becomes joy, let us go thither": so they took the king, and opening a window made him look down on the gathering. Many people were showing off each his own art which he knew: and a man was swallowing a good sword of thirty-three inches and sharp of edge. The king seeing him thought, "This man is swallowing the sword, I will ask these wise men if there is anything harder than that": so he asked Āyura, speaking the first stanza:—

> [1] Dasanna's good sword thirsts for blood, its edge is sharpened perfectly:
> Yet 'midst the crowd he swallows it: a harder feat there cannot be:
> I ask if anything is hard compared to this: pray answer me.

[1] A kingdom in Central India, apparently a seat of the sword-making art.

[339] Then he spoke the second stanza in answer:—

Greed may lure a man to swallow swords though sharpened perfectly:
But to say, 'I give this freely,' that a harder feat would be;
All things else are easy; royal Māgadha, I've answered thee.

When the king heard wise Āyura's words, he thought, "So then it is harder to say, 'I give this thing,' than to swallow a sword: I said, 'I give my queen to the priest's son': I have done a very hard thing": and so his sorrow at heart became a little lighter. Then thinking, "Is there anything harder than to say, 'I give this thing to another'?" he talked with wise Pukkusa and spoke the third stanza:—

Āyura has solved my question, wise in all philosophy:
Pukkusa I ask the question now, if harder feat there be:
Is there aught that's hard compared to this? pray answer me.

The wise Pukkusa in answer to him spoke the fourth stanza:—

Not by words men live, and not by language uttered fruitlessly:
But to give and not regret it, that a greater feat would be:
All things else are easy; royal Māgadha, I've answered thee.

[340] The king, hearing this, considered, "I first said, 'I will give the queen to the priest's son,' and then I did according to my word and gave her: surely I have done a hard thing": so his sorrow became lighter. Then it came into his mind, "There is no one wiser than wise Senaka, I will ask this question of him": and asking him he spoke the fifth stanza:—

Pukkusa has solved my question, wise in all philosophy:
Senaka I ask the question now, if harder feat there be:
Is there aught that's hard compared to this? pray answer me.

So Senaka spoke the sixth stanza in answer to him:—

If a man should give a gift, or small or great, in charity,
Nor regret the giving after: that a harder feat would be:
All things else are easy: royal Māgadha, I've answered thee.

The king, hearing the Bodhisatta's words, reflected: "I gave the queen to the priest's son of my own thought: [341] now I cannot control my thought, I sorrow and pine: this is not worthy of me. If she loved me she would not forsake her kingdom and flee away: what have I to do with her when she has not loved me but fled away?" As he thought thus, all his sorrow rolled away and departed like a drop of water on a lotus leaf. That instant his entrails were at rest. He became well and happy, and praised the Bodhisatta, speaking the final stanza:—

Āyura answered question, good Pukkusa as well:
The words of Senaka the wise all answers do excel.

And after this praise he gave him much wealth in his delight.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth :—after the Truths, the backsliding Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path :—"At that time the queen was the wife of his layman days, the king the backsliding Brother, Āyura was Moggallāna, Pukkusa was Sāriputta, and the wise Senaka was myself."

No. 402.

SATTUBHASTA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Thou art confused,*" *etc.*—The Master told this when staying in Jetavana, concerning the Perfection of Wisdom. The occasion of the story will appear in the Ummagga-Birth[2].

Once upon a time a king called Janaka was reigning in Benares. At that time the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family, and they called his name young Senaka. When he grew up he learned all the arts at Takkasilā, and returning to Benares saw the king. The king set him in the place of minister and gave him great glory. [342] He taught the king things temporal and spiritual. Being a pleasant preacher of the law he established the king in the five precepts, in alms-giving, in keeping the fasts, in the ten ways of right action, and so established him in the path of virtue. Throughout the kingdom it was as it were the time of the appearing of the Buddhas. On the fortnightly fast the king, the viceroys and others would all assemble and decorate the place of meeting. The Bodhisatta taught the law in a decorated room in the middle of a deer-skin-couch with the power of a Buddha, and his word was like the preaching of Buddhas. Then a certain old brahmin begging for money-alms got a thousand pieces, left them in a brahmin family and went to seek alms again. When he had gone, that family spent all his pieces. He came back and would have his pieces brought him. The brahmin, being unable to give them to him, gave him his daughter to wife. The other brahmin took her and made his dwelling in a brahmin village not far from Benares. Because of her youth his wife was unsatisfied in desires and sinned with another young brahmin. There are sixteen things that cannot be satisfied : and what are these sixteen? The sea is not satisfied with all rivers, nor

[1] See *Folk-lore Journal*, iv. 175, *Tibetan Tales*, viii. [2] No. 546, vol. vi.

the fire with fuel, nor a king with his kingdom, nor a fool with sins, nor a woman with three things, intercourse, adornment and child-bearing, nor a brahmin with sacred texts, nor a sage with ecstatic meditation, nor a sekha[1] with honour, nor one free from desire with penance, nor the energetic man with energy, nor the talker with talk, nor the politic man with the council, nor the believer with serving the church, nor the liberal man with giving away, nor the learned with hearing the law, nor the four congregations[2] with seeing the Buddha. So this brahmin woman [343], being unsatisfied with intercourse, wished to put her husband away and do her sin with boldness. So one day in her evil purpose she lay down. When he said, "How is it, wife?" she answered, "Brahmin, I cannot do the work of your house, get me a maid." "Wife, I have no money, what shall I give to get her?" "Seek for money by begging for alms and so get her." "Then, wife, get ready something for my journey." She filled a skin-bag with baked meal and unbaked meal, and gave them to him. The brahmin, going through villages, towns and cities, got seven hundred pieces, and thinking, "This money is enough to buy slaves, male and female," he was returning to his own village: at a certain place convenient for water he opened his sack, and eating some meal he went down to drink water without tying the mouth. Then a black snake in a hollow tree, smelling the meal, entered the bag and lay down in a coil eating the meal. The brahmin came, and without looking inside fastened the sack and putting it on his shoulder went his way. Then a spirit living in a tree, sitting in a hollow of the trunk, said to him on the way, "Brahmin, if you stop on the way you will die, if you go home to-day your wife will die," and vanished. He looked, but not seeing the spirit was afraid and troubled with the fear of death, and so came to the gate of Benares weeping and lamenting. It was the fast on the fifteenth day, the day of the Bodhisatta's preaching, seated on the decorated seat of the law, and a multitude with perfumes and flowers and the like in their hands came in troops to hear the preaching. The brahmin said, "Where are ye going?" and was told, "O brahmin, to-day wise Senaka preaches the law with sweet voice and the power of a Buddha: do you not know?" He thought, "They say he is a wise preacher, and I am troubled with the fear of death: wise men [344] are able to take away even great sorrow: it is right for me too to go there and hear the law." So he went with them, and when the assembly and the king among them had sat down round about the Bodhisatta, he stood at the outside, not far from the seat of the law, with his mealsack on his shoulder, afraid with the fear of death. The Bodhisatta preached as if he were bringing down the river of heaven or showering ambrosia. The multitude became well pleased, and making applause listened to the

[1] A holy man who has not attained sainthood.

[2] Brethren, Sisters, laymen and laywomen.

preaching. Wise men have far sight. At that moment the Bodhisatta, opening his eyes gracious with the five graces, surveyed the assembly on every side and, seeing that brahmin, thought, "This great assembly has become well pleased and listens to the law, making applause, but that one brahmin is ill pleased and weeps: there must be some sorrow within him to cause his tears: as if touching rust with acid, or making a drop of water roll from a lotus leaf, I will teach him the law, making him free from sorrow and well pleased in mind." So he called him, "Brahmin, I am wise Senaka, now will I make thee free from sorrow, speak boldly," and so talking with him he spoke the first stanza:—

Thou art confused in thought, disturbed in sense,
Tears streaming from thine eyes are evidence;
What hast thou lost, or what dost wish to gain
By coming hither? Give me answer plain.

[345] Then the brahmin, declaring his cause of sorrow, spoke the second stanza:—

If I go home my wife it is must die,
If I go not, the yakkha said, 'tis I;
That is the thought that pierces cruelly:
Explain the matter, Senaka, to me.

The Bodhisatta, hearing the brahmin's words, spread the net of knowledge as if throwing a net in the sea, thinking, "There are many causes of death to beings in this world: some die sunk in the sea, or seized therein by ravenous fish, some falling in the Gangeṡ, or seized by crocodiles, some falling from a tree or pierced by a thorn, some struck by weapons of divers kinds, some by eating poison or hanging or falling from a precipice or by extreme cold or attacked by diseases of divers kinds, so they die: now among so many causes of death from which cause shall this brahmin die if he stays on the road to-day, or his wife if he goes home?" As he considered, he saw the sack on the brahmin's shoulder and thought, "There must be a snake who has gone into that sack, and entering he must have gone in from the smell of the meal when the brahmin at his breakfast had eaten some meal and gone to drink water without fastening the sack's mouth: the brahmin coming back after drinking water must have gone on after fastening and taking up the sack without seeing that the snake had entered: [346] if he stays on the road, he will say at evening when he rests, 'I will eat some meal,' and opening the sack will put in his hand: then the snake will bite him in the hand and destroy his life: this will be the cause of his death if he stays on the road: but if he goes home the sack will come into his wife's hand; she will say, 'I will look at the ware within,' and opening the sack put in her hand, then the snake will bite her and destroy her life, and this will be the cause of her death if he goes home to-day." This he knew by his knowledge of expedients. Then this

came into his mind, "The snake must be a black snake, brave and fearless; when the sack strikes against the brahmin's broadside, he shows no motion or quivering; he shows no sign of his being there amidst such an assembly: therefore he must be a black snake, brave and fearless:" from his knowledge of expedients he knew this as if he was seeing with a divine eye. So as if he had been a man who had stood by and seen the snake enter the sack, deciding by his knowledge of expedients, the Bodhisatta answering the brahmin's question in the royal assembly spoke the third stanza:—

First with many a doubt I deal,
  Now my tongue the truth declares;
Brahmin, in your bag of meal
  A snake has entered unawares.

[347] So saying, he asked, "O brahmin, is there any meal in that sack of yours?" "There is, O sage." "Did you eat some meal to-day at your breakfast time?" "Yes, O sage." "Where were you sitting?" "In a wood, at the root of a tree." "When you ate the meal, and went to drink water, did you fasten the sack's mouth or not?" "I did not, O sage." "When you drank water and came back, did you fasten the sack after looking in?" "I fastened it without looking in, O sage." "O brahmin, when you went to drink water, I think the snake entered the sack owing to the smell of the meal without your knowledge: such is the case: therefore put down your sack, set it in the midst of the assembly and opening the mouth, stand back and taking a stick beat the sack with it: then when you see a black snake coming out with its hood spread and hissing, you will have no doubt:" so he spoke the fourth stanza:—

Take a stick and beat the sack,
  Dumb and double-tongued is he;
Cease your mind with doubts to rack;
  Ope the sack, the snake you'll see.

The brahmin, hearing the Great Being's words, did so, though alarmed and frightened. The snake came out of the sack when his hood was struck with the stick, and stood looking at the crowd.

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[348] The Master, explaining the matter, spoke the fifth stanza:

Frightened, 'midst the assembled rout,
  String of meal-sack he untied;
Angry crept a serpent out,
  Hood erect, in all his pride.

When the snake came out with hood erect, there was a forecast of the Bodhisatta as the omniscient Buddha. The multitude began waving cloths and snapping fingers in thousands, the showers of the seven precious stones were as showers from a thick cloud, cries of 'good' were raised in hundreds of thousands,

and the noise was like the splitting of the earth. This answering of such a question with the power of a Buddha is not the power of birth, nor the power of men rich in gifts and high family: of what is it the power then? Of knowledge: the man of knowledge makes spiritual insight to increase, opens the door of the noble Paths, enters the great and endless nirvāna and masters the perfection of disciple-hood, pacceka-buddha-hood, and perfect buddha-hood: knowledge is the best among the qualities that bring the great and endless nirvāna, the rest are the attendants of knowledge: and so it is said:—

'Wisdom is best,' the good confess,
 Like the moon in starry skies;
Virtue, fortune, righteousness,
 Are the handmaids of the wise.

When the question had been so answered by the Bodhisatta, a certain snake-charmer made a mouth-band for the snake, caught him and let him loose in the forest. The brahmin, coming up to the king, saluted him and made obeisance, and praising him spoke half a stanza:—

Great, king Janaka, thy gain,
Seeing Senaka the wise.

[349] After praising the king, he took seven hundred pieces from the bag and praising the Bodhisatta, he spoke a stanza and a half wishing to give a gift in delight:—

Dread thy wisdom; veils are vain,
Brahmin, to thy piercing eyes.

These seven hundred pieces, see,
Take them all, I give them thee;
'Tis to thee I owe my life,
And the welfare of my wife.

Hearing this, the Bodhisatta spoke the eighth stanza:—

For reciting poetry
 Wise men can't accept a wage;
Rather let us give to thee,
 Ere thou take the homeward stage.

So saying, the Bodhisatta made a full thousand pieces to be given to the brahmin, and asked him, "By whom were you sent to beg for money?" "By my wife, O sage." [350] "Is your wife old or young?" "Young, O sage." "Then she is doing sin with another, and sent you away thinking to do so in security: if you take these pieces home, she will give to her lover the pieces won by your labour: therefore you should not go home straight, but only after leaving the pieces outside the town at the root of a tree or somewhere:" so he sent him away. He, coming near the village, left his pieces at the root of a tree, and came home in the evening. His wife at that moment was seated with her lover. The brahmin stood at the door and said, "Wife." She recognised his voice, and putting out the light

opened the door: when the brahmin came in, she took the other and put him at the door: then coming back and not seeing anything in the sack she asked, "Brahmin, what alms have you got on your journey?" "A thousand pieces." "Where is it?" "It is left at such and such a place: never mind, we will get it to-morrow." She went and told her lover. He went and took it as if it were his own treasure. Next day the brahmin went, and not seeing the pieces came to the Bodhisatta, who said, "What is the matter, brahmin?" "I don't see the pieces, O sage." "Did you tell your wife?" "Yes, O sage." Knowing that the wife had told her lover, the Bodhisatta asked, "Brahmin, is there a brahmin who is a friend of your wife's?" "There is, O sage." "Is there one who is a friend of yours?" "Yes, O sage." Then the Great Being caused seven days' expenses to be given him and said, "Go, do you two invite and entertain the first day fourteen brahmins, seven for yourself and seven for your wife: from next day onwards take one less each day, till on the seventh day you invite one brahmin and your wife one: then if you notice that the brahmin your wife asks on the seventh day has come every time, tell me." [351] The brahmin did so, and told the Bodhisatta, "O sage, I have observed the brahmin who is always our guest." The Bodhisatta sent men with him to bring that other brahmin, and asked him, "Did you take a thousand pieces belonging to this brahmin from the root of such and such a tree?" "I did not, O sage." "You do not know that I am the wise Senaka; I will make you fetch those pieces." He was afraid and confessed, saying, "I took them." "What did you do?" "I put them in such and such a place, O sage." The Bodhisatta asked the first brahmin, "Brahmin, will you keep your wife or take another?" "Let me keep her, O sage." The Bodhisatta sent men to fetch the pieces and the wife, and gave the brahmin the pieces from the thief's hand; he punished the other, removing him from the city, punished also the wife, and gave great honour to the brahmin, making him dwell near himself.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—At the end of the Truths, many attained the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the brahmin was Ānanda, the spirit Sāriputta, the assembly was the church of Buddha, and wise Senaka was myself."

No. 403.

AṬṬHISENA-JĀTAKA.

"*Aṭṭhisena, many beggars,*" *etc.*—The Master told this when dwelling in the shrine called Aggāḷava near Āḷavī, concerning the regulations for the building of cells[1]. The occasion was told in the Maṇikaṇṭha Birth[2] above. The Master addressed the Brethren, saying, "Brethren, formerly [352] before Buddha was born in the world, priests of other religions, even though offered their choice by kings, never asked for alms, holding that begging from others was not agreeable or pleasant," and so he told the tale of old time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin household in a certain village, and they called his name young Aṭṭhisena. When he grew up, he learned all the arts at Takkasilā, and afterwards seeing the misery of desires he took the religious life, and reaching the higher Faculties and Attainments, he dwelt long in the Himalaya: then coming down among men to get salt and vinegar, he reached Benares, and after staying in a garden he came begging next day to the king's court. The king, being pleased with his bearing and manner, sent for him, and set him on a seat on the terrace, giving him good food: then receiving his thanks he was pleased, and exacting a promise made the Bodhisatta dwell in the royal garden, and went to wait on him two or three times each day. One day, being pleased with his preaching of the law, he gave him a choice, saying, "Tell me whatever you desire, beginning from my kingdom." The Bodhisatta did not say, "Give me so and so." Others ask for whatever they desire, saying, 'Give me this,' and the king gives it, if not attached to it. One day the king thought, "Other suitors and mendicants ask me to give them so and so; but the noble Aṭṭhisena, ever since I offered him a choice, asks for nothing: he is wise and skilful in device: I will ask him." So one day after the early meal he sat on one side, and asking him as to the cause of other men's making suits and his own making none, he spoke the first stanza:—

Aṭṭhisena, many beggars, though they're strangers utterly,
Throng to me with their petitions: why hast thou no suit to me?

[1] See above, p. 52.

[2] No. 253, vol. ii.

[353] Hearing him the Bodhisatta spoke the second stanza:—

Neither suitor, nor rejector of a suit, can pleasant be:
That's the reason, be not angry, why I have no suit to thee.

Hearing his words the king spoke three stanzas:—

He who lives by sueing, and has not at proper season sued,
Makes another fall from merit, fails to gain a livelihood.

He who lives by sueing, and has aye at proper season sued,
Makes another man win merit, gains himself a livelihood.

Men of wisdom are not angry when they see the suitors throng;
Speak, my holy friend; the boon thou askest never can be wrong.

[354] So the Bodhisatta, even though given the choice of the kingdom, made no suit. When the king's wish had been so expressed, the Bodhisatta to show him the priests' way said, "O great king, these suits are preferred by men of worldly desires and householders, not by priests: from their ordination priests must have a pure life unlike a householder:" and so showing the priests' way, he spoke the sixth stanza:—

Sages never make petitions, worthy laymen ought to know:
Silent stands the noble suitor: sages make petition so.

[355] The king hearing the Bodhisatta's words said, "Sir, if a wise attendant of his own knowledge gives what ought to be given to his friend, so I give to you such and such a thing," and so he spoke the seventh stanza:—

Brahmin, I offer thee a thousand kine,
Red kine, and eke the leader of the herd:
Hearing but now those generous deeds of thine,
I too in turn to generous deeds am stirred.

When he said this, the Bodhisatta refused, saying, "Great king, I took the religious life free from defilement: I have no need of cows." The king abode by his admonition; doing alms and other good works he became destined for heaven, and not falling away from his meditation, was born in the Brahma world.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—After the Truths many were established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the king was Ānanda, Aṭṭhisena was myself."

No. 404.

KAPI-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Let not the wise man,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning Devadatta being swallowed up by the earth. Finding that the Brethren were talking about this in the Hall of Truth, he said, "Devadatta has not been destroyed with his company now for the first time: he was destroyed before," and he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the womb of a monkey, and lived in the king's garden with a retinue of five hundred monkeys. [356] Devadatta was also born in the womb of a monkey, and lived there also with a retinue of five hundred monkeys. Then one day when the king's family priest had gone to the garden, bathed and adorned himself, one tricky monkey going ahead of him sat above the gateway arch of the garden, and let excrement fall on the priest's head as he went out. When the priest looked up, he let it fall again in his mouth. The priest turned back, saying in threat to the monkeys, "Very well, I shall know how to deal with you," and went away after washing. They told the Bodhisatta that he had been angry and threatened the monkeys. He made announcement to the thousand monkeys, "It is not well to dwell near the habitation of the angry; let the whole troop of monkeys flee and go elsewhere." A disobedient monkey took his own retinue and did not flee, saying, "I will see about it afterwards." The Bodhisatta took his own retinue and went to the forest. One day a female slave pounding rice had put some rice out in the sun and a goat was eating it: getting a blow with a torch and running away on fire, he was rubbing himself on the wall of a grass-hut near an elephant-stable. The fire caught the grass-hut and from it the elephant-stable; in it the elephants' backs were burnt, and the elephant doctors were attending the elephants. The family priest was always going about watching for an opportunity of catching the monkeys. He was sitting in attendance on the king, and the king said, "Sir, many of our elephants have been injured, and the elephant doctors do not know how to cure them; do you know any remedy?" "I do, great king." "What is it?" "Monkey's fat, great king." "How shall we get it?" "There are many monkeys in the garden." The king said, "Kill monkeys in the garden and get their fat." The archers went and killed five hundred monkeys with arrows. One old

[1] Cf. *Kākajātaka*, no. 140, vol. i. and *Tibetan Tales*, xliii.

monkey fled although wounded by an arrow, and though he did not fall on the spot [357], fell when he came to the Bodhisatta's place of abode. The monkeys said, "He has died when he reached our place of abode," and told the Bodhisatta that he was dead from a wound he had got. He came and sat down among the assembly of monkeys, and spoke these stanzas by way of exhorting the monkeys with the exhortation of the wise, which is "Men dwelling near their enemies perish in this way:"—

Let not the wise man dwell where dwells his foe:
One night, two nights, so near will bring him woe.

A fool's a foe to all who trust his word:
One monkey brought distress on all the herd.

A foolish chief, wise in his own conceit,
Comes ever, like this monkey, to defeat.

A strong fool is not good to guard the herd,
Curse to his kindred, like the decoy-bird.

One strong and wise is good the herd to guard,
Like Indra to the Gods, his kin's reward.

Who virtue, wisdom, learning, doth possess,
His deeds himself and other men will bless.

Therefore virtue, knowledge, learning, and himself let him regard,
Either be a lonely Saint or o'er the flock keep watch and ward.

[358] So the Bodhisatta, becoming king of monkeys, explained the way of learning the Discipline.

After the lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the disobedient monkey was Devadatta, his troop was Devadatta's company and the wise king was myself."

No. 405.

BAKA-BRAHMA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Seventy and two,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the brahma[2] Baka. In him a false doctrine arose, namely, "This present existence is perpetual, permanent, eternal, unchanging: apart from it there is no salvation or release at all." In a former birth this brahma had once

[1] Cf. Hardy, *Manual of Budhism*, p. 348.

[2] A brahma means an angel in one of the Brahma-loka heavens, three of which are mentioned below.

practised meditation, so he was born in the Vehapphala heaven. Having spent there an existence of five hundred kalpas, he was born in the Subhakiṇṇa heaven; after sixty-four kalpas there he passed and was born in the Ābhassara heaven, where existence is for eight kalpas. It was there that this false doctrine arose in him. He forgot that he had passed from higher Brahmaloka heavens and had been born in that heaven, and perceiving neither of these things had taken up the false doctrine. The Lord, understanding his reflections, [359] as easily as a strong man can extend his bent arm or bend his extended arm, disappearing from Jetavana, appeared in that Brahmaloka. The brahma, seeing the Lord, said, "Come hither, my lord; welcome, my lord; it is a long time, my lord, since thou hast taken this opportunity, even for coming hither; this world, my lord, is perpetual, it is permanent, it is eternal, it is absolute, it is unchanging; this world is not born, it decays not, it dies not, it passes not away, it is not born again: apart from this world there is no other salvation beyond." When this was said, the Lord said to Baka the brahma, "Baka the brahma has come to ignorance, he has come to ignorance, when he will say that a thing which is not permanent is permanent, and so on, and that there is no other salvation apart from this when there is another salvation." Hearing this the brahma thought, "This one presses me hard, finding out exactly what I say," and as a timid thief, after receiving a few blows, says, "Am I the only thief? so and so and so and so are thieves too," showing his associates; so he, in fear of the Lord's questioning, showing that others were his associates, spoke the first stanza:—

Seventy and two, O Gotama, are we
Righteous and great, from birth and age we're free:
Our heaven is wisdom's home, there's nought above:
And many others will this view approve.

Hearing his words, the Master spoke the second stanza:—

[360] Short your existence in this world: 'tis wrong,
Baka, to think existence here is long:
A hundred thousand aeons past and gone
All your existence well to me is known.

Hearing this, Baka spoke the third stanza:—

Of wisdom infinite, O Lord, am I:
Birth, age, and sorrow, all beneath me lie:
What should I do with good works, long ago?
Yet tell me something, Lord, that I should know.

Then the Lord, relating and showing him things of past time, spoke four stanzas:—

To many a man of old thou gavest drink
For thirst and parching drought ready to sink:
That virtuous deed of thine so long ago
Remembering, as if waked from sleep, I know.

[361] By Eṇi's bank thou sett'st the people free
When chained and held in close captivity:
That virtuous deed of thine so long ago
Remembering, as if waked from sleep, I know.

By Ganges' stream the man thou didst set free,
Whose boat was seized by nāga, cruelly
Lusting for flesh, and save him mightily:
That virtuous deed of thine, so long ago
Remembering, as if waked from sleep, I know.

And I was Kappa, thy disciple true,
Thy wisdom and thy virtues all I knew:
And now those deeds of thine so long ago
Remembering, as if waked from sleep, I know.

[363] Hearing his own deeds from the Master's discourse, Baka gave thanks and spoke this last stanza:—

Thou knowest every life that hath been mine:
Buddha thou art, all wisdom sure is thine:
And sure thy glorious majesty and state
Even this Brahma world illuminate.

So the Master, making known his quality as Buddha and expounding the Law, shewed forth the Truths. At the end the thoughts of ten thousand brahmas were freed from attachments and sins. So the Lord became the refuge of many brahmas, and going back from Brahmaloka to Jetavana preached the law in the way described and identified the Birth: "At that time Baka the brahma was the ascetic Kesava, Kappa the disciple was myself."

No. 406.

GANDHĀRA-JĀTAKA.

"*Villages full sixteen thousand*," *etc.*—The Master told this when dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the precept on the storing up of medicines[1]. The occasion however arose in Rājagaha. When the venerable Pilindiyavaccha went to the king's dwelling to set free the park-keeper's family[2], he made the palace all of gold by magic power: and the people in their delight brought to that elder the five kinds of medicine. He gave them away to the congregation of Brethren. So the congregation abounded in medicines, [364] and as they received the medicines, they filled pots and jars and bags in this way and laid them aside. People seeing this murmured, saying, "Those greedy priests are hoarding in their houses." The Master, hearing this thing, declared the precept, "Whatever medicines for sick brethren [sc. are received, must be used within seven days]," and said, "Brethren, wise men of old, before the Buddha appeared, ordained in heresy and keeping only the five precepts, used to chide those who laid aside even salt and sugar for the next day; but you, though ordained in such a rule of salvation, make a hoard for the second and the third day," and so he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time the Bodhisatta was the king's son of the Gandhāra kingdom; at his father's death he became king and ruled with righteousness

[1] *Mahāvagga* vi. 15. 10.
[2] See *Mahāvagga* vi. 15. 1—

In the Central Region, in the kingdom of Videha a king named Videha was ruling at the time. These two kings had never seen each other, but they were friends and had great trust the one in the other. At that time men were long-lived: their life was for thirty thousand years. Then once, on the fast day of the full moon, the king of Gandhāra had taken the vow of the commands[1], and on the dais in the middle of a royal throne prepared for him, looking through an open window on the eastern quarter, he sat giving to his ministers a discourse on the substance of the law. At that moment Rāhu was covering the moon's orb which was full and spreading over the sky. The moon's light vanished. The ministers, not seeing the moon's brightness, told the king that the moon was seized by Rāhu. The king, observing the moon, thought, "That moon has lost its light, being marred by some trouble from outside; now my royal retinue is a trouble, and it is not meet that I should lose my light like the moon seized by Rāhu: I will leave my kingdom like the moon's orb shining in a clear sky and become an ascetic: why should I admonish another? I will go about, detached from kin and people, admonishing myself alone: that is meet for me." So he said, "As ye please [365] so do," and gave over the kingdom to his ministers. When he gave up his kingdom in the two kingdoms of Kashmir and Gandhāra, he took the religious life, and attaining the transcendental faculty he passed the rains in the Himālaya region devoted to the delight of meditation. The king of Videha, having asked of merchants, "Is it well with my friend?" heard that he had taken the religious life, and thought, "When my friend has taken the religious life, what should I do with a kingdom?" So he gave up the rule in his city of Mithila, seven leagues in extent, and his kingdom of Videha, three hundred leagues in extent, with sixteen thousand villages, storehouses filled, and sixteen thousand dancing girls, and without thinking of his sons and daughters he went to the Himālaya region and took the religious life. There he lived on fruits only, dwelling in a state of quietude. Both of them following this quiet life afterwards met, but did not recognise each other: yet they lived together in this quiet life in friendliness. The ascetic of Videha waited upon the ascetic of Gandhāra. On a day of full moon as they were sitting at the root of a tree and talking on things relating to the law, Rāhu covered the moon's orb as it was shining in the sky. The ascetic of Videha looked up, saying, "Why is the moon's light destroyed?" And seeing that it was seized by Rāhu, he asked, "Master, why has he covered the moon and made it dark?" "Scholar, that is the moon's one trouble, Rāhu by name; he hinders it from shining: I, seeing the moon's orb struck by Rāhu, thought, 'There is the moon's pure orb become dark by trouble from outside; now this kingdom is a trouble to

[1] A vow to keep the five moral precepts.

me: I will take the religious life so that the kingdom does not make me dark as Rāhu does the moon's orb': and so taking the moon's orb seized by Rāhu as my theme, I forsook my great kingdom and took the religious life." "Master, were you king of Gandhāra?" [366] "Yes, I was." "Master, I was the king Videha in the kingdom of Videha and city of Mithila: were we not friends though we never saw each other?" "What was your theme?" "I heard that you had taken the religious life and thinking, 'Surely he has seen the good of that life,' I took you as my theme, and leaving my kingdom took the religious life." From that time they were exceedingly intimate and friendly, and lived on fruits only. After a long time's dwelling there they came down from Himālaya for salt and vinegar, and came to a frontier village. The people, being pleased with their deportment, gave them alms and taking a promise made for them houses for the night and the like in the forest, and made them dwell there, and built by the road a room for taking their meals in a pleasant watered spot. They, after going their rounds for alms in the frontier village, sat and ate the alms in that hut of leaves and then went to their dwelling-house. The people who gave them food one day put salt on a leaf and gave it them, another day gave them saltless food. One day they gave them a great deal of salt in a leaf basket. The ascetic of Videha took the salt, and coming gave enough to the Bodhisatta at the meal time and took to himself the proper measure: then putting up the rest in a leaf basket he put it in a roll of grass, saying, "This will do for a saltless day." Then one day when saltless food was received, the man of Videha, giving the alms-food to the man of Gandhāra, took the salt from the roll of grass and said, "Master, take salt." "The people gave no salt to-day, where have you got it?" "Master, the people gave much salt one day before: then I kept what was over, saying, 'This will do for a saltless day.'" Then the Bodhisatta chid him, saying, "O foolish man, you forsook the kingdom of Videha, three hundred leagues in extent, took the religious life and attained freedom from attachments, and now you get a desire for salt and sugar." And so admonishing him he spoke the first stanza:—

[367] Villages full sixteen thousand with their wealth you threw away,
Treasuries with wealth in plenty: and you're hoarding here to-day!

Videha, being thus chidden, did not endure the chiding but became estranged, saying, "Master, you see not your own fault, though you see mine; did you not leave your kingdom and become religious, saying, 'Why should I admonish another? I will admonish myself alone': why then are you now admonishing me?" So he spoke the second stanza:—

Candahar and all its province, all its wealth, you threw away,
Giving no more royal orders: and you're ordering me to-day!

Hearing him the Bodhisatta spoke the third stanza :—

> It is righteousness I'm speaking, for I hate unrighteousness:
> Righteousness when I am speaking, sin on me leaves no impress.

The ascetic of Videha, hearing the Bodhisatta's words, said, "Master, it is not meet for one to speak after annoying and angering another, even though he speaks to the point: [368] you are speaking very harshly to me, as if shaving me with blunt steel," and so he spoke the fourth stanza :—

> Whatsoever words, if spoken, would to others cause offence,
> Wise men leave those words unspoken, though of mighty consequence.

Then the Bodhisatta spoke the fifth stanza :—

> Let my hearer scatter chaff, or let him take offence or not,
> Righteousness when I am speaking, sin on me can leave no spot.

Having so said, he went on, "I will not work with you, O Ānanda[1], as a potter with raw clay only: I will speak chiding again and again; what is truth, that will abide." And so being steadfast in conduct suitable to that admonition of the Blessed One, as a potter among his vessels, after beating them often, takes not the raw clay, but takes the baked vessel only, so preaching and chiding again and again he takes a man like a good vessel, and preaching to show him this, he spoke this pair of stanzas :—

> Were not wisdom and good conduct trained in some men's lives to grow,
> Many would go wandering idly like the blinded buffalo.
>
> But since some are wisely trained in moral conduct fair to grow,
> Thus it is that disciplined in paths of virtue others go.

[369] Hearing this, the Videha ascetic said, "Master, from this time admonish me; I spoke to you with peevish natural temper, pardon me," and so paying respect he gained the Bodhisatta's pardon. So they dwelt together in peace and went again to Himālaya. Then the Bodhisatta told the Videha ascetic how to attain to mystic meditation. He did so and reached the higher Faculties and Attainments. So both, never leaving off meditation, became destined for the Brahma world.

After the lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the Videha ascetic was Ānanda, the Gandhāra king was myself."

[1] The ascetic is addressed by this name, as if his future re-birth as Ānanda was foreseen.

No. 407.

MAHĀKAPI-JĀTAKA[1].

"*You made yourself,*" *etc.*—The Master told this while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning good works towards one's relatives. The occasion will appear in the Bhaddasāla Birth[2]. They began talking in the Hall of Truth, saying, "The supreme Buddha does good works towards his relatives." [370] When the Master had asked and been told their theme, he said, "Brethren, this is not the first time a Tathāgata has done good works towards his relatives," and so he told a tale of old time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born of a monkey's womb. When he grew up and attained stature and stoutness, he was strong and vigorous, and lived in the Himālaya with a retinue of eighty thousand monkeys. Near the Ganges bank there was a mango tree (others say it was a banyan), with branches and forks, having a deep shade and thick leaves, like a mountain-top. Its sweet fruits, of divine fragrance and flavour, were as large as waterpots: from one branch the fruits fell on the ground, from one into the Ganges water, from two into the main trunk of the tree. The Bodhisatta, while eating the fruit with a troop of monkeys, thought, "Someday danger will come upon us owing to the fruit of this tree falling on the water"; and so, not to leave one fruit on the branch which grew over the water, he made them eat or throw down the flowers at their season from the time they were of the size of a chick-pea. But notwithstanding, one ripe fruit, unseen by the eighty thousand monkeys, hidden by an ant's nest, fell into the river, and stuck in the net above the king of Benares, who was bathing for amusement with a net above him and another below. When the king had amused himself all day and was going away in the evening, the fishermen, who were drawing the net, saw the fruit and not knowing what it was, shewed it to the king. The king asked, "What is this fruit?" "We do not know, sire." "Who will know?" "The foresters, sire." He had the foresters called, and learning from them that it was a mango, he cut it with a knife, and first making the foresters eat of it, he ate of it himself [371] and had some of it given to his seraglio and his ministers. The flavour of the ripe mango remained pervading the king's whole body. Possessed by desire of the flavour, he asked the foresters where that tree stood, and hearing that it was on a river bank in the

[1] This story is figured in Cunningham's *Stūpa of Bharhut*, plate XXXIII, fig. 4 (explained by Mr Tawney in *Proc. As. Soc. of Bengal* for Aug. 1891). Cf. *Jātaka-mālā*, no. 27 (*The Great Monkey*).

[2] No. 444, vol. iv.

Himālaya quarter, he had many rafts joined together and sailed upstream by the route shewn by the foresters. The exact account of days is not given. In due course they came to the place, and the foresters said to the king, "Sire, there is the tree." The king stopped the rafts and went on foot with a great retinue, and having a bed prepared at the foot of the tree, he lay down after eating the mango fruit and enjoying the various excellent flavours. At each side they set a guard and made a fire. When the men had fallen asleep, the Bodhisatta came at midnight with his retinue. Eighty thousand monkeys moving from branch to branch ate the mangoes. The king, waking and seeing the herd of monkeys, roused his men and calling his archers said, "Surround these monkeys that eat the mangoes so that they may not escape, and shoot them: tomorrow we will eat mangoes with monkey's flesh." The archers obeyed, saying, "Very well," and surrounding the tree stood with arrows ready. The monkeys seeing them and fearing death, as they could not escape, came to the Bodhisatta and said, "Sire, the archers stand round the tree, saying, 'We will shoot those vagrant monkeys:' what are we to do?" and so stood shivering. The Bodhisatta said, "Do not fear, I will give you life;" and so comforting the herd of monkeys, he ascended a branch that rose up straight, went along another branch that stretched towards the Ganges, and springing from the end of it, he passed a hundred bow-lengths and lighted on a bush on the bank[1]. Coming down, he marked the distance, saying, "That will be the distance I have come:" [372] and cutting a bamboo shoot at the root and stripping it, he said, "So much will be fastened to the tree, and so much will stay in the air," and so reckoned the two lengths, forgetting the part fastened on his own waist. Taking the shoot he fastened one end of it to the tree on the Ganges bank and the other to his own waist, and then cleared the space of a hundred bow-lengths with the speed of a cloud torn by the wind. From not reckoning the part fastened to his waist, he failed to reach the tree: so seizing a branch firmly with both hands he gave signal to the troop of monkeys, "Go quickly with good luck, treading on my back along the bamboo shoot." The eighty thousand monkeys escaped thus, after saluting the Bodhisatta and getting his leave. Devadatta was then a monkey and among that herd: he said, "This is a chance for me to see the last of my enemy," so climbing up a branch he made a spring and fell on the Bodhisatta's back. The Bodhisatta's heart broke and great pain came on him. Devadatta having caused that maddening pain went away: and the Bodhisatta was alone. The king being awake saw all that was done by the monkeys and the Bodhisatta: and he lay down thinking, "This animal, not reckoning his own life, has caused the safety of his troop." When day broke, being pleased with the Bodhisatta, he thought, "It is not right to

[1] From the figure on the Bharhut Stūpa, it appears that he jumped across the Ganges.

destroy this king of the monkeys: I will bring him down by some means and take care of him:" so turning the raft down the Ganges and building a platform there, he made the Bodhisatta come down gently, and had him clothed with a yellow robe on his back and washed in Ganges water, made him drink sugared water, and had his body cleansed and anointed with oil refined a thousand times; then he put an oiled skin on a bed and making him lie there, he set himself on a low seat, and spoke the first stanza:—

[373] You made yourself a bridge for them to pass in safety through:
What are you then to them, monkey, and what are they to you?

Hearing him, the Bodhisatta instructing the king spoke the other stanzas:—

Victorious king, I guard the herd, I am their lord and chief,
When they were filled with fear of thee and stricken sore with grief.

I leapt a hundred times the length of bow outstretched that lies,
When I had bound a bamboo-shoot firmly around my thighs:

I reached the tree like thunder-cloud sped by the tempest's blast;
I lost my strength, but reached a bough: with hands I held it fast.

And as I hung extended there held fast by shoot and bough,
My monkeys passed across my back and are in safety now.

Therefore I fear no pain of death, bonds do not give me pain,
The happiness of those was won o'er whom I used to reign.

A parable for thee, O king, if thou the truth would'st read:
The happiness of kingdom and of army and of steed
And city must be dear to thee, if thou would'st rule indeed.

[374] The Bodhisatta, thus instructing and teaching the king, died. The king, calling his ministers, gave orders that the monkey-king should have obsequies like a king, and he sent to the seraglio, saying, "Come to the cemetery, as retinue for the monkey-king, with red garments, and dishevelled hair, and torches in your hands." [375] The ministers made a funeral pile with a hundred waggon loads of timber. Having prepared the Bodhisatta's obsequies in a royal manner, they took his skull, and came to the king. The king caused a shrine to be built at the Bodhisatta's burial-place, torches to be burnt there and offerings of incense and flowers to be made; he had the skull inlaid with gold, and put in front raised on a spear-point: honouring it with incense and flowers, he put it at the king's gate when he came to Benares, and having the whole city decked out he paid honour to it for seven days. Then taking it as a relic and raising a shrine, he honoured it with incense and garlands all his life; and established in the Bodhisatta's teaching he did alms and other good deeds, and ruling his kingdom righteously became destined for heaven.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth: "At that time the king was Ānanda, the monkey's retinue the assembly, and the monkey-king myself."

No. 408.

KUMBHAKĀRA-JĀTAKA.

"*A mango in a forest,*" *etc.* The Master told this when dwelling in Jetavana, concerning rebuke of sin. The occasion will appear in the Pānīya Birth[1]. At that time in Sāvatthi five hundred friends, who had become ascetics, dwelling in the House of the Golden Pavement, had lustful thoughts at midnight. The Master regards his disciples three times a night and three times a day, six times every night and day, as a jay guards her egg, or a yak-cow her tail, or a mother her beloved son, or a one-eyed man his eye; so in the very instant he rebukes a sin which is beginning. He was observing Jetavana on that midnight and knowing the Brethren's conduct of their thoughts, he considered, "This sin among these brethren if it grows will destroy the cause of Sainthood. I will this moment rebuke their sin and show them Sainthood": so leaving the perfumed chamber he called Ānanda [376], and bidding him collect all the brethren dwelling in the place, he got them together and sat down on the seat prepared for Buddha. He said, "Brethren, it is not right to live in the power of sinful thoughts; a sin if it grows brings great ruin like an enemy: a Brother ought to rebuke even a little sin: wise men of old seeing even a very slight cause, rebuked a sinful thought that had begun and so brought about paccekabuddha-hood": and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a potter's family in a suburb of Benares: when he grew up he became a householder, had a son and daughter, and supported his wife and children by his potter's handicraft. At that time in the Kaliṅga kingdom, in the city of Dantapura, the king named Karaṇḍu, going to his garden with a great retinue, saw at the garden-gate a mango tree laden with sweet fruit: he stretched out his hand from his seat on the elephant and seized a bunch of mangoes: then entering the garden he sat on the royal seat and ate a mango, giving some to those worthy of favours. From the time when the king took one, ministers, brahmins, and householders, thinking that others should also do so, took down and ate mangoes from that tree. Coming again and again they climbed the tree, and beating it with clubs and breaking the branches down and off, they ate the fruit, not leaving even the unripe. The king amused himself in the garden for the day, and at evening as he came by on the royal elephant he dismounted on seeing the tree, and going to its root he looked up and thought, "In the morning this tree stood beautiful with its burden of fruit and the gazers could not be satisfied: now it stands not beautiful with its fruit broken down and off." Again looking from another place

[1] No. 459, vol. iv.

he saw another mango tree barren, and thought, "This mango tree stands beautiful in its barrenness like a bare mountain of jewels; the other from its fruitfulness [377] fell into that misfortune: the householder's life is like a fruitful tree, the religious life like a barren tree: the wealthy have fear, the poor have no fear: I too would be like the barren tree." So taking the fruit-tree as his subject, he stood at the root; and considering the three[1] properties and perfecting spiritual insight, he attained paccekabuddha-hood, and reflecting, "The envelop of the womb is now fallen from me, re-birth in the three existences is ended, the filth of transmigration is cleansed, the ocean of tears dried up, the wall of bones broken down, there is no more re-birth for me," he stood as if adorned with every ornament. Then his ministers said, "You stand too long, O great king." "I am not a king, I am a paccekabuddha." "Paccekabuddhas are not like you, O king." "Then what are they like?" "Their hair and beards are shaved, they are dressed in yellow robes, they are not attached to family or tribe, they are like clouds torn by wind or the moon's orb freed from Rāhu, and they dwell on Himālaya in the Nandamūla cave: such, O king, are the paccekabuddhas." At that moment the king threw up his hand and touched his head, and instantly the marks of a householder disappeared, and the marks of a priest came into view:—

Three robes, bowl, razor, needles, strainer, zone,
A pious Brother those eight marks should own,

the requisites, as they are called, of a priest became attached to his body. Standing in the air he preached to the multitude, and then went through the sky to the mountain cave Nandamūla in the Upper Himālaya.

In the kingdom of Candahar in the city Takkasilā, the king named Naggaji on a terrace, in the middle of a royal couch, saw a woman who had put a jewelled bracelet on each hand and was grinding perfume as she sat near: he thought, "These jewelled bracelets do not rub or jingle when separate," and so sat watching. Then she, putting the bracelet from the right hand [378] on the left hand and collecting perfume with the right, began to grind it. The bracelet on the left hand rubbing against the other made a noise. The king observed that these two bracelets made a sound when rubbing against each other, and he thought, "That bracelet when separate touched nothing, it now touches the second and makes a noise: just so living beings when separate do not touch or make a noise, when they become two or three they rub against each other and make a din: now I rule the inhabitants in the two kingdoms of Cashmere and Candahar, and I too ought to dwell like the single bracelet ruling myself and not ruling another": so making the rubbing of the bracelets his topic, seated as he

[1] Impermanence, suffering, unreality.

was, he realised the three properties, attained spiritual insight, and gained paccekabuddha-hood. The rest as before.

In the kingdom of Videha, in the city of Mithila, the king, named Nimi, after breakfast, surrounded by his ministers, stood looking down at the street through an open window of the palace. A hawk, having taken some meat from the meat-market, was flying up into the air. Some vultures or other birds, surrounding the hawk on each side, went on pecking it with their beaks, striking it with their wings and beating it with their feet, for the sake of the meat. Not enduring to be killed, the hawk dropt the flesh, another bird took it: the rest leaving the hawk fell on the other: when he relinquished it, a third took it: and they pecked him also in the same way. The king seeing those birds thought, "Whoever took the flesh, sorrow befel him: whoever relinquished it, happiness befel him: whoever takes the five pleasures of sense, sorrow befals him, happiness the other man: these are common to many: now I have sixteen thousand women: I ought to live in happiness leaving the five pleasures of sense, as the hawk relinquishing the morsel of flesh." Considering this wisely, [379] standing as he was, he realised the three properties, attained spiritual insight, and reached the wisdom of paccekabuddha-hood. The rest as before.

In the kingdom of Uttarapañcāla, in the city of Kampilla, the king, named Dummukha, after breakfast, with all his ornaments and surrounded by his ministers, stood looking down on the palace-yard from an open window. At the instant they opened the door of a cow-pen: the bulls coming from the pen set upon one cow in lust: and one great bull with sharp horns seeing another bull coming, possessed by the jealousy of lust, struck him in the thigh with his sharp horns. By the force of the blow his entrails came out, and so he died. The king seeing this thought, "Living beings from the state of beasts upwards reach sorrow from the power of lust: this bull through lust has reached death: other beings also are disturbed by lust: I ought to abandon the lusts that disturb those beings:" and so standing as he was he realised the three properties, attained spiritual insight and reached the wisdom of paccekabuddha-hood. The rest as before.

Then one day those four paccekabuddhas, considering that it was time for their rounds, left the Nandamūla cave, having cleansed their teeth by chewing betel in the lake Anotatta, and having attended to their needs in Manosilā, they took the bowl and robe, and by magic flying in the air, and treading on clouds of the five colours, they alighted not far from a suburb of Benares. In a convenient spot they put on the robes, took the bowl, and entering the suburb they went the rounds for alms till they came to the Bodhisatta's house-door. The Bodhisatta seeing them was delighted and making them enter his house he made them sit on a seat prepared, he

gave them water of respect and served them with excellent food, hard and soft. Then sitting on one side he saluted the eldest of them, saying, "Sir, your religious life appears very beautiful: your senses are very calm, your complexion is very clear: what topic of thought [380] made you take to the religious life and ordination?" and as he asked the eldest of them, so also he came up to the others and asked them. Then those four saying, "I was so and so, king of such and such a city in such and such a kingdom" and so on, in that way each told the causes of his retiring from the world and spoke one stanza each in order:—

A mango in a forest did I see
Full-grown, and dark, fruitful exceedingly:
And for its fruit men did the mango break,
'Twas this inclined my heart the bowl to take.

A bracelet, polished by a hand renowned,
A woman wore on each wrist without sound:
One touched the other and a noise did wake:
'Twas this inclined my heart the bowl to take.

Birds in a flock a bird unfriended tore,
Who all alone a lump of carrion bore:
The bird was smitten for the carrion's sake:
'Twas this inclined my heart the bowl to take.

A bull in pride among his fellows paced;
High rose his back, with strength and beauty graced:
From lust he died: a horn his wound did make:
'Twas this inclined my heart the bowl to take.

The Bodhisatta, hearing each stanza, said, "Good, sir: your topic is suitable," and so commended each paccekabuddha: and having listened to the discourse delivered by those four, he became disinclined to a householder's life. When the paccekabuddhas went forth, after breakfast seated at his ease, he called his wife and said, "Wife, those four paccekabuddhas left kingdoms to be Brethren and now live without sin, without hindrance, in the bliss of the religious life: while I make a livelihood by earnings: what have I to do with a householder's life? do you take the children and stay in the house": and he spoke two stanzas:—

Kaliṅga's king Karaṇḍu, Gandhāra's Naggaji,
Pañcāla's ruler Dummukha, Videha's great Nimi,
Have left their thrones and live the life of Brothers sinlessly.

Here their godlike forms they show
Each one like a blazing fire:
Bhaggavi, I too will go,
Leaving all that men desire.

[382] Hearing his words she said, "Husband, ever since I heard the discourse of the paccekabuddhas I too have no content in the house," and she spoke a stanza:—

'Tis the appointed time, I know:
Better teachers may not be:
Bhaggava, I too will go,
Like a bird from hand set free.

The Bodhisatta hearing her words was silent. She was deceiving the Bodhisatta, and was anxious to take the religious life before him: so she said, "Husband, I am going to the water-tank, do you look after the children," and taking a pot as if she had been going there, she went away and coming to the ascetics outside the town she was ordained by them. The Bodhisatta finding that she did not return attended to the children himself. Afterwards when they grew up a little and could understand for themselves, in order to teach them [383], when cooking rice he would cook one day a little hard and raw, one day a little underdone, one day well-cooked, one day sodden, one day without salt, another with too much. The children said, "Father, the rice to-day is not boiled, to-day it is sodden, to-day well cooked: to-day it is without salt, to-day it has too much salt." The Bodhisatta said, "Yes, dears," and thought, "These children now know what is raw and what is cooked, what has salt and what has none: they will be able to live in their own way: I ought to become ordained." Then showing them to their kinsfolk he was ordained to the religious life, and dwelt outside the city. Then one day the female ascetic begging in Benares saw him and saluted him, saying, "Sir, I believe you killed the children." The Bodhisatta said, "I don't kill children: when they could understand for themselves I became ordained: you were careless of them and pleased yourself by being ordained": and so he spoke the last stanza:—

Having seen they could distinguish salt from saltless, boiled from raw,
I became a Brother: leave me, we can follow each the law.

So exhorting the female ascetic he took leave of her. She taking the exhortation saluted the Bodhisatta and went to a place that pleased her. After that day they never saw each other. The Bodhisatta reaching supernatural knowledge became destined to the Brahma heaven.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth: – After the Truths five hundred Brothers were established in Sainthood:—"At that time the daughter was Uppalavaṇṇā, the son was Rāhula, the female ascetic Rāhula's mother, and the ascetic was myself."

No. 409.

DAḶHADHAMMA-JĀTAKA.

[384] "*I carried for the king,*" *etc.* The Master told this when dwelling in the Ghosita forest near Kosambī, concerning Bhaddavatikā, king Udena's she-elephant. Now the way in which this elephant was adorned and the royal lineage of Udena will be set forth in the Mātaṅga[1] Birth. One day this elephant going out of the city in the morning saw the Buddha surrounded by a multitude of saints, in the incomparable majesty of a Buddha, entering the city for alms, and falling at the Tathāgata's feet, with lamentation she prayed to him, saying, "Lord who knowest all, saviour of the whole world, when I was young and able to do work, Udena, the rightful king, loved me, saying, 'My life and kingdom and queen are all due to her,' and gave me great honour, adorning me with all ornaments; he had my stall smeared with perfumed earth, and coloured hangings put round it, and a lamp lit with perfumed oil, and a dish of incense set there, he had a golden pot set on my dunghill, and made me stand on a coloured carpet, and gave me royal food of many choice flavours: but now when I am old and cannot do work, he has cut off all that honour; unprotected and destitute I live by eating ketaka fruit in the forest; I have no other refuge: make Udena think on my merits and restore me again my old honour, O Lord." The Master said, "Go thou, I will speak to the king and get thy old honour restored," and he went to the door of the king's dwelling. The king made Buddha enter, and gave great entertainment in the palace to the assembly of brethren following Buddha. When the meal was over, the Master gave thanks to the king and asked, "O king, where is Bhaddavatikā?" "Lord, I know not." "O king, after giving honour to servants, it is not right to take it away in their old age, it is right to be grateful and thankful; Bhaddavatikā is now old, she is worn with age and unprotected, and she lives by eating ketaka fruit in the wood: it is not meet for you to leave her unprotected in her old age": so telling Bhaddavatikā's merits and saying, "Restore all her former honours," [385] he departed. The king did so. It was spread over the whole city that the former honour was restored because the Buddha had told her merits. This became known in the assembly of the Brethren, and the Brethren discussed it in their meeting. The Master, coming and hearing that this was their subject, said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that the Buddha has by telling her merits got her former honours restored": and he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time there was a king named Daḷhadhamma reigning in Benares. At that time the Bodhisatta was born in a minister's family, and when he grew up he served the king. He received much honour from the king, and stood in the place of the most valued minister. The king had a certain she-elephant[2], endowed with might and very strong. She went a hundred leagues in one day, she did the duties of messenger

[1] No. 497, vol. iv.

[2] Morris, *Journ. Pali Text Soc. for* 1887, p. 150: but possibly the word means *she-camel.*

for the king, and in battle she fought and crushed the enemy. The king said, "She is very serviceable to me," gave her all ornaments and caused all honour to be given her such as Udena gave to Bhaddavatikā. Then when she was weak from age the king took away all her honour. From that time she was unprotected and lived by eating grass and leaves in the forest. Then one day when the vessels in the king's court were not sufficient, the king sent for a potter, and said, "The vessels are not sufficient." "O king, I have no oxen to yoke in carts to bring cow-dung (for baking clay)." The king hearing this tale said, "Where is our she-elephant?" "O king, she is wandering at her own will." The king gave her to the potter, saying, "Henceforth do thou yoke her and bring cow-dung." The potter said, "Good, O king," and did so. Then one day she, coming out of the city, saw the Bodhisatta coming in, and falling at his feet, she said, lamenting: "Lord, the king in my youth considered me very serviceable and gave me great honour: [386] now that I am old, he has cut it all away and takes no thought of me; I am unprotected and live by eating grass and leaves in the forest; in this misery he has now given me to a potter to yoke in a cart; except thee I have no refuge: thou knowest my services to the king; restore me now the honour I have lost": and she spoke three stanzas:—

I carried for the king of old: was he not satisfied?
With weapons at my breast I faced the fight with mighty stride.

My feats in battle done of old does not the king forget,
And such good services I did for couriers as are set?

Helpless and kinless now am I: surely my death is near,
To serve a potter when I'm come as his dung-carrier.

[387] The Bodhisatta, hearing her tale, comforted her, saying, "Grieve not, I will tell the king and restore thy honour": so entering the city, he went to the king after his morning meal and took up the talk, saying, "Great king, did not a she-elephant, named so and so, enter battle at such and such places with weapons bound on her breast, and on such a day with a writing on her neck did she not go a hundred leagues on a message? Thou gavest her great honour: where is she now?" "I gave her to a potter for carrying dung." Then the Bodhisatta said, "Is it right, great king, for thee to give her to a potter to be yoked in a cart?" And for admonition he spoke four stanzas:—

By selfish hopes men regulate the honours that they pay:
As you the elephant, they throw the outworn slave away.

Good deeds and services received whenever men forget,
Ruin pursues the business still on which their hearts are set.

Good deeds and services received if men do not forget,
Success attends the business still on which their hearts are set.

To all the multitude around this blessed truth I tell:
Be grateful all, and for reward you long in heaven shall dwell.

[388] With this beginning the Bodhisatta gave instruction to all gathered there. Hearing this the king gave the old elephant her former honour, and established in the Bodhisatta's instruction gave alms and did works of merit and became destined for heaven.

After the lesson, the Master identified the Birth:—"At that time the she-elephant was Bhaddavatikā, the king Ānanda, the minister was I myself."

No. 410.

SOMADATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Deep in the wood,*" *etc.*—The Master told this while dwelling at Jetavana, about a certain old Brother. The story was that this Brother ordained a novice, who waited on him but soon died of a fatal disease. The old man went about weeping and wailing for his death. Seeing him, the Brethren began to talk in the Hall of Truth, "Sirs, this old Brother goes about weeping and wailing for the novice's death: he must surely have neglected the meditation on death." The Master came, and hearing the subject of their talk, he said, "Brethren, this is not the first time this man is weeping for the other's death," and so he told the old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was Sakka. A certain wealthy brahmin, living in Benares, left the world, and became an ascetic in the Himālaya, [389] living by picking up roots and fruits in the forest. One day, searching for wild fruits, he saw an elephant-calf, and took it to his hermitage: he made as if it were his own son, calling it Somadatta, and tended it with food of grass and leaves. The elephant grew up to be great: but one day he took much food and fell sick of a surfeit. The ascetic took him inside the hermitage, and went to get wild fruits: but before he came back the young elephant died. Coming back with his fruits, the ascetic thought, "On other days my child comes to meet me, but not to-day; what is the matter with him?" So he lamented and spoke the first stanza:—

Deep in the wood he'd meet me: but to-day
No elephant I see: where does he stray?

With this lament, he saw the elephant lying at the end of the covered walk and taking him round the neck he spoke the second stanza in lamentation:—

'Tis he that lies in death cut down as a tender shoot is shred;
Low on the ground he lies: alas, my elephant is dead.

At the instant, Sakka, surveying the world, thought, "This ascetic left wife and child for religion, now he is lamenting the young elephant whom he called his son, I will rouse him and make him think," and so coming to the hermitage he stood in the air and spoke the third stanza:—

[390] To sorrow for the dead doth ill become
The lone ascetic, freed from ties of home.

Hearing this, the ascetic spoke the fourth stanza:—

Should man with beast consort, O Sakka, grief
For a lost playmate finds in tears relief.

Sakka uttered two stanzas, admonishing him:—

Such as to weep are fain may still lament the dead,
Weep not, O sage, 'tis vain to weep, the wise have said.

If by our tears we might prevail against the grave,
Thus would we all unite our dearest ones to save.

Hearing Sakka's words, the ascetic took thought and comfort, dried his tears, and uttered the remaining stanzas in praise of Sakka:—

As ghee-fed flame that blazes out amain
Is quenched with water, so he quenched my pain.

With sorrow's shaft my heart was wounded sore:
He healed my wound and did my life restore.

[391] The barb extracted, full of joy and peace,
At Sakka's words I from my sorrow cease.

These were given above[1].

After admonishing the ascetic, Sakka went to his own place.

The Master, after the lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time the young elephant was the novice, the ascetic the old Brother, Sakka was I myself."

[1] See *supra*, p. 214.

No. 411.

SUSĪMA-JĀTAKA.

"*Heretofore the hairs,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, about the Great Renunciation. The Brethren were sitting in the Hall of Truth, praising the Buddha's renunciation. The Master, finding that this was their topic, said, "Brethren, it is not strange that I should now make the Great Renunciation and retirement from the world, I who have for many hundred thousand ages exercised perfection: of old also I gave up the reign over the kingdom of Kāsi, three hundred leagues in extent, and made the renunciation," and so he told the old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was conceived in the womb of his priest's chief wife. On the day of his birth, the king also had a son born. On the naming day they called the Great Being Susīma-Kumāra, and the king's son Brahmadatta-Kumāra. The king, seeing the two were born on the same day, had the Bodhisatta given to the nurse and brought up together with his own son. They both grew up fair, like sons of gods: [392] they both learned all sciences at Takkasilā and came home again. The prince became viceroy, eating, drinking, and living along with the Bodhisatta: at his father's death he became king, giving great honour to the Bodhisatta and making him his priest: one day he adorned the city, and decked like Sakka, king of gods, he went round the city in procession, seated on the shoulder of a royal elephant in his pride, equal to Erāvaṇa[1], with the Bodhisatta behind on the elephant's back. The queen-mother, looking out from the royal window to see her son, saw the priest behind him as he came back from the procession: she fell in love with him and entering her chamber thought, "If I cannot win him, I shall die here": so she left her food and lay there. The king, not seeing her, asked after her: when he heard she was ill, he went to her, and asked with respect what ailed her. She would not tell for shame. He sat on the royal throne, and sent his own chief queen to find what ailed his mother. She went and asked, stroking the queen-mother's back. Women do not hide secrets from women: and the secret was told. The queen went and told the king. He said, "Well, go and comfort her: I will make the priest king, and make her his chief queen." She went and comforted her. The king sent for the priest and told him the matter, "Friend, save my mother's life: thou shalt be

[1] Sakka's elephant.

king, she thy chief queen, I viceroy." The priest said, "It cannot be": but being asked again he consented: and the king made the priest king, the queen-mother chief queen, and himself viceroy. They lived all in harmony together, but the Bodhisatta pined amid a householder's life: he left desires and leaned to a religious life: careless of the pleasures of sense he stood and sat and lay alone, like a man bound in jail or a cock in a cage. [393] The chief queen thought, "The king avoids me, he stands and sits and lies alone; he is young and fresh, I am old and have grey hairs: what if I were to tell him a story that he has one grey hair, make him believe it and seek my company?" One day, as if cleaning the king's head, she said, "Your majesty is getting old, there is a grey hair on your head." "Pull it out and put it in my hand." She pulled a hair out, but threw it away and put into his hand one of her own grey hairs. When he saw it, fear of death made the sweat start from his forehead, though it was like a plate of gold. He admonished himself, saying, "Susīma, you have become old in your youth; all this time sunk in the mud of desire, like a village pig wallowing in filth and mire, you cannot leave it: quit desires, and become an ascetic in the Himālaya: it is high time for the religious life," and with this thought, he uttered the first stanza:—

Heretofore the hairs were dark
Clustering about my brow;
White to-day: Susīma, mark!
Time for religion now!

So the Bodhisatta praised the religious life: but the queen saw she had caused him to leave her instead of loving her, and in fear, wishing to keep him from the religious life by praising his body, she uttered two stanzas:—

[374] Mine, not thine, the silvered hair;
Mine the head from which it came:
For thy good the lie I dare:
One such fault forbear to blame!

Thou art young, and fair to see,
Like a tender plant in spring!
Keep thy kingdom, smile on me!
Seek not now what age will bring!

But the Bodhisatta said, "Lady, you tell of what must come: as age ripens, these dark hairs must turn and become pale like betel: I see the change and breaking up of body that comes in years, in the ripening of age, to royal maids and all the rest, though they are tender as a wreath of blue lotus-flowers, fair as gold, and drunken with the pride of their glorious youth: such, lady, is the dreary end of living beings," and, moreover, showing the truth with the charm of a Buddha, he uttered two stanzas:—

[395]
I have marked the youthful maid,
  Swaying like the tender stalk,
In her pride of form arrayed;
  Men are witched where'er she walk.

'Tis the same one I have scanned
  (Eighty, ninety, years have passed),
Quivering, palsied, staff in hand,
  Bent like rafter-tree at last.

In this stanza the Great Being showed the misery of beauty, and now declared his discontent with the householder's life:—

[396]
Such the thoughts I ponder o'er;
  Lonely nights the thoughts allow:
Layman's life I love no more:
  Time for religion now!

Delight in layman's life is a weak stay:
The wise man cuts it off and goes his way,
Renouncing joys of sense and all their sway.

Thus declaring both the delight and misery of desires, he showed the truth with all a Buddha's charm, he sent for his friend and made him take the kingdom again: he left his majesty and power amid the loud lamentations of kinsmen and friends; he became an ascetic sage in the Himālaya, and entering on the ecstasy of meditation, became destined for the world of Brahma.

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[397] After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths, and giving the drink of ambrosia to many, he identified the Birth: "At that time the chief queen was the mother of Rāhula, the king was Ānanda, and king Susīma was I myself."

No. 412.

KOṬISIMBALI-JĀTAKA[1].

"*I bore with me,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning rebuke of sin. The incident leading to the tale will appear in the Paññā[2] Birth. On this occasion the Master, perceiving that five hundred Brethren were overcome by thoughts of desire in the House of the Golden Pavement,

[1] Compare No. 370, *supra*.
[2] Not known.

gathered the assembly and said, "Brethren, it is right to distrust where distrust is proper; sins surround a man as banyans and such plants grow up around a tree: in this way of old a spirit dwelling in the top of a cotton-tree saw a bird voiding the banyan seeds it had eaten among the branches of the cotton-tree, and became terrified lest her abode should thereby come to destruction:" and so he told a tale of old.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a tree-spirit dwelling in the top of a cotton-tree. A king of the rocs assumed a shape a hundred and fifty leagues in extent, and dividing the water in the great ocean by the blast of his wings, he seized by the tail a king of snakes a thousand fathoms long, and making the snake disgorge what he had seized in his mouth, he flew along the tree tops towards the cotton-tree. The snake-king thought, "I will make him drop me and let me go," so he stuck his hood into a banyan-tree and wound himself round it firmly. Owing to the roc-king's strength and the great size of the snake-king the banyan was uprooted. But the snake-king would not let go the banyan. The roc-king took the snake-king, banyan-tree and all, to the cotton-tree, laid him on the trunk, opened his belly [398] and ate the fat. Then he threw the rest of the carcase into the sea. Now in that banyan there was a certain bird, who flew up when the banyan was thrown away, and perched in one of the boughs high on the cotton-tree. The tree-spirit seeing the bird shook and trembled with fear, thinking, "This bird will let its droppings fall on my trunk: a growth of banyan or of fig will arise and go spreading all over my tree: so my home will be destroyed." The tree shook to the roots with the trembling of the spirit. The roc-king perceived the trembling, and spoke two stanzas in enquiry as to the reason:—

I bore with me the thousand fathoms length of that king-snake:
His size and my huge bulk you bore and yet you did not quake.

But now this tiny bird you bear, so small compared to me:
You shake with fear and tremble; but wherefore, cotton-tree?

Then the deity spoke four stanzas in explanation of the reason:—

Flesh is thy food, O king: the bird's is fruit:
Seeds of the banyan and the fig he'll shoot
And bo-tree too, and all my trunk pollute;

They will grow trees in shelter of my stem,
And I shall be no tree, thus hid by them.

[399] Other trees, once strong of root and rich in branches, plainly show
How the seeds that birds do carry in destruction lay them low.

Parasitic growths will bury e'en the mighty forest tree:
This is why, O king, I quiver when the fear to come I see.

Hearing the tree-spirit's words, the roc-king spoke the final stanza:—

> Fear is right if things are fearful: 'gainst the coming danger guard:
> Wise men look on both worlds calmly if they present fears discard.

So speaking, the roc-king by his power drove the bird away from that tree.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths, beginning with the words: "It is right to distrust where distrust is proper," and identified the Birth:—after the Truths [400] five hundred Brethren were established in Sainthood:—"At that time Sāriputta was the roc-king and I myself the tree-spirit."

No. 413.

DHŪMAKĀRI-JĀTAKA.

"*The righteous king,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the Kosala king's favour to a stranger. At one time, the story goes, that king showed no favour to his old warriors who came to him in the usual way, but gave honour and hospitality to strangers coming for the first time. He went to fight in a disturbed frontier province: but his old warriors would not fight, thinking that the new-comers who were in favour would do so; and the new-comers would not, thinking that the old warriors would. The rebels prevailed. The king, knowing that his defeat was owing to the mistake he had made in showing favour to new-comers, returned to Sāvatthi. He resolved to ask the Lord of Wisdom whether he was the only king who had ever been defeated for that reason: so after the morning meal he went to Jetavana and put the question to the Master. The Master answered, "Great King, yours is not the only case: former kings also were defeated by reason of the favour they showed to new-comers," and so, at the king's request, he told an old tale.

Once upon a time in the city of Indapattana, in the kingdom of the Kurus, a king was reigning named Dhanañjaya, of the race of Yudhiṭṭhila. The Bodhisatta was born in the house of his family priest. When he grew up, he learned all the arts at Takkasilā. He returned to Indapattana, and at his father's death he became family priest to the king and his counsellor in things temporal and spiritual. His name was called Vidhūrapaṇḍita.

King Dhanañjaya disregarded his old soldiers and showed favour to new-comers. He went to fight in a disturbed frontier province: but neither his old warriors nor the new-comers would fight, each thinking the other party would see to the matter. The king was defeated. On his return to Indapattana he reflected that his defeat was due to the favour he had shown to new-comers. [401] One day he thought, "Am I the only king who has ever been defeated through favour shown to new-comers, or have others had the same fate before? I will ask Vidhūrapaṇḍita." So he put the question to Vidhūrapaṇḍita when he came to the king's levee.

The Master, declaring the reason of his question, spoke half a stanza:

The righteous king Yudhiṭṭhila once asked Vidhūra wise,
"Brahmin, dost know in whose lone heart much bitter sorrow lies?"

Hearing him, the Bodhisatta said, "Great king, your sorrow is but a trifling sorrow. Of old, a brahmin goatherd, named Dhūmakāri, took a great flock of goats, and making a pen in the forest kept them there: he had a smoking fire and lived on milk and the like, tending his goats. Seeing some deer of golden hue who had come, he felt a love for them, and disregarding his goats he paid the honour due to them to the deer. In the autumn the deer moved away to the Himālaya: his goats were dead and the deer gone from his sight: so for sorrow he took jaundice and died. He paid honour to new-comers and perished, having sorrow and misery a hundred, a thousand times more than you." Bringing forward this instance, he said,

A brahmin with a flock of goats, of high Vasiṭṭha's race,
Kept smoking fire by night and day in forest dwelling-place.

Smelling the smoke, a herd of deer, by gnats sore pestered, come
To find a dwelling for the rains near Dhūmakāri's home.

The deer have all attention now; his goats receive no care,
They come and go untended all, and so they perish there.

[402] But now the gnats have left the wood, the autumn's clear of rain:
The deer must seek the mountain-heights and river-springs again.

The brahmin sees the deer are gone and all his goats are dead:
Jaundice attacks him worn with grief, and all his colour's fled.

So he who disregards his own, and calls a stranger dear,
Like Dhūmakāri, mourns alone with many a bitter tear.

Such was the tale told by the Great Being to console the king. The king was comforted and pleased, and gave him much wealth. From that time onward he showed favour to his own people, and doing deeds of charity and virtue, he became destined for heaven.

After the lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the Kuru king was Ānanda, Dhūmakāri was Pasenadi, king of Kosala, and Vidhūrapaṇḍita was myself."

No. 414.

JĀGARA-JĀTAKA.

[403] "*Who is it that wakes,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a certain lay-brother. He was a disciple who had entered on the First Path. He set out by a forest road from Sāvatthi with a caravan of carts. At a certain pleasant watered spot the leader of the caravan unyoked five hundred carts, and arranging for food, both hard and soft, he took up his lodging there. The men lay down here and there to sleep. The lay-brother practised perambulation at the root of a tree near the leader of the caravan. Five hundred robbers planned to plunder the caravan: with various weapons in their hands they surrounded it and waited. Seeing the lay-brother at his walk they stood waiting to begin plundering when he should go to sleep. He went on walking all night. At dawn the robbers threw away the sticks and stones and other weapons they had picked up: they went away, saying, "Master Caravan-leader, you are owner of your property because you have got your life owing to that man who keeps awake so diligently: you should pay honour to him." The caravan-men rising betimes saw the stones and other things thrown away by the robbers and gave honour to the lay-brother, recognising that they owed their lives to him. The lay-brother went to his destination and did his business: then he returned to Sāvatthi and went on to Jetavana: there he saluted and did homage to the Tathāgata and sat at his feet, and on his invitation to declare himself, he told the tale. The Master said, "Lay-brother, it is not you alone who have gained special merit by waking and watching, wise men of old did the same." And so at the lay-brother's request, he told an old story.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family. When he grew up he learned all the arts at Takkasilā, and then returning lived as a householder. After a time he left his house and became an ascetic: soon he reached the Faculty of Meditation, and living in the Himālaya quarter in the standing and walking attitudes only, he walked all night without sleeping. [404] A spirit who lived in a tree at the end of his walk was pleased with him and spoke the first stanza, putting a question to him from a hole in the trunk:—

Who is it that wakes when others sleep and sleeps while others wake?
Who is it can read my riddle, who to this will answer make?

The Bodhisatta, hearing the spirit's voice, spoke this stanza:—

I am he who wakes while others sleep, and sleeps while others wake.
I am he can read your riddle, I to you can answer make.

The spirit put a question again in this stanza:—

How is it you wake while others sleep, and sleep while others wake?
How is it you read my riddle, how this answer do you make?

He explained the point:—

Some men forget that virtue lies in stern sobriety,
When such are sleeping I'm awake, O spirit of the tree.

Passion and vice and ignorance in some have ceased to be:
When such are waking then I sleep, O spirit of the tree.

So it is I wake while others sleep, and sleep while others wake:
So it is I read your riddle, so to you I answer make.

[405] When the Great Being gave this answer, the spirit was pleased and spoke the last stanza in his praise:—

Good it is you wake while others sleep, and sleep while others wake:
Good your reading of my riddle, good the answer that you make.

And so making the Bodhisatta's praises, the spirit entered its abode in the tree.

After the lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time, the tree-spirit was Uppalavaṇṇā, the ascetic was myself."

No. 415.

KUMMĀSAPIṆḌA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Service done,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning queen Mallikā. She was the daughter of the chief of the garland-makers of Sāvatthi, extremely beautiful and very good. When she was sixteen years of age, as she was going to a flower-garden with some other girls, she had three portions of sour gruel in a flower-basket. As she was leaving the town, she saw the Blessed One entering it, diffusing radiance and surrounded by the assembly of the Brethren: and she brought him the three portions of gruel.

[1] Compare *Jātakamālā* No. 3, *Kathāsaritsāgara* No. xxvii. 79.

The Master accepted, holding out his royal bowl. She saluted the Tathāgata's feet with her head, and taking her joy as subject of meditation, stood on one side. Observing her the Master smiled. The Venerable Ānanda wondered why the Tathāgata smiled and asked him the question. The Master told him the reason, "Ānanda, this girl will be to-day the chief queen of the Kosala king through the fruit of these portions of gruel." The girl went on to the flower-garden. [406] That very day the Kosala king fought with Ajātasattu and fled away in defeat. As he came on his horse he heard the sound of her singing, and being attracted by it he rode towards the garden. The girl's merit was ripe: so when she saw the king she came without running away, and seized at the bridle by the horse's nose. The king from horseback asked if she was married or no. Hearing that she was not, he dismounted, and being wearied with wind and sun rested for a little time in her lap: then he made her mount, and with a great army entered the town and brought her to her own house. At evening he sent a chariot and with great honour and pomp brought her from her house, set her on a heap of jewels, anointed her and made her chief queen. From that time onward she was the dear, beloved and devoted wife of the king, possessed of faithful servants and the five feminine charms: and she was a favourite of the Buddhas. It became noised abroad through the whole city that she had attained such prosperity because she had given the three portions of gruel to the Master.

One day they began a discussion in the Hall of Truth: "Sirs, queen Mallikā gave three portions of gruel to the Buddhas, and as the fruit of that, on the very same day she was anointed queen: great indeed is the virtue of Buddhas." The Master came, asked and was told the subject of the Brethren's talk: he said, "It is not strange, Brethren, that Mallikā has become chief queen of the Kosala king by giving three portions of gruel to the omniscient Buddha alone: for why? It is because of the great virtue of Buddhas: wise men of old gave gruel without salt or oil to paccekabuddhas, and owing to that attained in their next birth the glory of being kings in Kāsi, three hundred leagues in extent": and so he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a poor family: when he grew up he made a living by working for wages with a certain rich man. One day he got four portions of sour gruel from a shop, thinking, "This will do for my breakfast," and so went on to his farming-work. Seeing four paccekabuddhas coming towards Benares to collect alms, he thought, "I have these four portions of gruel, [407] what if I were to give them to these men who are coming to Benares for alms?" So he came up and saluting them said, "Sirs, I have these four portions of gruel in hand: I offer them to you: pray accept them, good sirs, and so I shall gain merit to my lasting good and welfare." Seeing that they accepted, he spread sand and arranged four seats and strewed broken branches on them: then he set the paccekabuddhas in order; bringing water in a leaf-basket, he poured the water of donation, and then set the four portions of gruel in four bowls with salutation and the words, "Sirs, in consequence of these may I not be born in a poor family; may this be the cause of my attaining omniscience." The paccekabuddhas ate and then gave thanks and departed to the Nandamūla cave. The Bodhisatta, as he saluted, felt the joy of association with paccekabuddhas, and after they had departed

from his sight and he had gone to his work, he remembered them always till his death: as the fruit of this, he was born in the womb of the chief queen of Benares. His name was called prince Brahmadatta. From the time of his being able to walk alone, he saw clearly by the power of recollecting all that he had done in former births, like the reflexion of his own face in a clear mirror, that he was now born in that state because he had given four portions of gruel to the paccekabuddhas when he was a servant and going to work in that same city. When he grew up he learned all the arts at Takkasilā: on his return his father was pleased with the accomplishments he displayed, and appointed him viceroy: afterwards, on his father's death, he was established in the kingdom. Then he married the exceedingly beautiful daughter of the Kosala king, and made her his chief queen. On the day of his parasol-festival they decorated the whole city as if it were a city of the gods. He went round the city in procession; [408] then he ascended the palace, which was decorated, and on the dais mounted a throne with the white parasol erected on it; sitting there he looked down on all those that stood in attendance, on one side the ministers, on another the brahmins and householders resplendent in the beauty of varied apparel, on another the townspeople with various gifts in their hands, on another troops of dancing-girls to the number of sixteen thousand like a gathering of the nymphs of heaven in full apparel. Looking on all this entrancing splendour he remembered his former estate and thought, "This white parasol with golden garland and plinth of massive gold, these many thousand elephants and chariots, my great territory full of jewels and pearls, teeming with wealth and grain of all kinds, these women like the nymphs of heaven, and all this splendour, which is mine alone, is due only to an alms-gift of four portions of gruel given to four paccekabuddhas: I have gained all this through them": and so remembering the excellence of the paccekabuddhas he plainly declared his own former action of merit. As he thought of it his whole body was filled with delight. Delight melted his heart and amid the multitude he uttered two stanzas of joyous song:—

Service done to Buddhas high
  Ne'er, they say, is reckoned cheap:
Alms of gruel, saltless, dry,
  Bring me this reward to reap.

Elephant and horse and kine,
  Gold and corn and all the land,
Troops of girls with form divine:
  Alms have brought them to my hand.

[409] So the Bodhisatta in his joy and delight on the day of his parasol-ceremony sang the song of joy in two stanzas. From that time onward they were called the king's favourite song, and all sung them—the Bodhisatta's dancing girls, his other dancers and musicians, his people in the palace, the townsfolk and those in ministerial circles.

[410] After a long time had passed, the chief queen became anxious to know the meaning of the song, but she durst not ask the Great Being. One day the king was pleased with some quality of hers and said, "Lady, I will give you a boon; accept a boon." "It is well, O king, I accept." "What shall I give you, elephants, horses or the like?" "O king, through your grace I lack nothing, I have no need of such things: but if you wish to give me a boon, give it by telling me the meaning of your song." "Lady, what need have you of that boon? Accept something else." "O king, I have no need of anything else: it is that I will accept." "Well, lady, I will tell it, but not as a secret to you alone: I will send a drum round the whole twelve leagues of Benares, I will make a jewelled pavilion at my palace-door and arrange there a jewelled throne: on it I will sit amidst ministers, brahmins and other people of the city, and the sixteen thousand women, and there tell the tale." She agreed. The king had all done as he said, and then sat on the throne amidst a great multitude, like Sakka amidst the company of the gods. The queen too with all her ornaments set a golden chair of ceremony and sat in an appropriate place on one side, and looking with a side glance she said, "O king, tell and explain to me, as if causing the moon to arise in the sky, the meaning of the song of joy you sang in your delight"; and so she spoke the third stanza:—

Glorious and righteous king,
Many a time the song you sing,
In exceeding joy of heart:
Pray to me the cause impart.

[411] The Great Being declaring the meaning of the song spoke four stanzas:—

This the city, but the station different, in my previous birth:
Servant was I to another, hireling, but of honest worth.

Going from the town to labour four ascetics once I saw,
Passionless and calm in bearing, perfect in the moral law.

All my thoughts went to those Buddhas: as they sat beneath the tree,
With my hands I brought them gruel, offering of piety.

Such the virtuous deed of merit: lo! the fruit I reap to-day—
All the kingly state and riches, all the land beneath my sway.

[412] When she heard the Great Being thus fully explaining the fruit of his action, the queen said joyfully, "Great king, if you discern so visibly the fruits of charitable giving, from this day forward take a portion of rice and do not eat yourself until you have given it to righteous priests and brahmins"; and she spoke a stanza in praise of the Bodhisatta:—

Eat, due alms remembering,
  Set the wheel of right to roll:
Flee injustice, mighty king,
  Righteously thy realm control.

The Great Being, accepting what she said, spoke a stanza:—

Still I make that road my own
  Walking in the path of right,
Where the good, fair queen, have gone:
  Saints are pleasant to my sight.

[413] After saying this, he looked at the queen's beauty and said, "Fair lady, I have told fully my good deeds done in former time, but amongst all these ladies there is none like you in beauty or charming grace: by what deed did you attain this beauty?" And he spoke a stanza:—

Lady, like a nymph of heaven,
  You the crowd of maids outshine:
For what gracious deed was given
  Meed of beauty so divine?

Then she told the virtuous deed done in her former birth, and spoke the last two stanzas:—

I was once a handmaid's slave
  At Ambaṭṭha's royal court,
To modesty my heart I gave,
  To virtue and to good report.

In a begging Brother's bowl
  Once an alms of rice I put;
Charity had filled my soul:
  Such the deed, and lo! the fruit.

She too, it is said, spoke with accurate knowledge and remembrance of past births.

[414] So both fully declared their past deeds, and from that day they had six halls of charity built, at the four gates, in the centre of the city and at the palace-door, and stirring up all India they gave great gifts, kept the moral duties and the holy days, and at the end of their lives became destined for heaven.

At the end of the lesson, the Master identified the birth: "At that time the queen was the mother of Rāhula, and the king was myself.'

No. 416.

PARANTAPA-JĀTAKA.

"*Terror and fear,*" *etc.*—The Master told this while dwelling in the Bamboo-grove, concerning Devadatta's going about to kill him. They were discussing it in the Hall of Truth, "Sirs, Devadatta [415] is going about to kill the Tathāgata, he has hired bowmen, thrown down a rock, let loose Nāḷāgiri, and uses special means for the destruction of the Tathāgata." The Master came and asked the subject of their discussion as they sat together: when they told him, he said, "Brethren, this is not the first time he has gone about to kill me: but he could not even make me afraid, and gained only sorrow for himself:" and so he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of his chief queen. When he grew up, he learned all the arts at Takkasilā, and acquired a spell for the understanding of all animals' cries. After listening duly to his teacher, he returned to Benares. His father appointed him viceroy: but though he did so, he became anxious to kill him and would not even see him.

A she-jackal with two cubs entered the city at night by a sewer, when men were retired to rest. In the Bodhisatta's palace, near his bed-room, there was a chamber, where a single traveller, who had taken his shoes off and put them by his feet on the floor, was lying down, not yet asleep, on a plank. The jackal-cubs were hungry and gave a cry. Their mother said in the speech of jackals, "Do not make a noise, dears: there is a man in that chamber who has taken his shoes off and laid them on the floor: he is lying on a plank, but is not asleep yet: when he falls asleep, I will take his shoes and give you food." By the power of the spell the Bodhisatta understood her call, and leaving his bedroom he opened a window and said, "Who is there?" "I, your majesty, a traveller." "Where are your shoes?" "On the floor." "Lift them and hang them up." Hearing this the jackal was angry with the Bodhisatta. One day she entered the city again by the same way. That day a drunken man [416] went down to drink in a lotus-tank: falling in, he sank and was drowned. He possessed the two garments he was wearing, a thousand pieces in his under-garment, and a ring on his finger. The jackal-cubs cried out for hunger, and the mother said, "Be quiet, dears: there is a dead man in this lotus-tank, he had such and such property: he is lying dead on the tank-stair, I will give you his flesh to eat." The Bodhisatta, hearing her, opened the window and said, "Who is in the chamber?" One rose and

said, "I." "Go and take the clothes, the thousand pieces and the ring from the man who is lying dead in yonder lotus-tank, and make the body sink so that it cannot rise out of the water." The man did so. The jackal was angry again: "The other day you prevented my children eating the shoes; to-day you prevent them eating the dead man. Very well: on the third day from this a hostile king will come and encompass the city, your father will send you to battle, they will cut off your head: I will drink your throat's blood and satisfy my enmity: you make yourself an enemy of mine and I will see to it:" so she cried abusing the Bodhisatta. Then she took her cubs and went away. On the third day the hostile king came and encompassed the city. The king said to the Bodhisatta, "Go, dear son, and fight him." "O king, I have seen a vision: I cannot go, for I fear I shall lose my life." "What is your life or death to me? Go." The Great Being obeyed: taking his men he avoided the gate where the hostile king was posted, and went out by another which he had opened. As he went the whole city became as it were deserted, for all men went out with him. He encamped in a certain open space and waited. The king thought, "My viceroy has emptied the city and fled with all my forces: the enemy is lying all round the city: [417] I am but a dead man." To save his life he took his chief queen, his family priest, and a single attendant named Parantapa: with them he fled in disguise by night and entered a wood. Hearing of his flight, the Bodhisatta entered the city, defeated the hostile king in battle and took the kingdom. His father made a hut of leaves on a river bank and lived there on wild fruits. He and the family priest used to go looking for wild fruits: the servant Parantapa stayed with the queen in the hut. She was with child by the king: but owing to being constantly with Parantapa, she sinned with him. One day she said to him, "If the king knows, neither you nor I would live: kill him." "In what way?" "He makes you carry his sword and bathing-dress when he goes to bathe: take him off his guard at the bathing-place, cut off his head and chop his body to pieces with the sword and then bury him in the ground." He agreed. One day the priest had gone out for wild fruits: he had climbed a tree near the king's bathing-place and was gathering the fruit. The king wished to bathe, and came to the water-side with Parantapa carrying his sword and bathing-dress. As he was going to bathe, Parantapa, meaning to kill him when off his guard, seized him by the neck and raised the sword. The king cried out in fear of death. The priest heard the cry and saw from above that Parantapa was murdering him: but he was in great terror and slipping down from his branch in the tree, he hid in a thicket. Parantapa heard the noise he made as he slipped down, and after killing and burying the king he thought, "There was a noise of slipping from a branch thereabouts; who is there?" But seeing no man he bathed and went away.

Then the priest came out of his hiding-place; [418] knowing that the king had been cut in pieces and buried in a pit, he bathed and in fear of his life he pretended to be blind when he came back to the hut. Parantapa saw him and asked what had happened to him. He feigned not to know him and said, "O king, I am come back with my eyes lost: I was standing by an ant-hill in a wood full of serpents, and the breath of some venomous serpent must have fallen on me." Parantapa thought the priest was addressing him as king in ignorance, and to put his mind at rest he said, "Brahmin, never mind, I will take care of you," and so comforted him and gave him plenty of wild fruits. From that time it was Parantapa who gathered the fruits. The queen bore a son. As he was growing up, she said to Parantapa one day at early morning when seated comfortably, "Some one saw you when you were killing the king?" "No one saw me: but I heard the noise of something slipping from a bough: whether it was man or beast I cannot tell: but whenever fear comes on me it must be from the cause of the boughs creaking," and so in conversation with her he spoke the first stanza:—

> Terror and fear fall on me even now,
> For then a man or beast did shake a bough.

They thought the priest was asleep, but he was awake and heard their talk. One day, when Parantapa had gone for wild fruits, the priest remembered his brahmin-wife and spoke the second stanza in lamentation:—

> [419] My true wife's home is near at hand: my love will make me be
> Pale like Parantapa and thin, at quivering of a tree.

The queen asked what he was saying. He said, "I was only thinking:" but one day again he spoke the third stanza:—

> My dear wife's in Benares: her absence wears me now
> To pallor like Parantapa's at shaking of a bough.

Again one day he spoke a fourth stanza:—

> Her black eye's glow, her speech and smiles in thought do bring me now
> To pallor like Parantapa's at shaking of a bough.

In time the young prince grew up and reached the age of sixteen. Then the brahmin made him take a stick, and going with him to the bathing-place opened his eyes and looked. [420] "Are you not blind, brahmin?" said the prince. "I am not, but by this means I have saved my life: do you know who is your father?" "Yes." "That man is not your father: your father was king of Benares: that man is a servant of your house, he sinned with your mother and in this spot killed and buried your father"; and so saying he pulled up the bones and showed them to him. The prince grew very angry, and asked, "What am I to do?" "Do to that man what he did to your father here," and showing him the

whole matter he taught him in a few days how to handle a sword. Then one day the prince took sword and bathing-dress and said, "Father, let us go and bathe." Parantapa consented and went with him. When he went down into the water, the prince took his top-knot in the left hand and the sword in the right, and said, "At this spot you took my father by the top-knot and killed him as he cried out: even so will I do to you." Parantapa wailed in fear of death and spoke two stanzas:—

Surely that sound has come to you and told you what befel:
Surely the man who bent the bough has come the tale to tell.

The foolish thought that once I had has reached your knowledge now:
That day a witness, man or beast, was there and shook the bough.

Then the prince spoke the last stanza:—

'Twas thus you slew my father with trait'rous word, untrue;
You hid his body in the boughs: now fear has come to you.

[421] So saying, he slew him on the spot, buried him and covered the place with branches: then washing the sword and bathing, he went back to the hut of leaves. He told the priest how he had killed Parantapa: he censured his mother, and saying, "What shall we do now?" the three went back to Benares. The Bodhisatta made the young prince viceroy and doing charity and other good works passed fully through the path to heaven.

After the lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the old king, I myself was the young one."

BOOK VIII.—AṬṬHA-NIPĀTA.

No. 417.

KACCĀNI-JĀTAKA[1].

[422] "*Robed in white,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning a man who supported his mother. The story is that the man was of good family and conduct in Sāvatthi: on his father's death he became devoted to his mother and tended her with the services of mouth-washing, teeth-cleansing, bathing, feet-washing and the like, and also by giving her gruel, rice and other food. She said to him, "Dear son, there are other duties in a householder's life: you must marry a maid of a suitable family, who will attend to me, and then you can do your proper work." "Mother, it is for my own good and pleasure that I wait on you: who else would wait on you so well?" "Son, you ought to do something to advance the fortune of our house." "I have no care for a householder's life; I will wait on you, and after you are dead and burned I will become an ascetic." She pressed him again and again: and at last, without winning him over or gaining his consent, she brought him a maid of a suitable family. He married and lived with her, because he would not oppose his mother. She observed the great attention with which her husband waited on his mother, and desirous of imitating it she too waited on her with care. Noticing his wife's devotion, he gave her thenceforth all the pleasant food he could get. As time went on she foolishly thought in her pride, "He gives me all the pleasant food he gets: he must be anxious to get rid [423] of his mother and I will find some means for doing so." So one day she said, "Husband, your mother scolds me when you leave the house." He said nothing. She thought, "I will irritate the old woman and make her disagreeable to her son": and thenceforth she gave her rice-gruel either very hot or very cold or very salt or saltless. When the old woman complained that it was too hot or too salt, she threw in cold water enough to fill the dish: and then on complaints of its being cold and saltless, she would make a great outcry, "Just now you said it was too hot and too salt: who can satisfy you?" So at the bath she would throw very hot water on the old woman's back: when she said, "Daughter, my back is burning," the other would throw some very cold water on her, and on complaints of this, she would make a story to the neighbours, "This woman said just now it was too hot, now she screams 'it is too cold': who can endure her impudence?" If the old woman complained that her bed was full of fleas, she would take the bed out and shake her own bed over it and then bring it back declaring, "I've given it a shake": the good old lady, having twice as many fleas biting her

[1] See Morris, *Folk-lore Journal*, ii. p. 306.

now, would spend the night sitting up and complain of being bitten all night; the other would retort, "Your bed was shaken yesterday and the day before too: who can satisfy all such a woman's needs?" To set the old woman's son against her, she would scatter phlegm and mucus and grey hairs here and there, and when he asked who was making the whole house so dirty, she would say, "Your mother does it; but if she is told not to do so, she makes an outcry: I can't stay in the same house with such an old witch: you must decide whether she stays or I." He hearkened to her and said, "Wife, you are yet young and can get a living wherever you go: but my mother is weak and I am her stay: go and depart to your own kin." When she heard this, she was afraid and thought, "He cannot break with his mother who is so very dear to him: but if I go to my old home, I shall have a miserable life of separation: I will conciliate my mother-in-law and tend her as of old": [424] and thenceforth she did so. One day that lay brother went to Jetavana to hear the law: saluting the Master he stood on one side. The Master asked him if he were not careless of his old duties, if he were dutiful in tending his mother. He answered, "Yes, Lord: my mother brought me a maid to wife against my will, she did such and such unseemly things," telling him all, "but the woman could not make me break with my mother, and now she tends her with all respect." The Master heard the story and said, "This time you would not do her bidding: but formerly you cast out your mother at her bidding and owing to me took her back again to your house and tended her": and at the man's request he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, a young man of a certain family on his father's death devoted himself to his mother and tended her as in the introductory story: the details are to be given in full as above. But in this case, when his wife said she could not live with the old witch and he must decide which of them should go, he took her word that his mother was in fault and said, "Mother, you are always raising strife in the house: henceforth go and live in some other place, where you choose." She obeyed, weeping, and going to a certain friend's house, she worked for wages and with difficulty made a living. After she left, her daughter-in-law conceived a child, and went about saying to her husband and the neighbours that such a thing could never have happened as long as the old witch was in the house. After the child was born, she said to her husband, "I never had a son while your mother stayed in the house, but now I have: so you can see what a witch she was." The old woman heard that the son's birth was thought to be due to her leaving the house, and she thought, "Surely Right must be dead in the world: [425] if it were not so, these people would not have got a son and a comfortable life after beating and casting out their mother: I will make an offering for the dead Right." So one day she took ground sesame and rice and a little pot and a spoon: she went to a cemetery of corpses and kindled a fire under an oven made with three human skulls: then she went down into the water, bathed herself head and all, washed her garment and coming back to her fireplace, she loosened her hair and began to wash the rice.

The Bodhisatta was at that time Sakka, king of heaven; and the Bodhisattas are vigilant. At the instant he saw, in his survey of the world, that the poor old woman was making a death-offering to Right as if Right were dead. Wishing to shew his power in helping her, he came down disguised as a brahmin travelling on the high road: at sight of her he left the road and standing near her, began a conversation by saying, "Mother, people do not cook food in cemeteries: what are you going to do with this sesame and rice when cooked?" So he spoke the first stanza:—

Robed in white, with dripping hair,
  Why, Kaccāni[1], boil the pot?
Washing rice and sesame there,
  Will you use them when they're hot?

She spoke the second stanza to give him information:—

Brahmin, not for food will I
  Use the sesame and the rice:
Right is dead; its memory
  I would crown with sacrifice.

[426] Then Sakka spoke the third stanza:—

Lady, think ere you decide:
  Who has told you such a lie?
Strong in might and thousand-eyed
  Perfect Right can never die.

Hearing him, the woman spoke two stanzas:—

Brahmin, I have witness strong,
  'Right is dead' I must believe:
All men now who follow wrong
  Great prosperity receive.

Barren once, my good son's spouse
  Beats me, and she bears a son:
She is lady of our house,
  I an outcast and undone.

Then Sakka spoke the sixth stanza:—

[2]Nay, I live eternally;
  'Twas for your sake that I came:
She beat you; but her son and she
  Shall be ashes in my flame.

[427] Hearing him, she cried, "Alas, what say you? I will try to save my grandson from death," and so she spoke the seventh stanza:—

King of gods, your will be done:
  If for me you left the sky,
May my children and their son
  Live with me in amity.

[1] She is called Kātiyāni in the eighth stanza.

[2] Sakka identifies himself with Right.

Then Sakka spoke the eighth stanza:—

Kātiyāni's will be done:
  Beaten, you still on Right rely:
With your children and their son
  Share one home in amity.

After saying this, Sakka, now in all his divine apparel, stood in the air by his supernatural power and said, "Kaccāni, be not afraid: by my power your son and daughter-in-law will come, and after getting your forgiveness on the way will take you back with them: dwell with them in peace:" then he went to his own place. By Sakka's power they bethought themselves of her goodness, and making enquiry through the village they found she had gone towards the cemetery. They went along the road calling for her: when they saw her they fell at her feet, and asked and obtained her pardon for their offence. She welcomed her grandson. So they all went home in delight and thenceforth dwelt together.

Joyful with her good son's wife
  Kātiyāni then did dwell:
Indra pacified their strife,
  Son and grandson tend her well.

This stanza is inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

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[428] After the lesson the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth: after the Truths that lay brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the man who supported his mother was the man who is supporting his mother to-day, the wife of that time was the wife of to-day, and Sakka was myself."

No. 418.

AṬṬHASADDA-JĀTAKA.

"*A pool so deep*," *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning an indistinguishable terrific sound heard at midnight by the king of Kosala. The occasion is like that already described in the Lohakumbhī Birth[1]. At this time however, when the king said, "Lord, what does the hearing of these sounds import to me?" the Master answered, "Great king, be not afraid: no danger shall befal you owing to these sounds: such terrible indistinguishable

[1] See *supra*, p. 29.

sounds have not been heard by you alone: kings of old also heard like sounds, and meant to follow the advice of brahmins to offer in sacrifice four animals of each species, but after hearing what wise men had to say, they set free the animals collected for sacrifice and caused proclamation by drum against all slaughter": and at the king's request, he told the old tale.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family worth eighty crores. When he grew up he learned the arts at Takkasilā. After his parents' death he reviewed all their treasures, got rid of all his wealth by way of charity, forsook desires, went to the Himālaya and became an ascetic and entered on mystic meditation. After a time he came to the haunts of men for salt and vinegar, and reaching Benares dwelt in a garden. At that time the king of Benares when seated on his royal bed at midnight heard eight sounds:—first, a crane made a noise in a garden near the palace; second, immediately after the crane, a female crow made a noise from the gateway of the elephant-house; [429] third, an insect settled on the peak of the palace made a noise; fourth, a tame cuckoo in the palace made a noise; fifth, a tame deer in the same place; sixth, a tame monkey there; seventh, a gnome living in the palace; eighth, immediately after the last, a paccekabuddha, passing along the roof of the king's habitation to the garden, uttered a sound of ecstatic feeling. The king was terrified at hearing these eight sounds, and next day consulted the brahmins. The brahmins said, "Great king, there is danger for you: let us offer sacrifice out of the palace;" and getting his leave to do their pleasure, they came in joy and delight and began the work of sacrifice. Now a young pupil of the oldest sacrificial brahmin was wise and learned: he said to his master, "Master, do not cause such a harsh and cruel slaughter of so many creatures." "Pupil, what do you know about it? even if nothing else happens, we shall get much fish and flesh to eat." "Master, do not, for the belly's sake, an action which will cause rebirth in hell." Hearing this, the other brahmins were angry with the pupil for endangering their gains. The pupil in fear said, "Very well, devise a means then of getting fish and flesh to eat," and left the city looking for some pious ascetic able to prevent the king from sacrificing. He entered the royal garden and seeing the Bodhisatta, he saluted him and said, "Have you no compassion on creatures? The king has ordered a sacrifice which will bring death on many creatures: ought you not to bring about the release of such a multitude?" "Young brahmin, I do not know the king of this land, nor he me." "Sir, do you know what will be the consequence of those sounds the king heard?" "I do." "If you know, [430] why do you not tell the king?" "Young brahmin, how can I go with a horn fastened[1] on my

[1] As an emblem of pride, as in the Bible.

forehead to say, 'I know?' If the king comes here to question me, I will tell him." The young brahmin went swiftly to the king's court, and when he was asked his business, he said, "Great king, a certain ascetic knows the issue of those sounds you heard: he is sitting on the royal seat in your garden, and says he will tell you if you ask him: you should do so." The king went swiftly, saluted the ascetic, and after friendly greeting he sat down and asked, "Is it true that you know the issue of the sounds I have heard?" "Yes, great king." "Then pray tell me." "Great king, there is no danger connected with those sounds: there is a certain crane in your old garden; it was without food, and half dead with hunger made the first sound:" and so by his knowledge giving precisely the crane's meaning he uttered the first stanza:—

A pool so deep and full of fish they called this place of yore,
The crane-king's residence it was, my ancestors' before:
And though we live on frogs to-day, we never leave its shore.

"That, great king, was the sound the crane made in the pangs of hunger: if you wish to set it free from hunger, have the garden cleaned and fill the tank with water." The king told a minister to have this done. "Great king, there is a female crow who lives in the doorway of your elephant house: she made the second sound, grieving for her son: you need have no fear from it," and so he uttered the second stanza:—

Oh! who of wicked Bandhura? the single eye will rend
My nest, my nestlings and myself oh! who will now befriend?

[431] Then he asked the king for the name of the chief groom in the elephant-house. "His name, sir, is Bandhura." "Has he only one eye, O king?" "Yes, sir." "Great king, a certain crow has built her nest over the doorway of your elephant-house; there she laid her eggs, there her young in due time were hatched: every time the groom enters or leaves the stable on his elephant, he strikes with his hook at the crow and her nestlings, and destroys the nest: the crow in this distress wishes to tear his eye and spoke as she did. If you are well-disposed to her, send for Bandhura and prevent him from destroying the nest." The king sent for him, rebuked and removed him, and gave the elephant to another.

"On the peak of your palace-roof, great king, there is a wood-insect; it had eaten all the fig-wood there and could not eat the harder wood: lacking food and unable to get away, it made the third sound in lamentation: you need have no fear from it:" and so by his knowledge giving precisely the insect's meaning he spoke the third stanza:—

I've eaten all the fig-wood round as far as it would go:
Hard wood a weevil liketh not, though other food runs low.

The king sent a servant and by some means had the weevil set free.

"In your habitation, great king, is there a certain tame cuckoo?" "There is, sir." "Great king, that cuckoo was pining for the forest when it remembered its former life, 'How can I leave this cage, and go to my dear forest?' and so made the fourth sound: you need have no fear from it:" and so he spoke the fourth stanza:—

[432] Oh to leave this royal dwelling! oh to gain my liberty,
Glad at heart to roam the wood, and build my nest upon the tree.

So saying, he added, "The cuckoo is pining, great king, set her free." The king did so.

"Great king, is there a tame deer in your habitation?" "There is, sir." "He was chief of the herd: remembering his hind and pining for love of her he made the fifth sound: you need have no fear from it:" and he spoke the fifth stanza:—

Oh to leave this royal dwelling! oh to gain my liberty,
Drink pure water of the fountain, lead the herd that followed me!

The Great Being caused this deer too to be set free and went on, "Great king, is there a tame monkey in your habitation?" "There is, sir." "He was chief of a herd in the Himālaya, and he was fond of the society of female monkeys: he was brought here by a hunter named Bharata: pining and longing for his old haunts he made the sixth sound: you need have no fear from it," and he spoke the sixth stanza:—

Filled and stained was I with passions, with desire infatuate,
Bharata the hunter took me; may I bring you happy fate!

The Great Being caused the monkey too to be set free, and went on, "Great king, is there a gnome living in your habitation?" "There is, sir." "He is thinking of what he did with his sylph [433] and in the pain of desire made the seventh sound. One day he had climbed the peak of a high mountain with her: they plucked and decked themselves with many flowers of choice hue and scent, and never noticed that the sun was setting; darkness fell as they were descending. The sylph said, 'Husband, it is dark, come down carefully without stumbling,' and taking him by the hand, she led him down. It was in memory of her words that he made the sound: you need have no fear from it." By his knowledge he stated and made known the circumstance precisely, and spoke the seventh stanza:—

When the darkness gathered thickly on the mountain summit lone,
'Stumble not,' she gently warned me, 'with thy foot against a stone.'

So the Great Being explained why the gnome had made the sound, and caused him to be set free, and went on, "Great king, there was an eighth sound, one of ecstasy. A certain paccekabuddha in the Nandamūla cave knowing that the conditions of life were now at an end for him came to

the abode of man, thinking, 'I will enter into Nirvāna in the king of Benares' park: his servants will bury me, and hold sacred festival and venerate my relics and so attain heaven:' he was coming by his supernatural power and just as he reached your palace-roof, he threw off the burden of life and sung in ecstasy the song that lights up the entrance into the city of Nirvāna:" and so he spoke the stanza uttered by the paccekabuddha:

[434] Surely I see the end of birth,
I ne'er again the womb shall see:
My last existence on the earth
Is o'er, and all its misery.

"With these words of ecstasy he reached your park and passed into Nirvāna at the foot of a sál-tree in full flower: come, great king, and perform his funeral rites." So the Great Being took the king to the place where the paccekabuddha entered into Nirvāna and shewed him the body. Seeing the body, the king with a great army paid honour with perfumes and flowers and the like. By the Bodhisatta's advice he stopped the sacrifice, gave all the creatures their lives, made proclamation by drum through the city that there should be no slaughter, caused sacred festival to be held for seven days, had the paccekabuddha's body burnt with great honour on a pyre heaped with perfumes and made a stupa where four high roads meet. The Bodhisatta preached righteousness to the king and exhorted him to diligence: then he went to the Himālaya and there did works in the Perfect States, and without a break in his meditations became destined for the Brahma Heaven.

After the lesson, the Master said, "Great king, there is no danger at all to you from that sound, stop the sacrifice and give all these creatures their lives": and having caused proclamation to be made by drum that their lives were spared, he identified the Birth: "At that time the king was Ānanda, the pupil was Sāriputta, and the ascetic was myself."

No. 419.

SULASĀ-JĀTAKA.

[435] "*Here is a golden necklace,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a female servant of Anāthapindika. The story is that one feast-day, when she was going with a number of fellow-servants to a pleasure-garden, she asked her mistress Paṇṇalakkhaṇadevī for an ornament to wear.

Her mistress gave her an ornament of her own, worth a hundred thousand pieces. She put it on and went along with the other servants to the pleasure-garden. A certain thief coveted the ornament, and with the design of killing her and taking it he began talking to her, and in the garden he gave her fish, flesh and strong drink. "He does it, I suppose, because he desires me," she thought, and at evening when the others lay down to rest after their sports, she rose and went to him. He said, "Mistress, this place is not private; let us go a little farther." She thought, [1]"Anything private can be done in this place: no doubt he must be anxious to kill me and take what I am wearing: I'll teach him a lesson:" so she said, "Master, I am dry owing to the strong drink: get me some water," and taking him to a well asked him to draw some water, shewing him the rope and bucket. The thief let down the bucket. Then as he was stooping to draw up the water, the girl, who was very strong, pushed him hard with both hands and threw him into the well. "You won't die that way," she said, and threw a large brick upon his head. He died on the spot. When she came back to the town and gave her mistress the ornament, she said, "I have very nearly been killed to-day for that ornament," and told the whole story. The mistress told Anāthapiṇḍika, and he told the Tathāgata. The Master said, "Householder, this is not the first time that servant girl has been endowed with wits rising to the occasion; she was so before also: it is not the first time she killed that man; she did it once before," and at Anāthapiṇḍika's request, he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, there was a beautiful woman of the town, called Sulasā, who had a train of five-hundred courtesans, and whose price was a thousand pieces a night. There was in the same city a robber named Sattuka, [436] as strong as an elephant, who used to enter rich men's houses at night and plunder at will. The townsmen assembled and complained to the king. The king ordered the city-watch to post bands here and there, have the robber caught and cut off his head. They bound his hands behind his back and led him to the place of execution, scourging him in every square with whips. The news that he was taken excited the whole city. Sulasā was standing at a window, and looking down on the street she saw the robber, loved him at sight and thought, "If I can free that stout fighting-man, I will give up this bad life of mine and live respectably with him." In the way described in the Kaṇavera Birth[2] she gained his freedom by sending a thousand pieces to the chief constable of the city and then lived with him in delight and harmony. The robber after three or four months thought, "I shall never be able to stay in this one place: but one can't go empty-handed: Sulasā's ornaments are worth a hundred thousand pieces: I will kill her and take them." So he said to her one day, "Dear, when I was being hauled along by the king's men, I promised an offering to a tree-deity on a mountain-top, who is now threatening me because I have not paid it: let us make an offering." "Very well, husband, prepare and send it." "Dear, it will

[1] Omitting *na*, with other MSS.
[2] See *supra*, p. 40.

not do to send it: let us both go and present it, wearing all our ornaments and with a great retinue." "Very well, husband, we'll do so." He made her prepare the offering and when they reached the mountain-foot, he said, "Dear, the deity, seeing this crowd of people, will not accept the offering; let us two go up and present it." She consented, and he made her carry the vessel. He was himself armed to the teeth, and when they reached the top, he set the offering [437] at the foot of a tree which grew beside a precipice a hundred times as high as a man, and said, "Dear, I have not come to present the offering, I have come with the intention of killing you and going away with all your ornaments: take them all off and make a bundle of them in your outer garment." "Husband, why would you kill me?" "For your money." "Husband, remember the good I have done you: when you were being hauled along in chains, I gave up a rich man's son for you and paid a large sum and saved your life: though I might get a thousand pieces a day, I never look at another man: such a benefactress I am to you: do not kill me, I will give you much money and be your slave." With these entreaties she spoke the first stanza:—

Here is a golden necklace, and emeralds and pearls,
Take all and welcome: give me place among thy servant girls.

When Sattuka had spoken the second stanza in accordance with his purpose, to wit—

Fair lady, lay thy jewels down and do not weep so sore:
I'll kill thee: else I can't be sure thou'lt give me all thy store:—

Sulasā's wits rose to the occasion, and thinking, "This robber will not give me my life, but I'll take his life first by throwing him down the precipice in some way," she spoke the two stanzas:—

Within my years of sense, within my conscious memory,
No man on earth, I do protest, have I loved more than thee.

Come hither, for my last salute, receive my last embrace:
For never more upon the earth shall we meet face to face.

Sattuka could not see her purpose, so he said, "Very well, dear; come and embrace me." Sulasā walked round him in respectful salutation three times, kissed him, and saying, "Now, husband, I am going [438] to make obeisance to you on all four sides," she put her head on his foot, did obeisance at his sides, and went behind him as if to do obeisance there: then with the strength of an elephant she took him by the hinder parts and threw him head over heels down that place of destruction a hundred times as high as a man. He was crushed to pieces and died on the spot. Seeing this deed, the deity who lived on the mountain-top spoke these stanzas:—

Wisdom at times is not confined to men:
A woman can shew wisdom now and then.

Wisdom at times is not confined to men :
Women are quick in counsel now and then.

How quick and keen she was the way to know,
She slew him like a deer with full-stretched bow.

He that to great occasion fails to rise
Falls, like that dull thief from the precipice.

One prompt a crisis in his fate to see,
Like her, is saved from threatening enemy.

So Sulasā killed the robber. When she descended from the mountain and came among her attendants, they asked where her husband was. "Don't ask me," she said, and mounting her chariot she went on to the city.

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[439] After the lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the two then were the same two now, the deity was myself."

No. 420.

SUMAṄGALA-JĀTAKA.

"*Conscious of an angry frown,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning the admonition of a king. On this occasion the Master, at the king's request, told the tale of old.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of his chief queen. When he grew up, he became king on his father's death and gave abundant alms. He had a park-keeper named Sumaṅgala. A certain paccekabuddha left the Nandamūla cave on a pilgrimage for alms, and coming to Benares stayed in the park. Next day he went into the town to beg. The king saw him with favour, made him come up into the palace and sit on the throne, waited on him with various delicate kinds of food, both hard and soft, and received his thanks: being pleased that the paccekabuddha should stay in his park, he exacted a promise and sent him back thither: after his morning meal he went there in person, arranged the places for his habitation by night

and day, gave him the park-keeper Sumaṅgala as attendant, and went back to the town. After that the paccekabuddha had meals constantly in the palace and lived there a long time: Sumaṅgala respectfully attended on him. One day he went away, saying to Sumaṅgala, "I am going to such and such a village for a few days, but will come back: inform the king." Sumaṅgala informed the king. After a few days' stay in that village the paccekabuddha came back to the park in the evening after sunset. [440] Sumaṅgala, not knowing of his arrival, had gone to his own house. The paccekabuddha put away his bowl and robe, and after a little walk sat down on a stone-slab. That day some strange guests had come to the park-keeper's house. To get them soup and curry he had gone with a bow to kill a tame deer in the park: he was there looking for a deer when he saw the paccekabuddha and thinking he was a great deer, he aimed an arrow and shot him. The paccekabuddha uncovered his head and said, "Sumaṅgala." Greatly moved Sumaṅgala said, "Sir, I knew not of your coming and shot you, thinking you were a deer: forgive me." "Very well, but what will you do now? Come, pull out the arrow." He made obeisance and pulled it out. The paccekabuddha felt great pain and passed into nirvāna then and there. The park-keeper thought the king would not pardon him if he knew: he took his wife and children and fled. By supernatural power the whole city heard that the paccekabuddha had entered nirvāna, and all were greatly excited. Next day some men entered the park, saw the body and told the king that the park-keeper had fled after killing the paccekabuddha. The king went with a great retinue and for seven days paid honour to the body: then with all ceremony he took the relics, built a shrine, and doing honour to it went on ruling his kingdom righteously. After a year, Sumaṅgala determined to find out what the king thought: he came and asked a minister whom he saw to find out what the king thought of him. The minister praised Sumaṅgala before the king: but he was as if he heard not. The minister said no more, but told Sumaṅgala that the king was not pleased with him. After another year he came, and again in the third year he brought his wife and children. The minister knew the king was appeased [441], and setting Sumaṅgala at the palace-door told the king of his coming. The king sent for him, and after greeting said, "Sumaṅgala, why did you kill that paccekabuddha, through whom I was gaining merit?" "O king, I did not mean to kill him, but it was in this way that I did the deed," and he told the story. The king bade him have no fear, and reassuring him made him park-keeper again. Then the minister asked, "O king, why did you make no answer when you heard Sumaṅgala's praises twice, and on the third hearing why did you send for him and forgive him?" The king said, "Dear sir, it is wrong for a king to do anything hastily in his anger: therefore I was silent at first and the third time when I

knew I was appeased I sent for Sumaṅgala": and so he spoke these stanzas to declare the duty of a king:—

Conscious of an angry frown,
  Ne'er let king stretch out his rod:
Things unworthy of a crown
  Then would follow from his nod.

Conscious of a milder mood,
  Let him judgments harsh decree,
When the case is understood,
  Fix the proper penalty:

Self nor others will he vex,
  Clearly parting right from wrong:
Though his yoke is on men's necks,
  Virtue holds him high and strong.

Princes reckless in their deed
  Ply the rod remorselessly,
Ill repute is here their meed,
  Hell awaits them when they die.

[442] They who love the saintly law,
  Pure in deed and word and thought,
Filled with kindness, calm and awe,
  Pass through both worlds as they ought.

King am I, my people's lord;
  Anger shall not check my bent:
When to vice I take the sword,
  Pity prompts the punishment.

[443] So the king declared his own good qualities in six stanzas: his whole court were pleased and declared his merits in the words, "Such excellence in moral practices and qualities is worthy of your majesty." Sumaṅgala, after the court had finished speaking, saluted the king, and after obeisance spoke three stanzas in the king's praise:—

Such thy glory and thy power;
Ne'er resign them for an hour:
Free from anger, free from fears,
Reign in joy a hundred years.

Prince, whom all those virtues bless,
  Mild and bland, but firm in worth,
Rule the world with righteousness,
  Pass to heaven when freed from earth.

True in word, in action good,
  Take the means thy end to gain:
Calm the troubled multitude,
  As a cloud with genial rain.

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[444] After the lesson connected with the admonition of the Kosala king, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the paccekabuddha passed into nirvāna, Sumaṅgala was Ānanda, the king was myself."

No. 421.

GAṄGAMĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"*The earth's like coals,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the keeping of the weekly holy days. One day the Master was addressing the lay-brethren who were keeping the holy days and said, "Lay-brethren, your conduct is good; when men keep the holy days they should give alms, keep the moral precepts, never show anger, feel kindness and do the duties of the day: wise men of old gained great glory from even a partial keeping of the holy days:" and at their request he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, there was a rich merchant in that city named Suciparivāra, whose wealth reached eighty crores and who took delight in charity and other good works. His wife and children and all his household and servants down to the calf-herds kept six holy days every month. At that time the Bodhisatta was born in a certain poor family and lived a hard life on workman's wages. Hoping to get work he came to Suciparivāra's house: saluting and sitting on one side, he was asked his errand and said, "It was to get work for wages in your house[1]." When other workmen came to him, the merchant used to say to them, "In this house the workmen keep the moral precepts, if you can keep them you may work for me:" but to the Bodhisatta he made no hint in the way of mentioning moral precepts but said, [445] "Very well, my good man, you can work for me and arrange about your wages." Thenceforth the Bodhisatta did all the merchant's work meekly and heartily, without a thought of his own weariness; he went early to work and came back at evening. One day they proclaimed a festival in the city. The merchant said to a female servant, "This is a holy day: you must cook some rice for the workpeople in the morning: they will eat it early and fast the rest of the day." The Bodhisatta rose early and went to his work: no one had told him to fast that day. The other workpeople ate in the morning and then fasted: the merchant with his wife, children and attendants kept the fast: all went, each to his own abode, and sat there meditating on the moral precepts. The Bodhisatta worked all day and came home at sunset. The cook-maid gave him water for his hands, and offered him in a dish rice taken from the boiler. The Bodhisatta said, "At this hour there is a great noise on ordinary days: where have they all gone to-day?" "They are all keeping the fast, each in his own abode." He thought, "I will not be the only person misconducting himself among so

[1] The Pali text here is wrongly punctuated.

many people of moral conduct:" so he went and asked the merchant if the fast could be kept at all by undertaking the duties of the day at that hour. He told him that the whole duty could not be done, because it had not been undertaken in the morning; but half the duty could be done. "So far be it," he answered, and undertaking the duty in his master's presence he began to keep the fast, and going to his own abode he lay meditating on the precepts. He had taken no food all day, and in the last watch he felt pain like a spear-wound. The merchant brought him various remedies and told him to eat them: but he said, "I will not break my fast: I have undertaken it though it cost my life." [446] The pain became intense and at sunrise he was losing consciousness. They told him he was dying, and taking him out they set him in a place of retirement. At this moment the king of Benares in a noble chariot with a great retinue had reached that spot in a progress round the city. The Bodhisatta, seeing the royal splendour, felt a desire for royalty and prayed for it. Dying, he was conceived again, in consequence of keeping half the fast-day, in the womb of the chief queen. She went through the ceremony of pregnancy, and bore a son after ten months. He was named prince Udaya. When he grew up he became perfect in all sciences: by his memory of previous births he knew his former action of merit, and thinking it was a great reward for a little action he sang the song of ecstasy again and again. At his father's death he gained the kingdom, and observing his own great glory he sang the same song of ecstasy. One day they made ready for a festival in the city. A great multitude were intent on amusement. A certain water-carrier who lived by the north gate of Benares had hid a half-penny in a brick in a boundary wall. He cohabited with a poor woman who also made her living by carrying water. She said to him, "My lord, there is a festival in the town: if you have any money, let us enjoy ourselves." "I have, dear." "How much?" "A half-penny." "Where is it?" "In a brick by the north gate, twelve leagues from here I leave my treasure: but have you got anything in hand?" "I have." "How much?" "A half-penny." "So yours and mine together make a whole penny: we'll buy a garland with one part of it, perfume with another, and strong drink with a third: go and fetch your half-penny from where you put it." [447] He was delighted to catch the idea suggested by his wife's words, and saying, "Don't trouble, dear, I will fetch it," he set out. The man was as strong as an elephant: he went more than six leagues, and though it was mid-day and he was treading on sand as hot as if it were strewn with coals just off the flame, he was delighted with the desire of gain and in[1] old yellow clothes with a palm-leaf fastened in his ear he went by the palace court in pursuit of his purpose, singing a

[1] *nantaka* as in p. 22. 1: the palm-leaf is used as an ear-ornament.

song. King Udaya stood at an open window, and seeing him coming wondered who it was, who disregarding such wind and heat went singing for joy, and sent a servant to call him up. "The king calls for you," he was told: but he said, "What is the king to me? I don't know the king." He was taken by force and stood on one side. Then the king spoke two stanzas in enquiry:—

> The earth's like coals, the ground like embers hot:
> You sing your song, the great heat burns you not.
>
> The sun on high, the sand below are hot:
> You sing your song, the great heat burns you not.

Hearing the king's words he spoke the third stanza:—

> 'Tis these desires that burn, and not the sun:
> 'Tis all these pressing tasks that must be done.

[448] The king asked what his business was. He answered, "O king, I was living by the south gate with a poor woman: she proposed that she and I should amuse ourselves at the festival and asked if I had anything in hand: I told her I had a treasure stored inside a wall by the north gate: she sent me for it to help us to amuse ourselves: those words of hers never leave my heart and as I think of them hot desire burns me: that is my business." "Then what delights you so much that you disregard wind and sun, and sing as you go?" "O king, I sing to think that when I fetch my treasure I shall amuse myself along with her." "Then, my good man, is your treasure, hidden by the north gate, a hundred thousand pieces?" "Oh no." Then the king asked in succession if it were fifty thousand, forty, thirty, twenty, ten, five, four, three, two gold pieces, one piece, half a piece, a quarter piece, four pence, three, two, one penny. The man said "No" to all these questions and then, "It is a half-penny: indeed, O king, that is all my treasure: but I am going in hopes of fetching it and then amusing myself with her: and in that desire and delight the wind and sun do not annoy me." The king said, "My good man, don't go there in such a heat: I will give you a half-penny." "O king, I will take you at your word and accept it, but I won't lose the other: I won't give up going there and fetching it too." "My good man, stay here: I'll give you a penny, two pence:" then offering more and more he went on to a crore, a hundred crores, boundless wealth, if the man would stay. But he always answered, "O king, I'll take it, but I'll fetch the other too." Then he was tempted by offers of posts as treasurer and posts of various kinds and the position of viceroy: at last he was offered half the kingdom [449] if he would stay. Then he consented. The king said to his ministers, "Go, have my friend shaved and bathed and adorned, and bring him back." They did so. The king divided his kingdom in two and gave him half: but they say that he took the northern half from

love of his half-penny. He was called king Half-penny. They ruled the kingdom in friendship and harmony. One day they went to the park together. After amusing themselves, king Udaya lay down with his head in king Half-penny's lap. He fell asleep, while the attendants were going here and there enjoying their amusements. King Half-penny thought, "Why should I always have only half the kingdom? I will kill him and be sole king:" so he drew his sword, but thinking to strike him remembered that the king had made him, when poor and mean, his partner and set him in great power, and that the thought which had risen in his mind to kill such a benefactor was a wicked one: so he sheathed the sword. A second and a third time the same thought rose. Feeling that this thought, rising again and again, would lead him on to the evil deed, he threw the sword on the ground and woke the king. "Pardon me, O king," he said and fell at his feet. "Friend, you have done me no wrong." "I have, O great king: I did such and such a thing." "Then, friend, I pardon you: if you desire it, be sole king, and I will serve under you as viceroy." He answered, "O king, I have no need of the kingdom, such a desire will cause me to be reborn in evil states: the kingdom is yours, take it: I will become an ascetic: I have seen the root of desire, it grows from a man's wish, [450] from henceforth I will have no such wish," and so in ecstasy he spoke the fourth stanza:—

I have seen thy roots, Desire: in a man's own will they lie.
I will no more wish for thee, and thou, Desire, shalt die.

So saying, he spoke the fifth stanza declaring the law unto a great multitude devoted to desires:—

Little desire is not enough, and much but brings us pain:
Ah! foolish men: be sober, friends, if ye would wisdom gain.

So declaring the law unto the multitude, he entrusted the realm to king Udaya: leaving the weeping multitude with tears on their faces, he went to the Himālaya, became an ascetic and reached perfect insight. At the time of his becoming an ascetic, king Udaya spoke the sixth stanza in complete expression of ecstasy:—

Little desire has brought me all the fruit,
  Great is the glory Udaya acquires;
Mighty the gain if one is resolute
  To be a Brother and forsake desires.

[451] No one knew the meaning of this stanza. One day the chief queen asked him the meaning of it. The king would not tell. There was a certain court-barber, called Gangamāla, who when attending to the king used to use the razor first, and then grasp the hairs with his tweezers[1].

[1] Cf. *Cullavagga*, v. 27.

The king liked the first operation, but the second gave him pain: at the first he would have given the barber a boon, at the second he would have cut his head off. One day he told the queen about it, saying that their court-barber was a fool: when she asked what he ought to do, he answered, "Use the tweezers first and the razor afterwards." She sent for the barber and said, "My good man, when you are trimming the king's beard you ought to take his hairs with your tweezers first and use the razor afterwards: then if the king offers you a boon, you must say you don't want anything else, but wish to know the meaning of his song: if you do, I will give you much money." He agreed. On the next day when he was trimming the king's beard, he took the tweezers first. The king said, "Gangamāla, is this a new fashion of yours?" "O king," he answered, "barbers have got a new fashion;" and he grasped the king's hair with the tweezer first, using the razor afterwards. The king offered him a boon. "O king, I do not want anything else; tell me the meaning of your song." The king was ashamed to tell what his occupation had been in his days of poverty, and said, "My good man, what is the use of such a boon to you? Choose something else:" but the barber begged for it. The king feared to break his word and agreed. As described in the Kummāsapiṇḍa Birth[1] he made all arrangements and seated on a jewelled throne, told the whole story of his former act of merit in his last existence in that city. "That explains," he said, "half the stanza: for the rest, my comrade became an ascetic: I in my pride am sole king now [452], and that explains the second half of my song of ecstasy." Hearing him the barber thought, "So the king got this glory for keeping half a fast day: virtue is the right course: what if I were to become an ascetic and work out my own salvation?" He left all his relatives and worldly goods, gained the king's permission to become religious and going to the Himālaya he became an ascetic, realised the three qualities of mundane things, gained perfect insight, and became a paccekabuddha. He had a bowl and robes made by supernatural power. After spending five or six years on the mountain Gandhamādana he wished to see the king of Benares, and passing through the air to the royal park there, he sat on the royal stone seat. The park-keeper told the king that Gangamāla, now a paccekabuddha, had come through the air and was sitting in the park. The king went at once to salute the paccekabuddha: and the queen-mother went out with her son. The king entered the park, saluted him and sat on one side with his retinue. The paccekabuddha spoke to him in a friendly manner, "Brahmadatta" (calling him by the name of the family), "are you diligent, ruling the kingdom righteously, doing charitable and other good works?" The queen-mother was angry. "This low-caste shampooing son of a

[1] See *supra*, p. 247.

barber does not know his place: he calls my kingly high-descended son Brahmadatta," and she spoke the seventh stanza:—

Penance forsooth makes men forsake their sins,
Their barber's, potter's, stations every one:
Through penance Gangamāla glory wins,
And 'Brahmadatta' now he calls my son.

[453] The king checked his mother and declaring the qualities of the paccekabuddha, he spoke the eighth stanza:—

Lo! how, e'er his death befall,
Meekness brings a man its fruit!
One who bowed before us all,
Kings and lords must now salute.

Though the king checked his mother, the rest of the multitude rose up and said, "It is not decent that such a low-caste person should speak to you by name in that way." The king rebuked the multitude, and spoke the last stanza to declare the virtues of the paccekabuddha:—

Scorn not Gangamāla so,
Perfect in religion's ways:
He has crossed the waves of woe,
Free from sorrow now he strays.

So saying the king saluted the paccekabuddha and asked him to forgive the queen-mother. The paccekabuddha did so and the king's retinue also gained his forgiveness. The king wished him to promise that he would stay in the neighbourhood: but he refused, and standing in the air before the eyes of the whole court he admonished the king and went away to Gandhamādana.

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[454] After the lesson the Master said, "Lay-brethren, you see how keeping the fast is proper to be done," and he identified the Birth: "At that time the paccekabuddha entered into nirvāna, king Half-penny was Ānanda, the chief queen was the mother of Rāhula, king Udaya was myself."

No. 422.

CETIYA-JĀTAKA.

"*Injured Right can injure sorely,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning Devadatta's being swallowed up by the earth. On that day they were discussing in the Hall of Truth how Devadatta had spoken

falsely, had sunk into the ground and become destined to the hell Avīci. The Master came and, hearing the subject of their talk, said, "This is not the first time he sank into the earth," and so he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time, in the first age, there was a king named Mahāsammata, whose life was an asaṅkheyya[1] long. His son was Roja, his son Vararoja, and then the succession was Kalyāṇa, Varakalyāṇa, Uposatha, Mandhātā, Varamandhātā, Cara, Upacara, who was also called Apacara. He reigned over the kingdom of Ceti, in the city of Sotthivati; he was endowed with four supernatural faculties—he could walk aloft and pass through the air, he had four angels in each of the four quarters to defend him with drawn swords, he diffused the fragrance of sandalwood from his body, he diffused the fragrance of the lotus from his mouth. His family priest was named Kapila. This brahmin's younger brother, Korakalamba, had been taught along with the king by the same teacher and was the king's playmate. When Apacara was prince, [455] he promised to make Korakalamba his family priest when he became king. At his father's death he became king, but he could not depose Kapila from the position of family priest: and when Kapila came to wait on him, he shewed him special forms of honour. The brahmin observed this and considered that a king manages best with ministers of his own age, and that he himself might get leave from the king to become an ascetic, so he said, "O king, I am getting old; I have a son at home: make him family priest and I will become an ascetic." He got the king's leave and had his son appointed family priest: then he went to the king's park, became an ascetic, reached transcendent knowledge and lived there, near his son. Korakalambaka felt a grudge against his brother because he had not got him his post when he became an ascetic. One day the king said to him in friendly conversation, "Korakalambaka, you are not family priest?" "No, O king: my brother has managed it." "Has not your brother become an ascetic?" "He has, but he got the post for his son." "Then do you manage it." "O king, it is impossible for me to set aside my brother and take a post which has come by descent." "If so, I will make you senior and the other your junior." "How, O king?" "By a lie[2]." "O king, do you not know that my brother is a magician, endowed with great supernatural power? He will deceive you with magical illusions: he will make your four angels disappear, and make as it were an evil odour come from your body and mouth, he will make you come down from the sky and stand on the ground: you will be as if swallowed up by the earth, and you will not be able to abide by your story." "Do not trouble; I will manage it."

[1] In years, 1 followed by 140 ciphers.

[2] A lie was a new thing in the first age.

"When will you do it, O king?" [456] "On the seventh day from this." The story went round the city, "The king is going by a lie to make the senior the junior, and will give the post to the junior: what kind of a thing is a lie? is it blue or yellow or some other colour?" The multitude thought greatly about it. It was a time, they say, when the world told the truth: men did not know what the word 'lie' might mean. The priest's son heard the tale and told his father, "Father, they say the king is going by a lie to make you junior and to give our post to my uncle." "My dear, the king will not be able even by a lie to take our post from us: on what day is he going to do it?" "On the seventh day from this, they say." "Let me know when the time comes." On the seventh day a great multitude gathered in the king's courtyard sitting in rows above rows, hoping to see a lie. The young priest went and told his father. The king was ready in full dress, he appeared and stood in the air in the courtyard amid the multitude The ascetic came through the air, spread his skin-seat before the king, sat on his throne in the air and said, "Is it true, O king, that you wish by a lie to make the junior senior and to give him the post?" "Master, I have done so." Then he admonished the king, "O great king, a lie is a grievous destruction of good qualities, it causes rebirth in the four evil states; a king who makes a lie destroys right, and by destroying right he is himself destroyed:" and he spoke the first stanza:—

Injured Right can injure sorely, and requite with injury;
Therefore Right should ne'er be injured, lest the harm recoil on thee

[457] Admonishing him farther he said, "Great king, if you make a lie, your four supernatural powers will disappear," and he spoke the second stanza:—

The powers divine forsake and leave the man who tells a lie,
Ill smells his mouth, he cannot keep his foothold in the sky:
Whoe'er to questioning replies with falsehood wilfully.

Hearing this, the king in fear looked to Korakalambaka. He said, "Be not afraid, O king; did I not tell you so from the first?" and so forth. The king, though he heard Kapila's words, still put forward his statement, "Sir, you are the younger, Korakalambaka is the elder." At the moment when he uttered this lie, the four angels said they would guard such a liar no longer, threw their swords at his feet and disappeared; his mouth was fetid like a broken rotten egg and his body like an open drain; and falling from the air he lighted on the earth: so all his four supernatural powers disappeared. His chief priest said, "Great king, be not afraid: if you will speak the truth, I will restore you everything," and so he spoke the third stanza:—

A word of truth, and all thy gifts, O king, thou shalt regain:
A lie will fix thee in the soil of Ceti to remain.

[458] He said, "Look, O great king: those four supernatural powers of yours disappeared first by your lie: consider, for it is possible now to restore them." But the king answered, "You wish to deceive me in this," and so telling a second lie he sank in the earth up to the ankles. Then the brahmin said once more, "Consider, O great king," and spoke the fourth stanza:—

Drought comes on him in time of rain, rain when it should be dry,
Whoe'er to questioning replies with falsehood wilfully.

Then once again he said, "Owing to your lying you are sunk in the earth up to the ankles: consider, O great king," and spoke the fifth stanza:—

One word of truth, and all thy gifts, O king, thou shalt regain:
A lie will sink thee in the soil of Ceti to remain.

But for the third time the king said, "You are junior and Korakalambaka is elder," and at this lie he sank in the ground up to the knees. Once more the brahmin said, "Consider, O great king," and spoke two stanzas:—

O king, the man is forked of tongue, and like a serpent sly,
Whoe'er to questioning replies with falsehood wilfully.

One word of truth, and all thy gifts, O king, thou shalt regain:
A lie will sink thee deeper still in Ceti to remain:

adding, "Even now all may be restored." The king, not heeding his words, repeated the lie for the fourth time, "You are junior, Sir, and Korakalambaka is elder," [459] and at these words he sank up to the hips. Again the brahmin said, "Consider, O great king," and spoke two stanzas:—

O king, that man is like a fish, and tongueless he shall be,
Whoe'er to questioning replies with falsehood wilfully.

One word of truth, and all thy gifts, O king, thou shalt regain:
A lie will sink thee deeper still in Ceti to remain.

For the fifth time the king repeated the lie, and as he did so he sank up to the navel. The brahmin once more appealed to him to consider, and spoke two stanzas:—

Girls only shall be born of him, no man-son shall he see,
Whoe'er to questioning replies with falsehood wilfully.

One word of truth, and all thy gifts, O king, thou shalt regain:
A lie will sink thee deeper still in Ceti to remain.

The king paid no heed, and repeating the lie for the sixth time sank up to the breast. The brahmin made his appeal once more and spoke two stanzas:—

His children will not stay with him, on every side they flee,
Whoe'er to questioning replies with falsehood wilfully.

One word of truth, and all thy gifts, O king, thou shalt regain:
A lie will sink thee deeper still in Ceti to remain.

Owing to association with a wicked friend, he disregarded the words and repeated the same lie for the seventh time. Then the earth opened and the flames of Avīci leapt up and seized him.

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[460] Cursed by a sage, the king who once could walk the air, they say,
Was lost and swallowed by the earth on his appointed day.

Wherefore the wise do not approve at all
When that desire into the heart doth fall:
He that is free from guile, whose heart is pure,
All that he says is ever firm and sure.

These are two stanzas inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

The multitude said in fear, "The king of Ceti reviled the sage, and told a lie; so he has entered Avīci." The king's five sons came to the brahmin and said, "Be thou our helper." The brahmin answered, "Your father destroyed Right, he lied and reviled a sage: therefore he has entered Avīci. If Right is destroyed, it destroys. You must not dwell here." To the eldest he said, "Come, dear: leave the city by the eastern gate and go straight on: you will see a white royal elephant prostrate, touching the earth in seven places[1]: that will be a sign for you to lay out a city there and dwell in it: and the name of it will be Hatthipura." To the second prince he said, "You leave by the south gate and go straight on till you see a royal horse pure white: that will be a sign that you are to lay out a city there and dwell in it: and it shall be called Assapura." To the third prince he said, "You leave by the west gate and go straight on till you see a maned lion; that will be a sign that you are to lay out a city there and dwell in it: and it shall be called Sīhapura." To the fourth prince he said, "You leave by the north gate and go straight on till you see a wheel-frame[2] all made of jewels: that will be a sign [461] that you are to lay out a city there and dwell in it: and it shall be called Uttarapañcāla." To the fifth he said, "You cannot dwell here: build a great shrine in this city, go out towards the north-west, and go straight on till you see two mountains striking against each other and making the sound of *daddara*: that will be a sign that you are to lay out a city there and dwell in it: and it shall be called Daddarapura." All the five princes went, and following the signs laid out cities there and dwelt in them.

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[1] With tusks, trunk, and four legs.
[2] Another reading is *pañcacakkam*, 'five wheels.'

After the lesson, the Master said, "So, Brethren, this is not the first time that Devadatta has told a lie and sunk in the earth," and then he identified the Birth: "At that time the king of Ceti was Devadatta, and the brahmin Kapila was myself."

No. 423.

INDRIYA-JĀTAKA.

"*Who through desire,*" *etc.* The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning temptation by the wife of one's former days. The story is that a young man of good family at Sāvatthi heard the Master's preaching, and thinking it impossible to lead a holy life, perfectly complete and pure, as a householder, he determined to become an ascetic under the saving doctrine and so make an end of misery. So he gave up his house and property to his wife and children, and asked the Master to ordain him. The Master did so. As he was the junior in his going about for alms with his teachers and instructors, and as the Brethren were many, he got no chair either in laymen's houses or in the refectory, but only a stool or a bench at the end of the novices, his food was tossed him hastily on a ladle, he got gruel made of broken lumps of rice, solid food stale or decaying, or sprouts dried and burnt; and this was not enough to keep him alive. [462] He took what he had got to the wife he had left: she took his bowl, saluted him, emptied it and gave him instead well-cooked gruel and rice with sauce and curry. The Brother was captivated by the love of such flavours and could not leave his wife. She thought she would test his affection. One day she had a countryman cleansed with white clay and set down in her house with some others of his people whom she had sent for, and she gave them something to eat and drink. They sat eating and enjoying it. At the house-door she had some bullocks bound to wheels and a cart set ready. She herself sat in a back room cooking cakes. Her husband came and stood at the door. Seeing him, one old servant told his mistress that there was an elder at the door. "Salute him and bid him pass on." But though he did so repeatedly, he saw the priest remaining there and told his mistress. She came, and lifting up the curtain to see, she cried, "This is the father of my sons." She came out and saluted him: taking his bowl and making him enter she gave him food: when he had eaten she saluted again and said, "Sir, you are a saint now: we have been staying in this house all this time; but there can be no proper householder's life without a master, so we will take another house and go far into the country: be zealous in your good works, and forgive me if I am doing wrong." For a time her husband was as if his heart would break. Then he said, "I cannot leave you: do not go, I will come back to my worldly life: send a layman's garment to such and such a place, I will give up my bowl and robes and come back to you." She agreed. The Brother went to his monastery, and giving up his bowl and robes to his teachers and instructors he explained, in answer to their questions, that he could not leave his wife and was going back to worldly life. Against his will they took him to the Master and told him that he was backsliding and wished to go back to worldly life. The Master said, "Is this tale true?" "It is, Lord." "Who causes you to backslide?" "My wife." "Brother, that woman is the cause of evil to you: formerly also through her you fell from the four stages of mystic meditation

and became very miserable: then through me you were delivered from your misery and regained the power of meditation you had lost," and then he told the tale of old.

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[463] Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of the king's family priest and his brahmin wife. On the day of his birth there was a blazing of weapons all over the city, and so they called his name young Jotipāla. When he grew up, he learned all the arts at Takkasilā and showed his skill in them to the king: but he gave up his position, and without telling anyone he went out by the back door, and entering a forest became an ascetic in the Kaviṭṭhaka hermitage, called Sakkadattiya. He attained perfection in meditation. As he dwelt there many hundreds of sages waited on him. He was attended by a great company and had seven chief disciples. Of them the sage Sālissara left the Kaviṭṭhaka hermitage for the Suraṭṭha country, and dwelt on the banks of the river Sātodikā with many thousand sages in his company: Meṇḍissara with many thousand sages dwelt near the town of Lambacūḷaka in the country of king Pajaka: Pabbata with many thousand sages dwelt in a certain forest-country: Kāḷadevala with many thousand sages dwelt in a certain wooded mountain in Avantī and the Deccan: Kisavaccha dwelt alone near the city of Kumbhavatī in the park of king Daṇḍaki: the ascetic Anusissa was attendant on the Bodhisatta and stayed with him: Nārada, the younger brother of Kāḷadevala, dwelt alone in a cave-cell amid the mountainous country of Arañjara in the Central Region. Now not far from Arañjara there is a certain very populous town. In the town there is a great river, in which many men bathe: and along its banks sit many beautiful courtesans tempting the men. The ascetic Nārada saw one of them and being enamoured of her, forsook his meditations and [464] pining away without food lay in the bonds of love for seven days. His brother Kāḷadevala by reflection knew the cause of this, and came flying through the air into the cave. Nārada saw him and asked why he had come. "I knew you were ill and have come to tend you." Nārada repelled him with a falsehood, "You are talking nonsense, falsehood, and vanity." The other refused to leave him and brought Sālissara, Meṇḍissara, and Pabbatissara. He repelled them all in the same way. Kāḷadevala went flying to fetch their master Sarabhaṅga and did fetch him. When the Master came, he saw that Nārada had fallen into the power of the senses, and asked if it were so. Nārada rose at the words and saluted, and confessed. The Master said, "Nārada, those who fall into the power of the senses waste away in misery in this life, and in their next existence are born in hell:" and so he spoke the first stanza:—

Who through desire obeys the senses' sway,
Loses both worlds and pines his life away.

Hearing him, Nārada answered, "Teacher, the following of desires is happiness: why do you call such happiness misery?" Sarabhaṅga said, "Listen, then," and spoke the second stanza:—

Happiness and misery ever on each other's footsteps press:
Thou hast seen their alternation: seek a truer happiness.

[465] Nārada said, "Teacher, such misery is hard to bear, I cannot endure it." The Great Being said, "Nārada, the misery that comes has to be endured," and spoke the third stanza:—

He who endures in troublous time with troubles to contend
Is strong to reach that final bliss where all our troubles end.

But Nārada answered, "Teacher, the happiness of love's desire is the greatest happiness: I cannot abandon it." The Great Being sa d, "Virtue is not to be abandoned for any cause," and spoke the fourth sta za:—

[466] For love of lusts, for hopes of gain, for miseries, great and small,
Do not undo your saintly past, and so from virtue fall.

Sarabhaṅga having thus shown forth the law in four stanzas, Kāḷadevala in admonition of his younger brother spoke the fifth stanza:—

Know[1] the worldly life is trouble, victual should be freely lent.
No delight in gathering riches, no distress when they are spent.

The sixth stanza is one spoken by the Master in his Perfect Wisdom concerning Devala's admonition of Nārada:

So far Black[2] Devala most wisely spoke:
"None worse than he who bows to senses' yoke."

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[467] Then Sarabhaṅga spoke in warning, "Nārada, listen to this: he who will not do at first what is proper to be done, must weep and lament like the young man who went to the forest," and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time in a certain town of Kāsi there was a certain young brahmin, beautiful, strong, stout as an elephant. His thoughts were, "Why should I keep my parents by working on a farm, or have a wife and children, or do good works of charity and so forth? I won't keep anybody nor do any good work; but I will go into the forest and keep myself by killing deer." So with

[1] The Scholiast takes *sadha* with all the clauses: the meaning then would be

Good are the cares of household life, 'tis good to give away,
Not to be proud when riches grow, nor grieved when they decay.

[2] Both *kāḷo* and *asito* mean *black*: this person is the Asita, the Simeon of the Buddhist nativity; cf. vol. I. 54.

the five kinds of weapons he went to the Himālaya and killed and ate many deer. In the Himālaya region he found a great defile, surrounded by mountains, on the banks of the river Vidhavā, and there he lived on the flesh of the slain deer, cooked on hot coals. He thought, "I shall not always be strong; when I grow weak I shall not be able to range the forest: now I will drive many kinds of wild animals into this defile, close it up by a gate, and then without roaming the forest I shall kill and eat them at my pleasure:" and so he did. As time passed over him, that very thing came to pass, and the experience of all the world befell him: he lost control over his hands and feet, he could not move freely here and there, he could not find his food or drink, his body withered, he became the ghost of a man, he showed wrinkles furrowing his body like the earth in a hot season; ill-favoured and ill-knit, he became very miserable. In like manner as time passed, the king of Sivi, named Sivi, had a desire to eat flesh roasted on coals in the forest: so he gave over his kingdom to his ministers, and with the five kinds of weapons he went to the forest and ate the flesh of the deer he slew: in time he came to that spot and saw that man. Although afraid, he summoned courage to ask who he was. "Lord, I am the ghost of a man, reaping the fruit of the deeds I have done: who are you?" "The king of Sivi." "Why have you come hither?" [468] "To eat the flesh of deer." He said, "Great king, I have become the ghost of a man because I came here with that object," and telling the whole story at length and explaining his misfortune to the king, he spoke the remaining stanzas:—

King, 'tis with me as if I'd been with foes in bitter strife,
Labour, and skill in handicraft, a peaceful home, a wife,
All have been lost to me: my works bear fruit in this my life.

Worsted a thousandfold I am, kinless and reft of stay,
Strayed from the law of righteousness, like ghost I'm fallen away.

This state is mine because I caused, instead of joy, distress:
Girt as it were with flaming fire, I have no happiness.

[469] With that he added, "O king, through desire of happiness I caused misery to others and have even in this life become the ghost of a man: do not thou commit evil deeds, go to thine own city and do good deeds of charity and the like." The king did so and completed the path to heaven.

The ascetic was roused by the teacher Sarabhaṅga's account of this case. He became agitated, and after saluting and gaining his teacher's pardon, by the proper processes he regained the power of meditation he had lost. Sarabhaṅga refused him leave to stay there, and took him back with him to his own hermitage.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—After the Truths the backsliding Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time Nārada was the backsliding Brother, Sālissara was Sāriputta, Meṇḍissara was Kassapa, Pabbata was Anuruddha, Kāḷadevala was Kaccāna, Anusissa was Ānanda, Kisavaccha was Moggallāna, and Sarabhaṅga was myself."

No. 424.

ĀDITTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Whate'er a man can save,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning an incomparable gift. The incomparable gift must be described in full from the commentary on the Mahāgovindasutta. On the day after that on which it had been given, they were talking of it in the Hall of Truth, "Sirs, the Kosala king [470] after examination found the proper field of merit, and gave the great gift to the assembly with Buddha at its head." The Master came and was told what the subject of their talk was as they sat together: he said, "Brethren, it is not strange that the king after examination has undertaken great gifts to the supreme field of merit: wise men of old also after examination gave such gifts," and so he told a tale of old.

Once upon a time a king named Bharata reigned at Roruva in the kingdom of Sovīra. He practised the ten royal virtues, won the people by the four elements of popularity, stood to the multitude like father and mother and gave great gifts to the poor, the wayfarers, the beggars, the suitors and the like. His chief queen Samuddavijayā was wise and full of knowledge. One day he looked round his alms-hall and thought, "My alms are devoured by worthless greedy people: I don't like this: I should like to give alms to the virtuous paccekabuddhas who deserve the best of gifts: they live in the Himālaya region: who will bring them here on my invitation and whom shall I send on this errand?" He spoke to the queen, who said, "O king, be not concerned: sending flowers by the force of our giving suitable things, and of our virtue and truthfulness, we will invite the paccekabuddhas, and when they come we will give them gifts with all things requisite." The king agreed. He made proclamation by drum that all the townspeople should undertake to keep the precepts; he himself with his household undertook all the duties for the holy days and gave great gifts in charity. He had a gold box brought, full of jasmine flowers, came down from his palace and stood in the royal courtyard. There prostrating himself on the ground with the five contacts, he saluted towards the eastern quarter and threw seven handfuls of flowers, with the words, "I salute the saints in the eastern quarter: if there is any merit in us, shew compassion on us and receive our alms." As there are no paccekabuddhas in the eastern quarter, they did not come next day. On the second day he paid respects to the south quarter: but none came from thence. On the third day he paid respects to the west quarter [471], but none came. On the fourth day he paid respects to the north quarter, and after paying respects he threw seven handfuls of flowers with the

words, "May the paccekabuddhas who live in the north district of Himālaya receive our alms." The flowers went and fell on five hundred paccekabuddhas in the Nandamūla cave. On reflection they understood that the king had invited them; so they called seven of their number and said, "Sirs, the king invites you; shew him favour." These paccekabuddhas came through the air and lighted at the king's gate. Seeing them the king saluted them with delight, made them come up into the palace, shewed them great honour and gave them gifts. After the meal he asked them for next day and so on until the fifth day, feeding them for six days: on the seventh day he made ready a gift with all the requisites, arranged beds and chairs inlaid with gold, and set before the seven paccekabuddhas sets of three robes and all other things used by holy men. The king and queen formally offered these things to them after their meal, and stood in respectful salutation. To express their thanks the Elder of the assembly spoke two stanzas:—

Whate'er a man can save from flames that burn his dwelling down,
Not what is left to be consumed, will still remain his own.

The world's on fire, decay and death are there the flame to feed;
Save what you can by charity, a gift is saved indeed.

[472] Thus expressing thanks the Elder admonished the king to be diligent in virtue: then he flew up in the air, straight through the peaked roof of the palace and lighted in the Nandamūla cave: along with him all the requisites that had been given him flew up and lighted in the cave: and the bodies of the king and queen became full of joy. After his departure, the other six also expressed thanks in a stanza each:—

He who gives to righteous men,
  Strong in holy energy,
Crosses Yama's flood, and then
  Gains a dwelling in the sky.

Like to war is charity:
  Hosts may flee before a few:
Give a little piously:
  Bliss hereafter is your due.

Prudent givers please the Lord,
  Worthily they spend their toil.
Rich the fruit their gifts afford,
  Like a seed in fertile soil.

They who never rudely speak,
  Wrong to living things abjure:
Men may call them timid, weak:
  For 'tis fear that keeps them pure.

Lower duties win for man, reborn on earth, a princely fate,
Middle duties win them heaven, highest win the Purest State[1].

[1] The higher heavens in the Buddhist Cosmogony.

Charity is blest indeed,
[473] Yet the Law gains higher meed:
Ages old and late attest,
Thus the wise have reached their Rest.

So they also went with the requisites given them.

[474] The seventh paccekabuddha in his thanks praised the eternal nirvāna to the king, and admonishing him carefully went to his abode as has been said. The king and queen gave gifts all their lives and passed fully through the path to heaven.

After the lesson, the Master said, "So wise men of old gave gifts with discrimination," and identified the Birth: "At that time the paccekabuddha reached nirvāna, Samuddavijayā was the mother of Rāhula, and the king Bharata was myself."

No. 425.[1]

AṬṬHĀNA-JĀTAKA.

"*Make Ganges calm,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a backsliding Brother. The Master asked him, "Is the story true, Brother, that you are backsliding?" "Yes, lord." "What is the cause?" "The power of desire." "Brother, womankind are ungrateful, treacherous, untrustworthy: of old wise men could not satisfy a woman, even by giving her a thousand pieces a day: and one day when she did not get the thousand pieces she had them taken by the neck and cast out: [475] so ungrateful are womankind: do not fall into the power of desire for such a cause," and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, his son, young Brahmadatta, and young Mahādhana, son of a rich merchant of Benares, were comrades and playfellows, and were educated in the same teacher's house. The prince became king at his father's death: and the merchant's son abode near him. There was in Benares a certain courtesan, beautiful and prosperous. The merchant's son gave her a

[1] Cf. *Tibetan Tales*, no. 12 *Suśroni*, and *supra*, no. 374.

thousand pieces daily, and took pleasure with her constantly: at his father's death he succeeded to the rich merchant's position, and did not forsake her, still giving her a thousand pieces daily. Three times a day he went to wait upon the king. One day he went to wait upon him in the evening. As he was talking with the king, the sun set, and it became dark. As he left the palace, he thought, "There is no time to go home and come back again: I will go straight to the courtesan's house:" so he dismissed his attendants, and entered her house alone. When she saw him, she asked if he had brought the thousand pieces. "Dear, I was very late to-day; so I sent away my attendants without going home, and have come alone; but to-morrow I will give you two thousand pieces." She thought, "If I admit him to-day, he will come empty-handed on other days, and so my wealth will be lost: I won't admit him this time." So she said, "Sir, I am but a courtesan: I do not give my favours without a thousand pieces: you must bring the sum." "Dear, I will bring twice the sum to-morrow," and so he begged her [476] again and again. The courtesan gave orders to her maids, "Don't let that man stand there and look at me: take him by the neck, and cast him out, and then shut the door." They did so. He thought, "I have spent on her eighty crores of money; yet on the one day when I come empty-handed, she has me seized by the neck and cast out: Oh, womankind are wicked, shameless, ungrateful, treacherous:" and so he pondered and pondered on the bad qualities of womankind, till he felt dislike and disgust, and became discontented with a layman's life. "Why should I lead a layman's life? I will go this day and become an ascetic," he thought: so without going back to his house or seeing the king again, he left the city and entered the forest: he made a hermitage on the Ganges bank, and there made his abode as an ascetic, reaching the Perfection of Meditation, and living on wild roots and fruits.

The king missed his friend and asked for him. The courtesan's conduct had become known throughout the city: so they told the king of the matter, adding, "O king, they say that your friend through shame did not go home, but has become an ascetic in the forest." The king summoned the courtesan, and asked if the story were true about her treatment of his friend. She confessed. "Wicked, vile woman, go quickly to where my friend is and fetch him: if you fail, your life is forfeit." She was afraid at the king's words; she mounted a chariot and drove out of the city with a great retinue; she sought for his abode and hearing of it by report, went there and saluted and prayed, "Sir, bear with the evil I did in my blindness and folly: I will never do so again." "Very well, I forgive you; I am not angry with you." "If you forgive me, mount the chariot with me: we will drive to the city, and as soon as we enter it [477] I will give you all the money in my house." When he heard her,

he replied, "Lady, I cannot go with you now: but when something that cannot happen in this world will happen, then perhaps I may go;" and so he spoke the first stanza:—

Make Ganges calm like lotus-tank, cuckoos pearl-white to see,
Make apples bear the palm-trees' fruit: perchance it then might be.

But she said again, "Come; I am going." He answered, "I will go." "When?" "At such and such a time," he said and spoke the remaining stanzas:—

When woven out of tortoise-hair a triple cloth you see,
For winter wear against the cold, perchance it then may be.

When of mosquito's teeth you build a tower so skilfully,
That will not shake or totter soon, perchance it then may be.

When out of horns of hare you make a ladder skilfully,
Stairs that will climb the height of heaven, perchance it then may be.

When mice to mount those ladder-stairs and eat the moon agree,
And bring down Rāhu from the sky, the thing perchance may be.

When swarms of flies devour strong drink in pitchers full and free,
And house themselves in burning coals, the thing perchance may be.

When asses get them ripe red lips and faces fair to see,
And shew their skill in song and dance, the thing perchance may be.

When crows and owls shall meet to talk in converse privily,
And woo each other, lover-like, the thing perchance may be.

[478] When sun-shades, made of tender leaves from off the forest tree,
Are strong against the rushing rain, the thing perchance may be.

When sparrows take Himālaya in all its majesty,
And bear it in their little beaks, the thing perchance may be.

And when a boy can carry light, with all its bravery,
A ship full-rigged for distant seas, the thing perchance may be.

So the Great Being spoke these eleven stanzas to fix impossible (*aṭṭhāna*) conditions. The courtesan, hearing him, won his forgiveness and went back to Benares. She told the matter to the king, and begged for her life, which was granted.

After the lesson, the Master said, "So, Brethren, womankind are ungrateful and treacherous"; then he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—After the Truths, the backsliding Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the king was Ānanda, the ascetic was myself."

No. 426.

DĪPI-JĀTAKA[1].

[479] "*How fares it with you,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a certain she-goat. At one time the Elder Moggallāna lived in a dwelling with one door, in a mountain enclosure, surrounded by hills. His covered walk was close by the door. Some goatherds thought the enclosure would be a good place for their goats, so they drove them in and lived there at their pleasure. One day they came in the evening, took all the goats, and went away: but one she-goat had wandered far, and not seeing the goats departing, she was left behind. Later, as she was departing, a certain panther saw her, and thinking to eat her stood by the door of the enclosure. She looked all round, and saw the panther. "He is there because he wishes to kill and eat me," she thought; "if I turn and run, my life is lost; I must play the man," and so she tossed her horns, and sprang straight at him with all her might. She escaped his grip, though he was quivering with the thought of catching her: then running at full speed she came up with the other goats. The Elder observed how all the animals had behaved: next day he went and told the Tathāgata, "So, lord, this she-goat performed a feat by her readiness in device, and escaped from the panther." The Master answered, "Moggallāna, the panther failed to catch her this time, but once before he killed her though she cried out, and ate her." Then at Moggallāna's request, he told an old tale.

Once upon a time the Bodhisatta was born in a certain village of the Magadha kingdom, in a wealthy family. When he grew up, he renounced desires and adopted the religious life, reaching the perfection of meditation. After dwelling long in the Himālaya, he came to Rājagaha for salt and vinegar, and dwelt in a hut of leaves which he made in a mountain enclosure. Just as in the introductory story, the goatherds drove their goats thither: and in the same way, one day as a single she-goat was going out later than the rest, a panther waited by the door, thinking to eat her. When she saw him, she thought, "My life is forfeit: by some means I must get him into pleasant and kindly talk, and so soften his heart [480] and save my life." Beginning a friendly talk with him from some distance, she spoke the first stanza:—

How fares it with you, uncle? and is it well with you?
My mother sends her kind regards: and I'm your friend so true.

Hearing her, the panther thought, "This baggage would beguile me by calling me 'uncle': she does not know how hard I am;" and so he spoke the second stanza:—

You've trod upon my tail, miss goat, and done me injury:
And you think by saying 'Uncle' that you can go scot-free.

[1] Cf. *Tibetan Tales*, no. 29, and *Folk-lore Journal*, vol. iv. p. 45.

When she heard him, she said, "O uncle, don't talk in that way," and spoke the third stanza:—

I faced you as I came, good Sir, you face me as you sit:
Your tail is all behind you: how could I tread on it?

He answered, "What do you say, she-goat? is there any place where my tail might not be?" and so he spoke the fourth stanza:—

[481] As far as four great continents with seas and mountains spread,
My tail extends: how could you fail on such a tail to tread?

The she-goat, when she heard this, thought, "This wicked one is not attracted by soft words: I will answer him as an enemy," and so she spoke the fifth stanza:—

Your villain's tail is long, I know, for I had warning fair:
Parents and brothers told me so: but I flew through the air.

Then he said, "I know you came through the air: but as you came, you spoilt my food by your way of coming," and so he spoke the sixth stanza:—

The sight of you, miss goat, on high, the air a-flying through,
Frightened a herd of deer: and so my food was spoilt by you.

Hearing this, the goat in fear of death could bring no other excuse, but cried out, "Uncle, do not commit such cruelty; spare my life." But though she cried out, the other seized her by the shoulder, killed her and ate her.

'Twas thus the she-goat cried for grace: but blood must satisfy
The beast that grips her throat; the bad will shew no courtesy.

Conduct, nor right, nor courtesy, the bad man will display;
He hates the good: to face him then 'tis best in open fray.

These are two stanzas inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

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[482] A holy ascetic saw the whole matter of the two animals.

After this lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the she-goat and the panther were the she-goat and the panther of to-day, the holy ascetic was myself."

BOOK IX. NAVANIPĀTA.

No. 427.

GIJJHA-JĀTAKA[1].

[483] "*Formed of rough logs,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana concerning a disobedient Brother. He was, they say, of gentle birth, and though ordained in the doctrine that leads to Salvation, was admonished by his well-wishers, masters, teachers, and fellow-students to this effect: "Thus must you advance and thus retreat; thus look at or away from objects; thus must the arm be stretched out or drawn back; thus are the inner and outer garment to be worn; thus is the bowl to be held, and when you have received sufficient food to sustain life, after self-examination, thus are you to partake of it, keeping guard over the door of the senses; in eating you are to be moderate and exercise watchfulness; you are to recognize such and such duties towards Brethren who come to or go from the monastery; these are the fourteen[2] sets of priestly duties, and the eighty great duties to be duly performed; these are the thirteen[3] Dhuta practices; all these are to be scrupulously performed." Yet was he disobedient and impatient, and did not receive instruction respectfully, but refused to listen to them, saying, "I do not find fault with you. Why do you speak thus to me? I shall know what is for my good, and what is not." Then the Brethren, hearing of his disobedience, sat in the Hall of Truth, telling of his faults. The Master came and asked them what it was they were discussing, and sent for the Brother and said, "Is it true, Brother, that you are disobedient?" And when he confessed that it was so, the Master said, "Why, Brother, after being ordained in so excellent a doctrine that leads to Salvation, [484] do you not listen to the voice of your well-wishers? Formerly too you disobeyed the voice of the wise, and were blown into atoms by the Veramba wind." And herewith he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time the Bodhisatta came to life as a young vulture on Vulture Mountain. Now his offspring Supatta, the king of the vultures,

[1] See No. 381 *supra*.

[2] Called *Khandakavattāni* because contained in the *Khandaka* division of the *Vinaya*.

[3] Hardy's *Eastern Monachism*, p. 9.

was strong and lusty and had a following of many thousands of vultures, and he fed the parent birds. And owing to his strength he used to fly to a very great distance. So his father admonished him and said, "My son, you must not go beyond such and such a point." He said, "Very good," but one day when it rained, he flew up with the other vultures, and leaving the rest behind, and going beyond the prescribed limit, he came within the range of the Veramba wind, and was blown into atoms.

The Master, in his Perfect Wisdom, to illustrate this incident, uttered these verses:

Formed of rough logs, an ancient pathway led
To dizzy heights, where a young vulture fed
The parent birds. Lusty and strong of wing
He oft to them would fat of serpents bring;
And when his father saw him flying high
And venturing far afield, he thus would cry,
"My son, when thou canst scan from thy look out
Earth's rounded sphere by ocean girt about,
No farther go, but straight return, I pray."
Then would this king of birds speed on his way,
And bending o'er the earth, with piercing sight
He viewed below forest and mountain height:
And earth would, as his sire described, appear
Amid the encircling sea a rounded sphere.
But when beyond these limits he had passed,
Strong bird though he might be, a raging blast
Swept him away to an untimely death,
Powerless to cope with storm-wind's fiery breath.
[485] Thus did the bird by disobedience prove
Fatal to those dependent on his love:
So perish all that scornful of old age
Deride the warnings uttered by the sage,
As the young vulture Wisdom's voice defied
And scorned the limits set to bound his pride.

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[486] "Therefore, Brother, be not like unto this vulture, but do the bidding of your well-wishers." And being thus admonished by the Master, he thenceforth became obedient.

The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "The disobedient vulture of those days is now the disobedient Brother. The parent vulture was myself."

No. 428.

KOSAMBĪ-JĀTAKA.

"*Whene'er the Brotherhood,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, while dwelling in the Ghosita park near Kosambī, told concerning certain quarrelsome folk at Kosambī. The incident that led to the story is to be found in the section of the Vinaya relating to Kosambī[1]. Here is a short summary of it. At that time, it is said, two Brothers lived in the same house, the one versed in the Vinaya, the other in the Sūtras. The latter of these one day having occasion to visit the lavatory went out leaving the surplus water for rinsing the mouth in a vessel. Afterwards the one versed in the Vinaya went in and seeing the water came out and asked his companion if the water had been left there by him. He answered, "Yes, Sir." "What! do you not know that this is sinful?" "No, I was not aware of it." "Well, Brother, it is sinful." "Then I will atone for it." "But if you did it inadvertently and heedlessly, it is not sinful." So he became as one who saw no sin in what was sinful. The Vinaya scholar said to his pupils, "This Sūtra scholar, though falling into sin, is not aware of it." They on seeing the other Brother's pupils said, "Your master though falling into sin does not recognize its sinfulness." They went and told their master. He said, "This Vinaya scholar before said it was no sin, and now says it is a sin: he is a liar." They went and told the others, "Your master is a liar." Thus they stirred up a quarrel, one with another. Then the Vinaya scholar, finding an opportunity, went through the form of excommunication of the Brother for refusing to see his offence. Thenceforth even the laymen who provided necessaries for the priests were divided into two factions. The sisterhoods too that accept their admonitions, and tutelary gods, with their friends and intimates and deities from those that rest in space[2] [487] to those of the Brahma World, even all such as were unconverted, formed two parties, and the uproar reached to the abode of the Sublime gods[2].

Then a certain Brother drew nigh to the Tathāgata, and announced the view of the excommunicating party who said, "The man is excommunicated in orthodox form," and the view of the followers of the excommunicated one, who said, "He is illegally excommunicated," and the practice of those who though forbidden by the excommunicating party, still gathered round in support of him. The Blessed One said, "There is a schism, yea, a schism in the Brotherhood," and he went to them and pointed out the misery involved in excommunication to those that excommunicated, and the misery following upon the concealment of sin to the opposite party, and so departed. Again when they were holding the Uposatha and similar services in the same place, within the boundary, and were quarrelling in the refectory and elsewhere, he laid down the rule that they were to sit down together, one by one from each side alternately. And hearing that they were still quarrelling in the monastery he went there and said, "Enough, Brothers, let us have no quarrelling." And one of the heretical side[3], not wishing to annoy the Blessed One, said, "Let the Blessed Lord of Truth stay at home. Let the Blessed One dwell quietly at ease, enjoying the bliss he has already obtained in this life. We shall make ourselves notorious by this quarrelling, altercation, disputing and contention."

[1] *Mahāvagga*, x. 1—10.

[2] These include all gods except those in the four highest heavens (*arūpa-brahma-lokas*). Hardy, *Manual of Budhism*, p. 26.

[3] Reading *adhammavādinā* as in the parallel passage of the *Mahāvagga*, p. 341.

But the Master said to them, "Once upon a time, Brethren, Brahmadatta reigned as king of Kāsi in Benares, and he robbed Dīghati, king of Kosala, of his kingdom, and put him to death, when living in disguise, and when prince Dīghāvu spared the life of Brahmadatta, they became thenceforth close friends. And since such must have been the long-suffering and tenderness of these sceptred and sword-bearing kings, verily, Brethren, you ought to make it clear that you too, having embraced the religious life according to so well-taught a doctrine and discipline, can be forgiving and tender-hearted." And thus admonishing them for the third time he said, "Enough, Brothers, let there be no quarrelling." And when he saw that they did not cease at his bidding, he went away, saying, "Verily, these foolish folk are like men possessed, they are not easy of persuasion." Next day returning from the collection of alms he rested awhile in his perfumed chamber, and put his room in order, and then taking his bowl and robe he stood poised in the air and delivered these verses in the midst of the assembly:

[488] Whene'er the Brotherhood in twain is rent,
The common folk to loud-mouthed cries give vent:
Each one believes that he himself is wise,
And views his neighbour with disdainful eyes.
Bewildered souls, puffed up with self-esteem,
With open mouth they foolishly blaspheme;
And as through all the range of speech they stray,
They know not whom as leader to obey.
"*This*[1] man abused me, *that* struck me a blow,
A third o'ercame and robbed me long ago."
All such as harbour feelings of this kind,
To mitigate their wrath are ne'er inclined.
"*He* did abuse and buffet me of yore,
He overcame me and oppressed me sore."
They who such thoughts refuse to entertain,
Appease their wrath and live at one again.
Not hate, but love alone makes hate to cease:
This is the everlasting law of peace.
Some men the law of self-restraint despise,
But who make up their quarrels, *they* are wise.
If men all scarred with wounds in deadly strife,
Reivers and robbers, taking human life,
Nay those that plunder a whole realm, may be
Friends with their foes, should Brethren not agree?
Shouldst thou a wise and honest comrade find,
A kindred soul, to dwell with thee inclined,
All dangers past, with him thou still wouldst stray,
In happy contemplation all the day.
But shouldst thou fail to meet with such a friend,
Thy life 'twere best in solitude to spend,
Like to some prince that abdicates a throne,
Or elephant that ranges all alone.
For choice adopt the solitary life,
Companionship with fools but leads to strife;
In careless innocence pursue thy way,
Like elephant in forest wild astray.

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[489] When the Master had thus spoken, as he failed to reconcile these Brethren, he went to Bālakaloṇakāragāma (the village of Bālaka, the salt-maker),

[1] *Dhammapada*, v. 3—5. See also No. 371 *supra*.

and discoursed to the venerable Bhagu of the blessings of solitude. Thence he repaired to the abode of three youths of gentle birth and spoke to them of the bliss to be found in the sweets of concord. Thence he journeyed to the Pārileyyaka forest, [490] and after dwelling there three months, without returning to Kosambī, he went straight to Sāvatthi. And the lay folk of Kosambī consulted together and said, "Surely these reverend Brothers of Kosambī have done us much harm; worried by them the Blessed One is gone away. We will neither offer salutation nor other marks of respect to them, nor give alms to them when they visit us. So they will depart, or return to the world, or will propitiate the Blessed One." And they did so. And these Brethren overwhelmed by this form of punishment went to Sāvatthi and begged forgiveness of the Blessed One.

The Master thus identified the Birth: "The father was the great king Suddhodana, the mother was Mahāmāyā, prince Dīghāvu was myself."

No. 429.

MAHĀSUKA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Wherever fruitful trees,*" *etc.*—This story the Master dwelling at Jetavana told concerning a certain Brother. The story goes that he lived in a forest near a border village in the Kosala country, and received instruction in forms of meditation from the Master. The people made him a dwelling-place on a site where men continually passed to and fro, providing him with day and night quarters, and attentively ministered to him. In the very first month after he had entered upon the rainy season the village was burned down and the people had not so much as a seed left and were unable to supply his alms-bowl with savoury food; and though he was in a pleasant place of abode, he was so distressed for alms that he could not enter upon the Path or its Fruition. So when at the end of three months he went to visit the Master, after words of kindly greeting the Master hoped that though distressed for alms he had a pleasant place to live in. The Brother told him how matters stood. The Master on hearing that he had pleasant quarters said, "Brother, if this is so, an ascetic ought to lay aside covetous ways, and be content to eat whatever food he can get, and to fulfil all the duties of a priest. Sages of old when born into the world as animals, [491] though they lived on the powdered dust of the decayed

[1] Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal*, iii. 67.

tree in which they had their abode, laid aside greedy desires and were contented to stay where they were, and fulfilled the law of love. Why then do you abandon a pleasant dwelling-place, because the food you receive is scanty and coarse?" And at his request the Master told a story of the past.

Once upon a time many myriads of parrots lived in the Himālaya country on the banks of the Ganges in a grove of fig-trees. A king of the parrots there, when the fruit of the tree in which he dwelt had come to an end, ate whatever was left, whether shoot or leaf or bark or rind, and drank of water from the Ganges, and being very happy and contented he kept where he was. Owing to his happy and contented state the abode of Sakka was shaken. Sakka reflecting on the cause saw the parrot, and to test his virtue, by his supernatural power he withered up the tree, which became a mere stump perforated with holes, and stood to be buffeted by every blast of wind, and from the holes dust came out. The parrot king ate this dust and drank the water of the Ganges, and going nowhere else sat perched on the top of the fig-stump, recking nought of wind and sun.

Sakka noticed how very contented the parrot was, and said, "After hearing him speak of the virtue of friendship, I will come and give him his choice of a boon, and cause the fig-tree to bear ambrosial fruit." So he took the form of a royal goose, and preceded by Sujā in the shape of an Asura nymph, he went to the grove of fig-trees, and perching on the bough of a tree close by, he entered into conversation with the parrot and spoke the first stanza:

Wherever fruitful trees abound,
A flock of hungry birds is found:
But should the trees all withered be,
Away at once the birds will flee.

[492] And after these words, to drive the parrot thence, he spoke the second stanza:

Haste thee, Sir Redbeak, to be gone;
Why dost thou sit and dream alone?
Come tell me, prithee, bird of spring,
To this dead stump why dost thou cling?

Then the parrot said, "O goose, from a feeling of gratitude, I forsake not this tree," and he repeated two stanzas:

They who have been close friends from youth,
Mindful of goodness and of truth,
In life and death, in weal and woe
The claims of friendship ne'er forego.

I too would fain be kind and good
To one that long my friend has stood;
I wish to live, but have no heart
From this old tree, though dead, to part.

Sakka on hearing what he said was delighted, and praising him wished to offer him a choice, and uttered two stanzas:

[493] I know thy friendship and thy grateful love,
Virtues that wise men surely must approve.

I offer thee whate'er thou wilt for choice;
Parrot, what boon would most thy heart rejoice?

On hearing this, the king parrot making his choice spoke the seventh stanza:

If thou, O goose, what most I crave wouldst give,
Grant that the tree I love, again may live.
Let it once more with its old vigour shoot,
Gather fresh sweetness and bear goodly fruit.

Then Sakka, granting the boon, spoke the eighth stanza:

Lo! friend, a fruitful and right noble tree,
Well fitted for thy dwelling-place to be.
Let it once more with its old vigour shoot,
Gather fresh sweetness and bear goodly fruit.

[494] With these words Sakka quitted his present form, and manifesting the supernatural power of himself and Sujā, he took up water from the Ganges in his hand and dashed it against the fig-tree stump. Straightway the tree rose up rich in branch and stem, and with honey-sweet fruit, and stood a charming sight, like unto the bare Jewel-Mount. The parrot king on seeing it was highly pleased, and singing the praises of Sakka he spoke the ninth stanza:

May Sakka and all loved by Sakka blessèd be,
As I to-day am blest this goodly sight to see!

Sakka, after granting the parrot his choice, and causing the fig-tree to bear ambrosial fruit, returned with Sujātā to his own abode.

In illustration of this story these stanzas inspired by Perfect Wisdom were added at the close:

Soon as king parrot wisely made his choice,
  The tree once more put forth its fruit again;
  Then Sakka with his queen did fly amain
To where in Nandana the gods rejoice.

The Master, his lesson ended, said, "Thus, Brother, sages of old though born in animal forms were free from covetousness. Why then do you, after being ordained under so excellent a dispensation, follow greedy ways? Go and dwell in the same place." And he gave him a form of meditation, and thus identified the Birth:—The Brother went back and by spiritual insight attained to Sainthood:—"At that time Sakka was Anuruddha, and the parrot king was myself."

No. 430.

CULLASUKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Lo! countless trees,*" *etc.*—This story the Master dwelling at Jetavana told concerning the Verañjā section[1]. When the Master after passing the rainy season at Verañjā in due course arrived at Sāvatthi, the Brethren in the Hall of Truth raised a discussion saying, "Sirs, a Tathāgata, a delicately nurtured kshatriya and Buddha, though possessed of supernatural powers, at the invitation of a brahmin of Verañjā stayed three months with him, and when owing to the temptation of Māra he failed to receive an alms at the hands of the brahmin, even for a single day, he gave up all covetous ways, and keeping in the same place for three months lived on water and a modicum of the ground flour of roots. [495] Oh the contented nature of Tathāgatas!" When the Master came and on inquiry learned the nature of their discussion he said, "It is no marvel, Brethren, that a Tathāgata now has lost all covetousness, seeing that formerly when born in an animal form he forsook covetousness." And hereupon he told a story of the past. The whole story is now to be related in detail in exactly the same way as in the preceding tale.

Lo! countless trees are here, all green and fruitful see!
Why, parrot, dost thou cling to this poor withered tree?

Long years we have enjoyed the luscious fruit it bare,
And tho' it now has none, it still should claim our care.

Nor leaves nor fruit it yields, alas! the tree is dead:
Why blame thy fellow-birds, that they should all have fled?

They loved it for its fruit, and now that it has none,
Poor selfish fools! their love and gratitude is gone.

Thy gratitude I own, thy true and constant love,
Sure virtue such as this the wise will aye approve.

I offer thee, O bird, whate'er thou wilt for choice;
Tell me, I pray, what boon would most thy heart rejoice?

Would that this tree might bear fresh leaves and fruit again;
I would be glad as they that treasure trove obtain.

Then was the tree by Sakka with ambrosia sprinkled o'er,
And boughs sprang up with cooling shade, as lovely as before.

May Sakka and all loved by Sakka blessèd be,
As I to-day am blest this joyous sight to see.

Thus was the tree made fruitful by the parrot's grateful choice,
And Sakka and his queen in groves of Nandana rejoice.

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[496] The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "In those days Sakka was Anuruddha, the parrot king was myself."

[1] See *Vinaya, Pār.* i. 1—4.

No. 431.

HĀRITA-JĀTAKA.

"*Friend Hārita,*" *etc.*—This story the Master dwelling at Jetavana told concerning a discontented Brother. Now this Brother after seeing a smartly attired woman grew discontented and allowed his hair and nails to grow long, and wished to return to the world. And when he was brought against his will by his teachers and preceptors to the Master, and was asked by him, if it were true that he was a backslider, and if so why, he said, "Yes, your Reverence, it is owing to the power of sinful passion, after seeing a beautiful woman." [497] The Master said, "Sin, Brother, is destructive of virtue, and insipid withal, and causes a man to be re-born in hell; and why should not this sin prove your destruction? For the hurricane that smites Mount Sineru is not ashamed to carry off a withered leaf. But owing to this sin men who walk according to knowledge and wisdom, and have acquired the five Faculties and the eight Attainments, though they were great and holy men, being unable to fix their thoughts, fell away from mystic meditation." And then he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a certain village in a brahmin family worth eighty crores, and from his golden complexion they called him Harittacakumāra (Young Goldskin). When he was grown up, and had been educated at Takkasilā, he set up as a householder, and on the death of his father and mother he made inspection of his treasures and thought, "The treasure only continues to exist, but they who produced it cease to exist: I too must be reduced to atoms by means of death," and alarmed by the fear of death he gave great gifts, and entering the Himālaya country he adopted the religious life, and on the seventh day he entered upon the Faculties and Attainments. There for a long time he lived on wild fruit and roots, and going down from the mountain to procure salt and vinegar, he in due course reached Benares. There he abode in the royal park, and on the next day in going his round for alms he came to the door of the king's palace. The king was so glad to see him that he sent for him and made him sit on the royal couch beneath the shade of the white umbrella, and fed him on all manner of dainties, and on his returning thanks the king being exceedingly pleased asked him, "Reverend Sir, where are you going?" "Great king, we are looking out for a dwelling-place for the rainy season." "Very well, Reverend Sir," he said, and after the early meal he went with him to the park, and had quarters both for the day and night built for him, and, assigning the keeper of the park as his attendant, he saluted him and departed. The Great Being from that time fed continually in the palace, and lived there twelve years.

Now one day the king went to quell a disturbance on the frontier, [498] and committed the Bodhisatta to the care of the queen, saying, "Do not neglect our 'Field of Merit'." Thenceforth she ministered to the Great Being with her own hands.

Now one day she had prepared his food, and as he delayed his coming, she bathed in scented water, and put on a soft tunic of fine cloth, and opening the lattice lay down on a small couch, and let the wind play upon her body. And the Bodhisatta later on in the day, dressed in a goodly inner and outer robe, took his alms-bowl and walking through the air came to the window. As the queen rose up in haste, at the rustling sound of his bark garments, her robe of fine cloth fell from off her. An extraordinary object struck upon the eye of the Great Being. Then the sinful feeling, that had been dwelling for countless aeons in his heart, rose up like a snake lying in a box, and put to flight his mystic meditation. Being unable to fix his thoughts he went and seized the queen by the hand, and forthwith they drew a curtain round them. After misconducting himself with her, he partook of some food and returned to the park. And every day thenceforth he acted after the same manner.

His misconduct was blazed abroad throughout the whole city. The king's ministers sent a letter to him, saying, "Hārita, the ascetic, is acting thus and thus."

The king thought, "They say this, being eager to separate us," and disbelieved it. When he had pacified the border country he returned to Benares, and after marching in solemn procession round the city, he went to the queen and asked her, "Is it true that the holy ascetic Hārita misconducted himself with you?" "It is true, my lord." He disbelieved her also, and thought, "I will ask the man himself," and going to the park he saluted him, and sitting respectfully on one side he spoke the first stanza in the form of a question:

Friend Hārita, I oft have heard it said
A sinful life is by your Reverence led;
I trust there is no truth in this report,
And thou art innocent in deed and thought?

[499] He thought, "If I were to say I am not indulging in sin, this king would believe me, but in this world there is no sure ground like speaking the truth. They who forsake the truth, though they sit in the sacred enclosure of the Bo tree, cannot attain to Buddhahood. I must needs just speak the truth." In certain cases a Bodhisatta may destroy life, take what is not given him, commit adultery, drink strong drink, but he may not tell a lie, attended by deception that violates the reality of things. Therefore speaking the truth only he uttered the second stanza:

In evil ways, great king, as thou hast heard,
Caught by the world's delusive arts, I erred.

Hearing this the king spoke the third stanza:

Vain is man's deepest wisdom to dispel
The passions that within his bosom swell.

Then Hārita pointed out to him the power of sin and spoke the fourth stanza:

There are four passions in this world, great king,
That in their power are over-mastering:
Lust, hate, excess and ignorance their name;
Knowledge can here no certain footing claim.

[500] The king on hearing this spoke the fifth stanza:

Endowed with holiness and intellect
The saintly Hārita wins our respect.

Then Hārita spoke the sixth stanza:

Ill thoughts, with pleasant vices if combined,
Corrupt the sage to saintliness inclined.

Then the king, encouraging him to throw off sinful passion, spoke the seventh stanza:

The beauty that from purest hearts doth shine
  Is marred by lust, born of this mortal frame;
Away with it, and blessings shall be thine,
  And multitudes thy wisdom shall proclaim.

Then the Bodhisatta recovered the power to concentrate his thoughts, and observing the misery of sinful desire, he spoke the eighth stanza:

Since blinding passions yield a bitter fruit,
All growth of lust I cut down to the root.

[501] So saying he asked the king's leave, and having gained his consent he entered his hermit hut, and fixing his gaze on the mystic circle he entered into a trance, and came forth from the hut, and sitting cross-legged in the air he taught the king the true doctrine and said, "Great king, I have incurred censure in the midst of the people by reason of my dwelling in a place where I ought not. But be thou vigilant. Now will I return to some forest free from all taint of womankind." And amidst the tears and lamentations of the king he returned to the Himālaya, and without falling away from mystic meditation he entered the Brahma world.

The Master knowing the whole story said:

Thus Hārita for truth right stoutly did contend,
And lust forsaking did to Brahma world ascend.

And having in his Perfect Wisdom spoken this stanza, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the worldly-minded Brother attained to Sainthood:—"At that time the king was Ānanda Hārita was myself."

No. 432.

PADAKUSALAMĀṆAVA-JĀTAKA.

"*O Pāṭala, by Ganges,*" *etc.*—This story the Master dwelling at Jetavana told concerning a certain boy. He was, they say, the son of a householder at Sāvatthi, just seven years old, and skilled in recognizing footsteps. Now his father being minded to prove him went without his knowing it to a friend's house. The boy, without even asking where his father had gone, by tracing his footsteps, came and stood before him. So his father one day asked him saying, "When I went off without telling you, how did you know where I was gone?" [502] "My dear father, I recognized your footsteps. I am skilled in this way." Then his father, to prove him, went out of his house after the early meal, and going into his next-door neighbour's house, from it passed into another, and from this third house again returned to his own home, and thence made his way to the North gate, and passing out by it made a circuit of the city from right to left. And coming to Jetavana he saluted the Master and sat down to listen to the Law. The boy asked where his father was, and when they said, "We do not know," by tracing his father's steps, and starting from the next-door neighbour's house he went by the same road by which his father had travelled to Jetavana, and after saluting the Master stood in the presence of his father, and when asked by him, how he knew that he had come here, he said, "I recognized your footsteps and following in your track came hither." The Master asked, "Lay Brother, what are you saying?" He answered, "Your Reverence, this boy is skilled in knowing footsteps. To test him I came hither in such and such a manner. Not finding me at home, by following in my footsteps, he arrived here." "There is no marvel," said the Master, "in recognizing steps upon the ground. Sages of old recognized steps in the air," and on being asked, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, his queen-consort after falling into sin was questioned by the king, and taking an oath she said, "If I have sinned against you, I shall become a female Yakkha with a face like a horse." After her death she became a horse-faced Yakkha and dwelt in a rock-cave in a vast forest at the foot of a mountain, and used to catch and devour the men that frequented the road leading from the East to the Western border. After serving Vessavaṇa[1] three years, it is said, she got leave to eat people in a certain space, thirty leagues long by five leagues broad. Now one day a rich, wealthy, handsome brahmin, accompanied by a large suite, ascended that road. The Yakkha, on seeing him, with a loud laugh rushed upon him, and his attendants all fled. With the speed of the wind she seized the brahmin [503] and threw him on her back, and in entering the cave, through coming into contact with the man, under the influence of passion she conceived an affection

[1] The lord of Yakkhas.

for him, and instead of devouring him she made him her husband, and they lived harmoniously together. And thenceforth the Yakkha whenever she captured men, also took their clothes and rice and oil and the like, and serving him with various dainty food she herself would eat man's flesh. And whenever she went away, for fear of his escaping, she closed the mouth of the cave with a huge stone before leaving. And while they were thus living amicably together, the Bodhisatta passing from his former existence was conceived in the womb of the Yakkha by the brahmin. After ten months she gave birth to a son, and filled with love for the brahmin and her child, she fed them both. By and bye when the boy was grown up, she put him also inside the cave with his father, and closed the door. Now one day the Bodhisatta knowing she had gone away removed the stone and let his father out. And when she asked on her return who had removed the stone, he said, "I did, mother: we cannot sit in darkness." And through love for her child she did not say another word. Now one day the Bodhisatta asked his father, saying, "Dear father, your mouth is different from my mother's; what is the reason?" "My son, your mother is a Yakkha and lives on man's flesh, but you and I are men." "If so, why do we live here? Come, we will go to the haunts of men." "My dear boy, if we shall try to escape, your mother will kill us both." The Bodhisatta reassured his father and said, "Do not be afraid, dear father; that you shall return to the haunts of men shall be my charge." And next day when his mother had gone away, he took his father and fled. When the Yakkha returned and missed them, she rushed forward with the swiftness of the wind and caught them and said, "O brahmin, why do you run away? Is there anything that you want here?" "My dear," he said, "do not be angry with me. [504] Your son carried me off with him." And without another word, owing to her love for her child, she comforted them and making for her place of abode she brought them back after a flight of some days. The Bodhisatta thought, "My mother must have a limited sphere of action. Suppose I were to ask her the limits of space over which her authority extends. Then I will escape by going beyond this." So one day sitting respectfully near his mother he said, "My dear, that which belongs to a mother comes to the children; tell me now what is the boundary of our ground." She told him all the landmarks, mountains and such like in all directions, and pointed out to her son the space, thirty leagues long and five leagues broad, and said, "Consider it to be so much, my son." After the lapse of two or three days, when his mother had gone to the forest, he put his father on his shoulder and rushing on with the swiftness of the wind, by the hint given him by his mother, he reached the bank of the river that was the limit. The mother too, when on her return she missed them, pursued after them. The Bodhisatta carried his father into the middle of the river, and she

came and stood on the river bank, and when she saw that they had passed beyond the limits of her sphere, she stopped where she was, and cried, "My dear child, come here with your father. What is my offence? In what respect do not things go well with you? Come back, my lord." Thus did she beseech her child and husband. So the brahmin crossed the river. She prayed to her child also, and said, "Dear son, do not act after this sort: come back again." "Mother, we are men: you are a Yakkha. We cannot always abide with you." "And will you not return?" "No, mother." "Then if you refuse to return—as it is painful to live in the world of men, and they who know not any craft cannot live—I am skilled in the lore of the philosopher's stone: by its power, one can follow after the lapse of twelve years in the steps of those that have gone away. This will prove a livelihood to you. Take, my child, this invaluable charm." And though overcome by such great sorrow, through love of her child, she gave him the charm. [505] The Bodhisatta, still standing in the river, folded his hands tortoise-wise and took the charm, and saluting his mother cried, "Good-bye, mother." The Yakkha said, "If you do not return, my son, I cannot live," and she smote upon her breast, and straightway in sorrow for her son her heart was broken and she fell down dead on the spot. The Bodhisatta, when he knew his mother was dead, called to his father and went and made a funeral pile and burned her body. After extinguishing the flames, he made offerings of various coloured flowers, and with weeping and lamentation returned with his father to Benares.

It was told the king, "A youth skilled in tracking footsteps is standing at the door." And when the king bade him enter, he came in and saluted the king. "My friend," he said, "do you know any craft?" "My lord, following on the track of one who has stolen any property twelve years ago, I can catch him." "Then enter my service," said the king. "I will serve you for a thousand pieces of money daily." "Very well, friend, you shall serve me." And the king had him paid a thousand pieces of money daily. Now one day the family priest said to the king, "My lord, because this youth does nothing by the power of his art, we do not know whether he has any skill or not: we will now test him." The king readily agreed, and the pair gave notice to the keepers of the various treasures, and taking the most valuable jewels descended from the terrace, and after groping their way three times round the palace, they placed a ladder on the top of the wall and by means of it descended to the outside. Then they entered the Hall of Justice, and after sitting there they returned and again placing the ladder on the wall descended by it into the city. Coming to the edge of a tank they thrice marched solemnly round it, and then dropped their treasure in the tank, and climbed back to the terrace. [506] Next day there was a great outcry and men said, "Treasure has been stolen from the palace." The king pretending ignorance summoned

the Bodhisatta and said, "Friend, much valuable treasure has been stolen from the palace: we must trace it." "My lord, for one who is able to follow the traces of robbers and recover treasure stolen twelve years ago, there is nothing marvellous in his recovering stolen property after a single day and night. I will recover it; do not be troubled." "Then recover it, friend." "Very well, my lord," he said, and went and saluting his mother's memory he repeated the spell, still standing on the terrace, and said, "My lord, the steps of two thieves are to be seen." And following in the steps of the king and the priest he entered the royal closet, and issuing thence he descended from the terrace, and after thrice making a circuit of the palace he drew near the wall. Standing on it he said, "My lord, starting in this place from the wall I see footsteps in the air: bring me a ladder." And having had a ladder placed for him against the wall, he descended by it, and still following in their track he came to the Hall of Justice. Then returning to the palace he had the ladder planted against the wall, and descending by it he came to the tank. After thrice marching round it he said, "My lord, the thieves went down into this tank," and taking out the treasure, as if he had deposited it there himself, he gave it to the king and said, "My lord, these two thieves are men of distinction: by this way they climbed up into the palace." The people snapped their fingers in a high state of delight, and there was a great waving of cloths. The king thought, "This youth, methinks, by following in their steps knows the place where the thieves put the treasure, but the thieves he cannot catch." Then he said, "You at once brought us the property carried off by the thieves, but will you be able to catch the thieves and bring them to us?" "My lord, the thieves are here: they are not far off." [507] "Who are they?" "Great king, let any one that likes be the thief. From the time you recovered your treasure, why should you want the thieves? Do not ask about that." "Friend, I pay you daily a thousand pieces of money: bring the thieves to me." "Sire, when the treasure is recovered, what need of the thieves?" "It is better, friend, for us to catch the thieves than to recover the treasure." "Then, sire, I will not tell you, 'So and so are the thieves,' but I will tell you a thing that happened long ago. If you are wise, you will know what it means." And herewith he told an old tale.

Once upon a time, sire, a certain dancer named Pāṭala lived not far from Benares, in a village on the river's bank. One day he went into Benares with his wife and after gaining money by his singing and dancing, at the end of the fête he procured some rice and strong drink. On his way to his own village he came to the bank of the river, and sat down watching the freshly flowing stream, to drink his strong drink. When he was drunk and unconscious of his weakness, he said, "I will fasten my big lute about my neck and go down into the river." And he took his

wife by the hand and went down into the river. The water entered into the holes of the lute, and then the weight of his lute made him begin to sink. But when his wife saw he was sinking, she let go of him and went up out of the river and stood upon the bank. The dancer Pāṭala now rises and now sinks, and his belly became swollen from swallowing the water. So his wife thought, "My husband will now die: I will beg of him one song, and by singing this in the midst of the people, I shall earn my living." And saying, "My lord, you are sinking in the water: give me just one song, and I will earn my living by it," she spoke this stanza:

[508] O Pāṭala, by Ganges swept away,
Famous in dance and skilled in roundelay,
Pāṭala, all hail! as thou art borne along,
Sing me, I pray, some little snatch of song.

Then the dancer Pāṭala said, "My dear, how shall I give you a little song? The water that has been the salvation of the people is killing me," and he spoke a stanza:

Wherewith are sprinkled fainting souls in pain,
I straight am killed. My refuge proved my bane.

The Bodhisatta in explanation of this stanza said: "Sire, even as water is the refuge of the people, so also is it with kings. If danger arises from them, who shall avert that danger? This, sire, is a secret matter. I have told a story intelligible to the wise: understand it, sire." "Friend, I understand not a hidden story like this. Catch the thieves and bring them to me." Then the Bodhisatta said, "Hear then this, sire, and understand." And he told yet another tale.

"My lord, formerly in a village outside the city gates of Benares, a potter used to fetch clay for his pottery, and constantly getting it in the same place he dug a deep pit inside a mountain-cave. Now one day while he was getting the clay, an unseasonable storm-cloud sprang up, and let fall a heavy rain, and the flood overwhelmed and threw down the side of the pit, and the man's head was broken by it. Loudly lamenting he spoke this stanza:

That by which seeds do grow, man to sustain,
Has crushed my head. My refuge proved my bane.

"For even as the mighty earth, sire, which is the refuge of the people, broke the potter's head, even so when a king, who like the mighty earth is the refuge of the whole world, rises up and plays the thief, who shall avert the danger? Can you, sire, [509] recognize the thief hidden under the guise of this story?" "Friend, we do not want any hidden meaning. Say, 'Here is the thief,' and catch him and hand him over to me."

Still shielding the king and without saying in words, "Thou art the thief," he told yet another story.

In this very city, sire, a certain man's house was on fire. He ordered another man to go into the house and bring out his property. When this man had entered the house and was bringing out his goods, the door was shut. Blinded with smoke and unable to find his way out and tormented by the rising flame, he remained inside lamenting, and spoke this stanza:

That which destroys the cold, and parches grain,
Consumes my limbs. My refuge proves my bane.

"A man, O king, who like fire was the refuge of the people, stole the bundle of jewels. Do not ask me about the thief." "Friend, just bring me the thief." Without telling the king that he was a thief, he told yet another story.

Once, sire, in this very city a man ate to excess and was unable to digest his food. Maddened with pain and lamenting he spoke this stanza:

Food on which countless brahmins life sustain
Killed me outright. My refuge proved my bane.

"One, who like rice, sire, was the refuge of the people, stole the property. When that is recovered, why ask about the thief?" "Friend, if you can, bring me the thief." To make the king comprehend, he told yet another story.

[510] Formerly, sire, in this very city a wind arose and broke a certain man's limbs. Lamenting he spoke this stanza:

Wind that in June wise men by prayer would gain,
My limbs doth break. My refuge proved my bane.

"Thus, sire, did danger arise from my refuge. Understand this story." "Friend, bring me the thief." To make the king understand, he told him yet another story.

Once upon a time, sire, on the side of the Himālayas grew a tree with forked branches, the dwelling-place of countless birds. Two of its boughs rubbed against one another. Hence arose smoke, and sparks of fire were let fall. On seeing this the chief bird uttered this stanza:

Flame issues from the tree where we have lain:
Scatter, ye birds. Our refuge proves our bane.

"For just as, sire, the tree is the refuge of birds, so is the king the refuge of his people. Should he play the thief, who shall avert the danger? Take note of this, sire." "Friend, only bring me the thief." Then he told the king yet another story.

In a village of Benares, sire, on the western side of a gentleman's house was a river full of savage crocodiles, and in this family was an only son, who on the death of his father watched over his mother. His mother against his will brought home a gentleman's daughter as his wife. At

first she showed affection for her mother-in-law, but afterwards when blest with numerous sons and daughters of her own, she wished to get rid of her. Her own mother also lived in the same house. In her husband's presence she found all manner of fault with her mother-in-law, to prejudice him against her, saying, "I cannot possibly support your mother: you must kill her." [511] And when he answered, "Murder is a serious matter: how am I to kill her?" she said, "When she has fallen asleep, we will take her, bed and all, and throw her into the crocodile river. Then the crocodiles will make an end of her." "And where is your mother?" he said. "She sleeps in the same room as your mother." "Then go and set a mark on the bed on which she lies, by fastening a rope on it." She did so, and said, "I have put a mark on it." The husband said, "Excuse me a moment; let the people go to bed first." And he lay down pretending to go to sleep, and then went and fastened the rope on his mother-in-law's bed. Then he woke his wife, and they went together and lifting her up, bed and all, threw her into the river. And the crocodiles there killed and ate her. Next day she found out what had happened to her own mother and said, "My lord, my mother is dead, now let us kill yours." "Very well then," he said, "we will make a funeral pile in the cemetery, and cast her into the fire and kill her." So the man and his wife took her while she was asleep to the cemetery, and deposited her there. Then the husband said to his wife, "Have you brought any fire?" "I have forgotten it, my lord." "Then go and fetch it." "I dare not go, my lord, and if you go, I dare not stay here: we will go together." When they were gone, the old woman was awakened by the cold wind, and finding it was a cemetery, she thought, "They wish to kill me: they are gone to fetch fire. They do not know how strong I am." And she stretched a corpse on the bed and covered it over with a cloth, and ran away and hid herself in a mountain cave in that same place. The husband and wife brought the fire and taking the corpse to be the old woman they burned it and went away. A certain robber had left his bundle in this mountain cave and coming back to fetch it he saw the old woman and thought, "This must be a Yakkha: my bundle is possessed by goblins," and he fetched a devil-doctor. The doctor uttered a spell and entered the cave. Then she said to him, "I am no Yakkha: come, we will enjoy this treasure together." "How is this to be believed?" "Place your tongue on my tongue." He did so, and she bit a piece off his tongue and let it drop to the ground. The devil-doctor thought, "This is certainly a Yakkha," and he cried aloud and fled away, with the blood dripping from his tongue. [512] Next day the old woman put on a clean under-garment and took the bundle of all sorts of jewels and went home. The daughter-in-law on seeing her asked, "Where, mother, did you get this?" "My dear, all that are burned on a wooden pile in this cemetery receive

the same." "My dear mother, can I too get this?" "If you become like me, you will." So without saying a word to her husband, in her desire for a lot of ornaments to wear, she went there and burned herself. Her husband next day missed her and said, "My dear mother, at this time of day is not your daughter-in law coming?" Then she reproached him saying, "Fie! you bad man, how do the dead come back?" And she uttered this stanza:

A maiden fair, with wreath upon her head,
Fragrant with sandal oil, by me was led
A happy bride within my home to reign:
She drove me forth. My refuge proved my bane.

"As the daughter-in-law, sire, is to the mother-in-law, so is the king a refuge to his people. If danger arises thence, what can one do? take note of this, sire." "Friend, I do not understand the things you tell me: only bring me the thief." He thought, "I will shield the king," and he told yet another story.

Of old, sire, in this very city a man in answer to his prayer had a son. At his birth the father was full of joy and gladness at the thought of having got a son, and cherished him. When the boy was grown up, he wedded him to a wife, and by and bye he himself grew old and could not undertake any work. So his son said, "You cannot do any work: you must go from hence," and he drove him out of the house. [513] With great difficulty he kept himself alive on alms, and lamenting he uttered this stanza:

He for whose birth I longed, nor longed in vain,
Drives me from home. My refuge proved my bane.

"Just as an aged father, sire, ought to be cared for by an able-bodied son, so too ought all the people to be protected by the king, and this danger now present has arisen from the king, who is the guardian of all men. Know, sire, from this fact that the thief is so and so." "I do not understand this, be it fact or no fact: either bring me the thief, or you yourself must be the thief." Thus did the king again and again question the youth. So he said to him, "Would you, sire, really like the thief to be caught?" "Yes, friend." "Then I will proclaim it in the midst of the assembly, So and So is the thief." "Do so, friend." On hearing his words he thought, "This king does not allow me to shield him: I will now catch the thief." And when the people had gathered together, he addressed them and spoke these stanzas:

Let town and country folk assembled all give ear,
Lo! water is ablaze. From safety cometh fear.
The plundered realm may well of king and priest complain;
Henceforth protect yourselves. Your refuge proves your bane.

[514] When they heard what he said, people thought, "The king, though he ought to have protected others, threw the blame on another. After he had with his own hands placed his treasure in the tank, he went about looking for the thief. That he may not in future go on playing the part of a thief, we will kill this wicked king." So they rose up with sticks and clubs in their hands, and then and there beat the king and the priest till they died. But they anointed the Bodhisatta and set him on the throne.

The Master, after relating this story to illustrate the Truths, said, "Lay Brother, there is nothing marvellous in recognizing footsteps on the earth: sages of old recognized them in the air," and he identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the lay Brother and his son attained to fruition of the First Path:—"In those days the father was Kassapa, the youth skilled in footsteps was myself."

No. 433.

LOMASAKASSAPA-JĀTAKA.

"*A king like Indra,*" *etc.*—This story the Master dwelling at Jetavana told concerning a worldly-minded Brother. The Master asked him if he were longing for the world, and when he admitted that it was so, the Master said, "Brother, even men of the highest fame sometimes incur infamy. Sins like these defile even pure beings; much more one like you." And then he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time prince Brahmadatta, son of Brahmadatta king of Benares, and the son of his family priest named Kassapa [515], were schoolmates and learned all the sciences in the house of the same teacher. By and bye the young prince on his father's death was established in the kingdom. Kassapa thought, "My friend has become king: he will bestow great power on me: what have I to do with power? I will take leave of the king and my parents, and become an ascetic." So he went into the Himālayas and adopted the religious life, and on the seventh day he entered on the Faculties and Attainments, and gained his living by what he gleaned in the fields. And men nicknamed the ascetic Lomasakassapa (Hairy Kassapa). With his senses mortified he became an ascetic of

grim austerity. And by virtue of his austerity the abode of Sakka was shaken. Sakka, reflecting on the cause, observed him and thought, "This ascetic, by the exceedingly fierce fire of his virtue, would make me fall even from the abode of Sakka. After a secret interview with the king of Benares, I will break down his austerity." By the power of a Sakka he entered the royal closet of the king of Benares at midnight and illuminated all the chamber with the radiance of his form, and standing in the air before the king he woke him up and said, "Sire, arise," and when the king asked, "Who are you?" he answered, "I am Sakka." "Wherefore are you come?" "Sire, do you desire or not sole rule in all India?" "Of course I do." So Sakka said, "Then bring Lomasakassapa here and bid him offer a sacrifice of slain beasts, and you shall become, like Sakka, exempt from old age and death, and exercise rule throughout all India," and he repeated the first stanza:

A king like Indra thou shalt be,
Ne'er doomed old age or death to see,
Should Kassapa by thy advice
Offer a living sacrifice.

On hearing his words the king readily assented. Sakka said, "Then make no delay," and so departed. [516] Next day the king summoned a councillor named Sayha and said, "Good sir, go to my dear friend Lomasakassapa and in my name speak thus to him: 'The king by persuading you to offer a sacrifice will become sole ruler in all India, and he will grant you as much land as you desire: come with me to offer sacrifice'." He answered, "Very well, sire," and made proclamation by beat of drum to learn the place where the ascetic dwelt, and when a certain forester said, "I know," Sayha went there under his guidance with a large following, and saluting the sage sat respectfully on one side and delivered his message. Then he said to him, "Sayha, what is this you say?" and refusing him he spoke these four stanzas:

[1]No island realm, safe-guarded in the sea,
Shall tempt me, Sayha, to this cruelty.

A curse upon the lust of fame and gain,
Whence spring the sins that lead to endless pain.

Better, as homeless waif, to beg one's bread
Than by a crime bring shame upon my head.

Yea better, bowl in hand, to flee from sin
Than by such cruelty a kingdom win.

The councillor, after hearing what he said, went and told the king. Thought the king, "Should he refuse to come, what can I do?" and kept silent. [517] But Sakka at midnight came and stood in the air and said,

[1] These stanzas occur in No. 310 *supra*, in a different context.

"Why, sire, do you not send for Lomasakassapa and bid him offer sacrifice?" "When he is sent for, he refuses to come." "Sire, adorn your daughter, princess Candavatī, and send her by the hand of Sayha and bid him say, 'If you will come and offer sacrifice, the king will give you this maiden to wife.' Clearly he will be struck with love of the maiden and will come." The king readily agreed, and next day sent his daughter by the hand of Sayha. Sayha took the king's daughter and went there, and after the usual salutation and compliments to the sage, he presented to him the princess, as lovely as a celestial nymph, and stood at a respectful distance. The ascetic losing his moral sense looked at her, and with the mere look he fell away from meditation. The councillor seeing that he was smitten with love said, "Your Reverence, if you will offer sacrifice, the king will give you this maiden to wife." He trembled with the power of passion and said, "Will he surely give her to me?" "Yes, if you offer sacrifice, he will." "Very well," he said, "If I get her, I will sacrifice," and taking her with him, just as he was, ascetic locks and all, he mounted a splendid chariot and went to Benares. But the king, as soon as he heard he was certainly coming, prepared for the ceremony in the sacrificial pit. So when he saw that he was come, he said, "If you offer sacrifice, I shall become equal to Indra, and when the sacrifice is completed, I will give you my daughter." Kassapa readily assented. So the king next day went with Candavatī to the sacrificial pit. There all four-footed beasts, elephants, horses, bulls and the rest were placed in a line. Kassapa essayed to offer sacrifice by killing and slaying them all. Then the people that were gathered together there said, [518] "This is not proper or befitting you, Lomasakassapa: why do you act thus?" And lamenting they uttered two stanzas:

Both sun and moon bear potent sway,
And tides no power on earth can stay,
Brahmins and priests almighty are,
But womankind is mightier far.

E'en so Candavatī did win
Grim Kassapa to deadly sin,
And urged him by her sire's device
To offer living sacrifice[1].

At this moment Kassapa, to offer sacrifice, lifted up his precious sword to strike the royal elephant on the neck. The elephant at the sight of the sword, terrified with the fear of death, uttered a loud cry. On hearing his cry the other beasts too, elephants, horses, and bulls through fear of death uttered loud cries, and the people also cried aloud. Kassapa, on hearing these loud cries, grew excited and reflected on his matted hair. Then he became conscious of matted locks and beard, and the hair upon his body

[1] See Weber, *Ind. Stud.* x. 348.

and breast. Full of remorse he cried, "Alas! I have done a sinful deed, unbecoming my character," and showing his emotion he spoke the eighth stanza:

[519] This cruel act is of desire the fruit;
The growth of lust I'll cut down to the root.

Then the king said, "Friend, fear not: offer the sacrifice, and I will now give you the princess Candavatī, and my kingdom and a pile of the seven treasures." On hearing this Kassapa said, "Sire, I do not want this sin upon my soul," and spoke the concluding stanza:

Curse on the lusts upon this earth so rife,
Better by far than these the ascetic life;
I will forsaking sin a hermit be:
Keep thou thy realm and fair Candavatī.

With these words he concentrated his thoughts on the mystic object, and recovering the lost idea sat cross-legged in the air, teaching the law to the king, and, admonishing him to be zealous in good works, he bade him destroy the sacrificial pit and grant an amnesty to the people. And at the king's request, flying up into the air he returned to his own abode. And as long as he lived, he cultivated the Brahma perfections and became destined to birth in the Brahma world.

The Master having ended his lesson revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the worldly-minded Brother attained to Sainthood:—"In those days the great councillor Sayha was Sāriputta, Lomasakassapa was myself.'

No. 434.

CAKKAVĀKA-JĀTAKA[1].

[520] "*Twin pair of birds,*" *etc.*—This story the Master dwelling at Jetavana told concerning a greedy Brother. He was, it was said, greedy after the Buddhist requisites and casting off all duties of master and pastor, entered Sāvatthi quite early, and after drinking excellent rice-gruel served with many a kind of solid food in the house of Visākhā, and after eating in the daytime various dainties, paddy, meat and boiled rice, not satisfied with this he goes about thence

[1] See R. Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal*, iii. 69.

to the house of Culla-Anāthapiṇḍika, and the king of Kosala, and various others. So one day a discussion was raised in the Hall of Truth concerning his greediness. When the Master heard what they were discussing, he sent for that Brother and asked him if it were true that he was greedy. And when he said "Yes," the Master asked, "Why, Brother, are you greedy? Formerly too through your greediness, not being satisfied with the dead bodies of elephants, you left Benares and, wandering about on the bank of the Ganges, entered the Himālaya country." And hereupon he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, a greedy crow went about eating the bodies of dead elephants, and not satisfied with them he thought, "I will eat the fat of fish on the bank of the Ganges," and after staying a few days there eating dead fish he went into the Himālaya and lived on various kinds of wild fruits. Coming to a large lotus-tank abounding in fish and turtles, he saw there two golden-coloured geese who lived on the sevāla plant. He thought, "These birds are very beautiful and well-favoured: their food must be delightful. I will ask them what it is, and by eating the same I too shall become golden-coloured." So he went to them, and after the usual kindly greetings to them as they sat perched on the end of a bough, he spoke the first stanza in connexion with their praises:

Twin pair of birds in yellow dressed,
So joyous roaming to and fro;
What kind of birds do men love best?
This is what I am fain to know.

[521] The ruddy goose on hearing this spoke the second stanza:

O bird, of human kind the pest,
We above other birds are blest.
All lands with our "devotion[1]" ring
And men and birds our praises sing.
Know then that ruddy geese are we,
And fearless wander o'er the sea[2].

Hearing this the crow spoke the third stanza:

What fruits upon the sea abound,
And whence may flesh for geese be found?
Say on what heavenly food ye live,
Such beauty and such strength to give.

[522] Then the ruddy goose spoke the fourth stanza:

No fruits are on the sea to eat,
And whence should ruddy geese have meat?
Sevāla plant, stript of its skin,
Yields food without a taint of sin.

[1] The ruddy goose, in the poetry of the Hindus, is their turtle-dove. See Wilson's *Meghadūta*, p. 77.

[2] By the word 'sea' the Ganges is here intended.

Then the crow spoke two stanzas:

I like not, goose, the words you use:
I once believed the food we choose
To nourish us, ought to agree
With what our outward form might be.

But now I doubt it, for I eat
Rice, salt, and oil, and fruit, and meat:
As heroes feast returned from fight,
So I too in good cheer delight.
But though I live on dainty fare,
My looks with yours may not compare.

[523] Then the ruddy goose told the reason why the crow failed to attain to personal beauty, while he himself attained to it, and spoke the remaining stanzas:

Not satisfied with fruit, or garbage found
Within the precincts of the charnel ground,
The greedy crow pursues in wanton flight
The casual prey that tempts his appetite.

But all that thus shall work their wicked will,
And for their pleasure harmless creatures kill,
Upbraided by their conscience pine away,
And see their strength and comeliness decay.

So happy beings that no creatures harm
In form gain vigour and in looks a charm,
For beauty surely be it understood
Depends not wholly on the kind of food.

[524] Thus did the ruddy goose in many ways reproach the crow. And the crow having brought this reproach upon himself said, "I want not your beauty." And with a cry of 'Caw, Caw,' he flew away.

The Master, his lesson ended, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the greedy Brother attained to fruition of the Second Path:—"In those days the crow was the greedy Brother, the she-goose was the mother of Rāhula, the he-goose myself."

No. 435.

HALIDDIRĀGA-JĀTAKA.

"*In lonesome forest,*" *etc.*—This story the Master at Jetavana told about a youth who was tempted by a certain coarse maiden. The introductory story will be found in the Thirteenth Book in the Cullanārada Birth[1].

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[1] No. 477, Vol. iv.

Now in the old legend this maiden knew that if the young ascetic should break the moral law, he would be in her power, and thinking to cajole him and bring him back to the haunts of men, she said, "Virtue that is safe-guarded in a forest, where the qualities of sense such as beauty and the like have no existence, does not prove very fruitful, but it bears abundant fruit in the haunts of men, in the immediate presence of beauty and the like. So come with me and guard your virtue there. What have you to do with a forest?" And she uttered the first stanza:

In lonesome forest one may well be pure,
'Tis easy there temptation to endure;
But in a village with seductions rife,
A man may rise to a far nobler life.

On hearing this the young ascetic said, "My father is gone into the forest. When he returns, I will ask his leave and then accompany you." She thought, [525] "He has a father, it seems; if he should find me here, he will strike me with the end of his carrying-pole and kill me: I must be off beforehand." So she said to the youth, "I will start on the road before you, and leave a trail behind me: you are to follow me." When she had left him, he neither fetched wood, nor brought water to drink, but just sat meditating, and when his father arrived, he did not go out to meet him. So the father knew that his son had fallen into the power of a woman and he said, "Why, my son, did you neither fetch wood nor bring me water to drink, nor food to eat, but why do you do nothing but sit and meditate?" The youthful ascetic said, "Father, men say that virtue that has to be guarded in a forest is not very fruitful, but that it brings forth much fruit in the haunts of men. I will go and guard my virtue there. My companion has gone forward, bidding me follow: so I will go with my companion. But when I am dwelling there, what manner of man am I to affect?" And asking this question he spoke the second stanza:

[1]This doubt, my father, solve for me, I pray;
If to some village from this wood I stray,
Men of what school of morals, or what sect
Shall I most wisely for my friends affect?

Then his father spoke and repeated the rest of the verses:

One that can gain thy confidence and love,
Can trust thy word, and with thee patient prove,
In thought and word and deed will ne'er offend—
Take to thy heart and cling to him as friend.
To men capricious as the monkey kind,
And found unstable, be not thou inclined,
Though to some wilderness thy lot's confined.

[1] This stanza and the first seven of the following verses are to be found in No. 348 *supra*.

Eschew foul ways, e'en as thou would'st keep clear
Of angry serpent, or as charioteer
[526] Avoids a rugged road. Sorrows abound
Whene'er a man in Folly's train is found:
Consort not thou with fools—my voice obey—
The fool's companion is to grief a prey.

Being thus admonished by his father, the youth said, "If I should go to the haunts of men, I should not find sages like you. I dread going thither. I will dwell here in your presence." Then his father admonished him still further and taught him the preparatory rites to induce mystic meditation. And before long, the son developed the Faculties and Attainments, and with his father became destined to birth in the Brahma World.

The Master, his lesson ended, proclaimed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the Brother who longed for the world attained to fruition of the First Path:—"In those days the young ascetic was the worldly-minded Brother, the maiden then is the maiden now, but the father was myself."

No. 436.

SAMUGGA-JĀTAKA.

[527] "*Whence come ye, friends,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told of a worldly-minded Brother. The Master, they say, asked him if it were true that he was hankering after the world, and on his confessing that it was so, he said, "Why, Brother, do you desire a woman? Verily woman is wicked and ungrateful. Of old Asura demons swallowed women, and though they guarded them in their belly, they could not keep them faithful to one man. How then will you be able to do so?" And hereupon he related an old-world tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta foregoing sinful pleasures entered the Himālayas and adopted the religious life. And he dwelt there living on wild fruits, and developed the Faculties and Attainments. Not far from his hut of leaves lived an Asura demon. From time to time he drew nigh to the Great Being and

listened to the Law, but taking his stand in the forest on the high road where men gathered together, he caught and ate them. At this time a certain noble lady in the kingdom of Kāsi, of exceeding beauty, settled in a frontier village. One day she went to visit her parents, and as she was returning this demon caught sight of the men that formed her escort and rushed upon them in a terrible form. The men let fall the weapons in their hands and took to flight. The demon on seeing a lovely woman seated in the chariot, fell in love with her, and carrying her off to his cave made her his wife. Thenceforth he brought her ghee, husked rice, fish, flesh, and the like, as well as ripe fruit to eat, and arrayed her in robes and ornaments, and in order to keep her safe he put her in a box which he swallowed, and so guarded her in his belly. One day he wished to bathe, and coming to the tank he threw up the box and taking her out of it he bathed and anointed her, and when he had dressed her he said, "For a short time enjoy yourself in the open air," and without suspecting any harm he went a little distance and bathed. [528] At this time the son of Vāyu, who was a magician, girt about with a sword, was walking through the air. When she saw him, she put her hands in a certain position and signed to him to come to her. The magician quickly descended to the ground. Then she placed him in the box, and sat down on it, waiting the approach of the Asura, and as soon as she saw him coming, before he had drawn near to the box, she opened it, and getting inside lay over the magician, and wrapped her garment about him. The Asura came and without examining the box, thought it was only the woman, and swallowed the box and set out for his cave. While on the road he thought, "It is a long time since I saw the ascetic: I will go to-day and pay my respects to him." So he went to visit him. The ascetic, spying him while he was still a long way off, knew that there were two people in the demon's belly, and uttering the first stanza, he said:

Whence come ye, friends? Right welcome all the three!
Be pleased to rest with me awhile, I pray:
I trust you live at ease and happily;
'Tis long since any of you passed this way.

On hearing this the Asura thought, "I have come quite alone to see this ascetic, and he speaks of three people: what does he mean? Does he speak from knowing the exact state of things, or is he mad and talking foolishly?" Then he drew nigh to the ascetic, and saluted him, and sitting at a respectful distance he conversed with him and spoke the second stanza:

[529] I've come to visit thee alone to-day,
Nor does a creature bear me company.
Why dost thou then, O holy hermit, say,
"Whence come ye, friends? Right welcome, all the three."

Said the ascetic, "Do you really wish to hear the reason?" "Yes, holy Sir." "Hear then," he said, and spoke the third stanza:

Thyself and thy dear wife are twain, be sure;
Enclosed within a box she lies secure:
Safe-guarded ever in thy belly, she
With Vāyu's son doth sport her merrily.

On hearing this the Asura thought, "Magicians surely are full of tricks: supposing his sword should be in his hand, he will rip open my belly and make his escape." And being greatly alarmed he threw up the box and placed it before him.

The Master, in his Perfect Wisdom to make the matter clear, repeated the fourth stanza:

The demon by the sword was greatly terrified,
And from his maw disgorged the box upon the ground;
[530] His wife, with lovely wreath adorned as if a bride,
With Vāyu's son disporting merrily was found.

No sooner was the box opened than the magician muttered a spell and seizing his sword sprang up into the air. On seeing this, the Asura was so pleased with the Great Being that he repeated the remaining verses, inspired mainly with his praises:

O stern ascetic, thy clear vision saw
How low poor man, a woman's slave, may sink;
As life itself tho' guarded in my maw,
The wretch did play the wanton, as I think.

I tended her with care both day and night,
As forest hermit cherishes a flame,
And yet she sinned, beyond all sense of right:
—To do with woman needs must end in shame.

Methought within my body, hid from sight,
She must be mine—but "Wanton" was her name—
And so she sinned beyond all sense of right:
—To do with woman needs must end in shame.

Man with her thousand wiles doth vainly cope,
In vain he trusts that his defence is sure;
Like precipices down to Hell that slope,
Poor careless souls she doth to doom allure.

The man that shuns the path of womankind
Lives happily and from all sorrow free;
He his true bliss in solitude will find,
Afar from woman and her treachery.

[531] With these words the demon fell at the feet of the Great Being, and praised him, saying, "Holy Sir, through you my life was saved. Owing to that wicked woman I was nearly killed by the magician." Then the Bodhisatta expounded the Law to him, saying, "Do no harm to her:

keep the commandments," and established him in the five moral precepts. The Asura said, "Though I guarded her in my belly, I could not keep her safe. Who else will keep her?" So he let her go, and returned straight to his forest home.

The Master, his lesson ended, proclaimed the Truths, and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the worldly-minded Brother attained fruition of the First Path:—"In those days the ascetic with supernatural powers of sight was myself."

No. 437.

PŪTIMAṄSA-JĀTAKA[1].

[532] "*Why thus does Pūtimaṅsa,*" *etc.*—This was a story told by the Master while at Jetavana concerning the subjugation of the senses. For at one time there were many Brethren who kept no guard over the avenues of the senses. The Master said to the elder Ānanda, "I must admonish these Brethren," and owing to their want of self-restraint he called together the assembly of the Brethren, and seated in the middle of a richly-adorned couch he thus addressed them: "Brethren, it is not right that a Brother under the influence of personal beauty should set his affections on mental or physical attributes, for should he die at such a moment, he is re-born in hell and the like evil states; therefore set not your affections on material forms and the like. A Brother ought not to feed his mind on mental and physical attributes. They who do so even in this present condition of things are utterly ruined. Therefore it is good, Brethren, that the eye of the senses should be touched with a red-hot iron pin." And here he gave other details, adding, "There is a time for you to regard beauty, and a time to disregard it: at the time of regarding it, regard it not under the influence of what is agreeable, but of what is disagreeable. Thus will ye not fall away from your proper sphere. What then is this sphere of yours? Even the four earnest meditations, the holy eight-fold path, the nine transcendent conditions. If ye walk in this your proper domain, Māra will not find an entrance, but if ye are subject to passion and regard things under the influence of personal beauty, like the jackal Pūtimaṅsa, ye will fall away from your true sphere," and with these words he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, many hundreds of wild goats dwelt in a mountain-cave in a wooded district on

[1] See R. Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal*, iii. 71.

the slopes of the Himālayas. Not far from their place of abode a jackal named Pūtimaṅsa with his wife Veṇī lived in a cave. One day as he was ranging about with his wife, he spied those goats and thought, "I must find some means to eat the flesh of these goats," and by some device he killed a single goat. Both he and his wife by feeding on goat's flesh waxed strong and gross of body. Gradually the goats diminished in number. [533] Amongst them was a wise she-goat named Meḷamātā. The jackal though skilful in devices could not kill her, and taking counsel with his wife he said, "My dear, all the goats have died out. We must devise how to eat this she-goat. Now here is my plan. You are to go by yourself, and become friendly with her, and when confidence has sprung up between you, I will lie down and pretend to be dead. Then you are to draw nigh to the goat and say, 'My dear, my husband is dead and I am desolate; except you I have no friend: come, let us weep and lament, and bury his body.' And with these words come and bring her with you. Then I will spring up and kill her by a bite in the neck." She readily agreed and after making friends with the goat, when confidence was established, she addressed her in the words suggested by her husband. The goat replied, "My dear, all my kinsfolk have been eaten by your husband. I am afraid; I cannot come." "Do not be afraid; what harm can the dead do you?" "Your husband is cruelly-minded; I am afraid." But afterwards being repeatedly importuned the goat thought, "He certainly must be dead," and consented to go with her. But on her way there she thought, "Who knows what will happen?" and being suspicious she made the she-jackal go in front, keeping a sharp look-out for the jackal. He heard the sound of their steps and thought, "Here comes the goat," and put up his head and rolling his eyes looked about him. The goat on seeing him do this said, "This wicked wretch wants to take me in and kill me: he lies there making a pretence of being dead," and she turned about and fled. When the she-jackal asked why she ran away, the goat gave the reason and spoke the first stanza:

[534] Why thus does Pūtimaṅsa stare?
His look misliketh me:
Of such a friend one should beware,
And far away should flee.

With these words she turned about and made straight for her own abode. And the she-jackal failing to stop her was enraged with her, and went to her husband and sat down lamenting. Then the jackal rebuking her spoke the second stanza:

Veṇī, my wife, seems dull of wit,
To boast of friends that she has made;
Left in the lurch she can but sit
And grieve, by Meḷa's art betrayed.

On hearing this the she-jackal spoke the third stanza:

You too, my lord, were hardly wise,
And, foolish creature, raised your head,
Staring about with open eyes,
Though feigning to be dead.

At fitting times they that are wise
Know when to ope or close their eyes,
Who look at the wrong moment, will,
Like Pūtimaṅsa, suffer ill.

This stanza was inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

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[535] But the she-jackal comforted Pūtimaṅsa and said, "My lord, do not vex yourself, I will find a way to bring her here again, and when she comes, be on your guard and catch her." Then she sought the goat and said, "My friend, your coming proved of service to us; for as soon as you appeared, my lord recovered consciousness, and he is now alive. Come and have friendly speech with him," and so saying she spoke the fifth stanza:

Our former friendship, goat, once more revive,
And come with well-filled bowl to us, I pray,
My lord I took for dead is still alive,
With kindly greeting visit him to-day.

The goat thought, "This wicked wretch wants to take me in. I must not act like an open foe; I will find means to deceive her," and she spoke the sixth stanza:

Our former friendship to revive,
A well-filled bowl I gladly give:
With a big escort I shall come;
To feast us well, go hasten home.

Then the she-jackal inquired about her followers, and spoke the seventh stanza:

What kind of escort will you bring,
That I am bid to feast you well?
The names of all remembering
To us, I pray you, truly tell.

The goat spoke the eighth stanza and said:

Hounds[1] grey and tan, four-eyed one too,
With Jambuk form my escort true:
Go hurry home, and quick prepare
For all abundance of good fare.

[1] Maliya and Pingiya probably refer to the colour of the dogs; Caturaksha is one of Yama's dogs in the Rigveda; Jambuka is a spirit in the train of Skanda.

[536] "Each of these," she added, "is accompanied by five hundred dogs: so I shall appear with a guard of two thousand dogs. If they should not find food, they will kill and eat you and your mate." On hearing this the she-jackal was so frightened that she thought, "I have had quite enough of her coming to us; I will find means to stop her from coming," and she spoke the ninth stanza:

Don't leave your house, or else I fear
Your goods will all soon disappear:
I'll take your greeting to my lord;
Don't stir: nay, not another word!

With these words she ran in great haste, as for her life, and taking her lord with her, fled away. And they never durst come back to that spot.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "In those days I was the divinity that dwelt there in an old forest tree."

No. 438.

TITTIRA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Thy harmless offspring,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, while dwelling at Vulture Peak, told concerning the going about of Devadatta to slay him. It was at this time that they started a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Alas! Sirs, how shameless and base was Devadatta. Joining himself to Ajātasattu, he formed a plot to kill the excellent and supreme Buddha, by the suborning of archers, the hurling of a rock, and the letting loose of Nāḷāgiri." The Master came and inquired of the Brethren what they were discussing in their assembly, and on being told what it was said, [537] "Not only now, but formerly too, Devadatta went about to kill me, but now he cannot so much as frighten me," and he related an old-world legend.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, a world-renowned professor at Benares gave instruction in science to five hundred young brahmins. One day he thought, "So long as I dwell here,

[1] See R. Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal*, iii. 74

I meet with hindrances to the religious life, and my pupils are not perfected in their studies. I will retire into a forest home on the slopes of the Himālayas and carry on my teaching there." He told his pupils, and, bidding them bring sesame, husked rice, oil, garments and such like, he went into the forest and building a hut of leaves took up his abode close by the highway. His pupils too each built a hut for himself. Their kinsfolk sent rice and the like, and the natives of the country saying, "A famous professor, they say, is living in such and such a place in the forest, and giving lessons in science," brought presents of rice, and the foresters also offered their gifts, while a certain man gave a milch cow and a calf, to supply them with milk. Now a lizard along with her two young ones came to dwell in the hut of the teacher, and a lion and a tiger ministered to him. A partridge too constantly resided there, and from hearing their master teach sacred texts to his pupils, the partridge got to know three Vedas. And the young brahmins became very friendly with the bird. By and bye before the youths had attained to proficiency in the sciences, their master died. His pupils had his body burnt, set up a tope of sand over his ashes, and with weeping and lamentation adorned it with all manner of flowers. So the partridge asked them why they wept. "Our master," they replied, "has died while our studies are still incomplete." "If this is so, do not be distressed: I will teach you science." "How do you know it?" "I used to listen to your master, while he was teaching you, and got up three Vedas by heart." "Then do you impart to us what you have learned by heart." [538] The partridge said, "Well, listen," and he expounded knotty points to them, as easily as one lets down a stream from a mountain height. The young brahmins were highly delighted and acquired science from the learned partridge. And the bird stood in the place of the far-famed teacher, and gave lectures in science. The youths made him a golden cage and fastening an awning over it, they served him with honey and parched grain in a golden dish and presenting him with divers coloured flowers, they paid great honour to the bird. It was blazed abroad throughout all India that a partridge in a forest was instructing five hundred young brahmins in sacred texts. At that time men proclaimed a high festival—it was like a gathering together of the people on a mountain top. The parents of the youths sent a message for their sons to come and see the festival. They told the partridge, and entrusting the learned bird and all the hermitage to the care of the lizard, they left for their several cities. At that moment an ill-conditioned[1] wicked ascetic wandering about hither and thither came to this spot. The lizard on seeing him entered into friendly talk with him,

[1] The reading is doubtful. Another reading is *nikkāruṇiko*, "pitiless": Morris for *niggatiko* suggests *nigaṇṭho*, "naked ascetic".

saying, "In such and such a place you will find rice, oil and such like; boil some rice and enjoy yourself," and so saying he went off in quest of his own food. Early in the morning the wretch boiled his rice, and killed and ate the two young lizards, making a dainty dish of them. At midday he killed and ate the learned partridge and the calf, and in the evening no sooner did he see the cow had come home than he killed her too and ate the flesh. Then he lay down grunting at the foot of a tree and fell asleep. In the evening the lizard came back and missing her young ones went about looking for them. A tree-sprite observing the lizard all of a tremble because she could not find her young ones, by an exercise of divine power stood in the hollow of the trunk of the tree and said, "Cease trembling, lizard: your young ones and the partridge and the calf and cow have been killed by this wicked fellow. Give him a bite in the neck, and so bring about his death." And thus talking with the lizard the deity spoke the first stanza:

[539] Thy harmless offspring he did eat,
Though thou didst rice in plenty give;
Thy teeth make in his flesh to meet,
Nor let the wretch escape alive.

Then the lizard repeated two stanzas:

Filth doth his greedy soul, like nurse's garb, besmear,
His person all is proof against my fangs, I fear.

Flaws by the base ingrate are everywhere espied,
Not by the gift of worlds can he be satisfied.

The lizard so saying thought, "This fellow will wake up and eat me," and to save her own life she fled. Now the lion and the tiger were on very friendly terms with the partridge. Sometimes they used to come and see the partridge, and sometimes the partridge went and taught the Law to them. To-day the lion said to the tiger, "It is a long time since we saw the partridge; it must be seven or eight days: go and bring back news of him." The tiger readily assented, and he arrived at the place the very moment that the lizard had run away, and found the vile wretch sleeping. In his matted locks were to be seen some feathers of the partridge, [540] and close by appeared the bones of the cow and calf. King tiger seeing all this and missing the partridge from his golden cage thought, "These creatures must have been killed by this wicked fellow," and he roused him by a kick. At the sight of the tiger the man was terribly frightened. Then the tiger asked, "Did you kill and eat these creatures?" "I neither killed nor ate them." "Vile wretch, if you did not kill them, tell me who else would? And if you do not tell me, you are a dead man!" Frightened for his life he said, "Yes, sir, I did kill and eat the young lizards and the cow and the calf, but I did not kill the

partridge." And though he protested much, the tiger did not believe him but asked, "Whence did you come here?" "My lord, I hawked about merchant's wares for a living in the Kāliṅga country, and after trying one thing and another I have come here." But when the man had told him everything that he had done, the tiger said, "You wicked fellow, if you did not kill the partridge, who else could have done so? Come, I shall bring you before the lion, the king of beasts." So the tiger went off, driving the man before him. When the lion saw the tiger bringing the man with him, putting it in the form of a question he spoke the fourth stanza:

Why thus in haste, Subāhu[1], art thou here,
And why with thee does this good youth appear?
What need for urgency is here, I pray?
Quick, tell me truly and without delay.

[541] On hearing this the tiger spoke the fifth stanza:

The partridge, Sire, our very worthy friend,
I doubt, to-day has come to a bad end:
This fellow's antecedents make me fear
We may ill news of our good partridge hear.

Then the lion spoke the sixth stanza:

What may the fellow's antecedents be,
And what the sins that he confessed to thee,
To make thee doubt that some misfortune may
Have fallen on the learned bird to-day?

Then in answer to him king tiger repeated the remaining verses:

As pedlar thro' Kāliṅga land
Rough roads he travelled, staff in hand;
With acrobats he has been found,
And harmless beast in toils has bound;
With dicers too has often played,
And snares for little birds has laid;
In crowds with cudgel-sticks has fought,
And gain by measuring corn has sought:
False to his vows, in midnight fray
Wounded, he washed the blood away:
His hands he burned thro' being bold
To snatch at food too hot to hold.
[542] Such was the life I heard he led,
Such are the sins upon his head,
And since we know the cow is dead,
And feathers midst his locks appear,
I greatly for friend partridge fear.

The lion asked the man, "Did you kill the learned partridge?" "Yes, my lord, I did." The lion on hearing him speak the truth, was anxious to

[1] Subāhu (strong-arm) is the name of the tiger. Compare no. 361 *supra*, p. 127.

let him go, but king tiger said, "The villain deserves to die," and then and there rent him with his teeth. Then he dug a pit and threw the body into it. [543] The young brahmins when they returned home, not finding the partridge, with weeping and lamentation left the place.

The Master ended his lesson saying, "Thus, Brethren, did Devadatta of old too go about to kill me," and he identified the Birth: "At that time the ascetic was Devadatta, the lizard Kisāgotamī, the tiger Moggallāna, the lion Sāriputta, the world-renowned teacher Kassapa, and the learned partridge was myself."

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* These Jātakas occur in the present volume.

THE JĀTAKA

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TRANSLATED FROM THE PĀLI BY VARIOUS HANDS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF

PROFESSOR E. B. COWELL.

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ADDITIONAL NOTES AND CORRECTIONS.

VOLUME II.

Page 9, No. 154, line 3. Fick (*Sociale Gliederung zu Buddha's Zeit*) would render *seṇibandham* a "guild quarrel."

,, 12. At a sneeze, a Hindu in the N.-W. Provinces will still say, "May you live a hundred years." *North Indian Notes and Queries*, iv. 388.

,, 104. For the first stanza compare Dhammapada, p. 146.

,, 167. For the second and third stanzas compare Dhammapada, p. 149.

,, 207. A Russian variant of the Gāmaṇicaṇḍa Birth is given in Prof. S. Oldenburg's Review of volume I. of the present translation: Журналъ Министерства Народнаго Просвѣщенія, 1896, pp. 47 foll.

,, 251. I have to thank Fick (*Soc. Glied.* p. 87 note) for a correction of the list of righteous persons, which should run thus; "...younger brother (who was) viceroy, brahmin family priest, courtier-charioteer, treasurer, noble master of the granaries, porter, slave-girl courtesan."

,, 257. Fick explains the *rajjugāhakaamacco* as a kind of royal surveyor for tax purposes, which suits the context.

The *rajju* will be his chain, symbol of office (*Soc. Glied.* 7 note).

VOLUME III.

No. 316. Jātaka-Mālā no. 6, Çaça.
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,, 482. Jātaka-Mālā no. 26, Ruru.
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,, 488. Jātaka-Mālā no. 19, Bisa.
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,, 502. Jātaka-Mālā, no. 22, Haṁsa.
,, 510. Jātaka-Mālā no. 32, Ayogṛha.
Cariyā-piṭaka no. 23, Ayoghara.

Page 125, line 26, for Teacher *read* Being.
Page 256, line 4 from foot, *read* Anuruddha.

BOOK X. DASA-NIPĀTA.

No. 439[1].

CATU-DVĀRA-JĀTAKA.

[1] "*Four gates*," *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a certain unruly person. The circumstances have been already set forth in the first Birth of the Ninth Book[2]. Here again the Master asked this brother, "Is it true, as they say, that you are disobedient?" "Yes, Sir." "Long ago," said he, "when by disobedience you refused to do the bidding of wise men, a razor-wheel was given to you." And he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, in the days of the Buddha Kassapa, there dwelt in Benares a merchant, whose wealth was eighty crores of money, having a son named Mittavindaka. The mother and father of this lad had entered upon the First Path, but he was wicked, an unbeliever.

When by and bye the father was dead and gone, the mother, who in his stead managed their property, thus said to her son:—"My son, the state of man is one hard to attain[3]; give alms, practise virtue, keep the holy day, give ear to the Law." Then said he, "Mother, no almsgiving or such like for me; never name them to me; as I live, so shall I fare hereafter." On a certain full-moon holy day, as he spoke in this fashion, his mother answered, "Son, this day is set apart as a high holy day. To-day take upon you the holy day vows; visit the cloister, and all night long listen to the Law, and when you come back I will give you a thousand pieces of money."

For desire of this money the son consented. As soon as he had broken his fast he went to the cloister, and there he spent the day; but at

[1] See Nos. 82, 104, 369; *Avadāna-Çataka*, iii. 6. (36), and Feer's note on p. 137 of that book.

[2] No. 427, vol. iii. p. 287 of this translation.

[3] Among the five *gatis*.

night to the end that not one word of the Law should reach his ear [2] he lay down in a certain place, and fell asleep. On the next day, very early in the morning, he washed his face, and went to his own house and sat down.

Now the mother thought within herself, "To-day my son after hearing the Law will come back early in the morning, bringing with him the Elder who has preached the Law." So she made ready gruel, and food hard and soft, and prepared a seat, and awaited his coming. When she saw her son coming all alone, "Son," quoth she, "why have you not brought the preacher with you?"—"No preacher for me, mother!" says he. "Here then," quoth the woman, "you drink this gruel." "You promised me a thousand pieces, mother," he says, "first give this to me, and afterward I will drink." "Drink first, my son, and then you shall have the money." Quoth he, "No, I will not drink till I get the money." Then his mother laid before him a purse of a thousand pieces. And he drank the gruel, took the purse with a thousand pieces, and went about his business; and so thereafter, until in no long time he had gained two millions.

Then it came into his mind that he would provide a ship, and do business with it. So he provided a ship, and said to his mother, "Mother, I mean to do business in this ship." Said she, "You are my only son, and in this house there is plenty of wealth; the sea is full of dangers. Do not go!" But he said, "Go I will, and you cannot prevent me." "Yes, I will prevent you," she answered, and took hold of his hand; but he thrust her hand away, and struck her down, and in a moment he was gone, and under way.

On the seventh day, for cause of Mittavindaka, the ship stood immovable upon the deep. Lots were cast, and thrice was the lot found in the hand of Mittavindaka[1]. Then they gave him a raft; and saying—"Let not many perish for the sole sake of this one," they cast him adrift upon the deep. In an instant the ship sprang forth with speed over the deep.

And he upon his raft came to a certain island. There in a crystal palace he espied four female spirits of the dead. [3] They used to be in woe seven days and seven in happiness. In their company he experienced bliss divine. Then, when the time came for them to undergo their penance, said they, "Master, we are going to leave you for seven days; while we are gone, bide here, and be not distressed." So saying they departed.

But he, full of longing, again embarked upon his raft, and passing over the ocean came to another isle; there in a palace of silver he saw

[1] The reader will be reminded of the story of Jonah.

eight other spirits. In the same way, he saw upon another island, sixteen in a palace all of jewels, and on yet another, thirty-two that were in a golden hall. With these, as before, he dwelt in divine blessedness, and when they went away to their penance, sailed away once more over the ocean; till at last he beheld a city with four gates, surrounded by a wall. That, they say, is the Ussada Hell, the place where many beings, condemned to hell, endure their own deeds: but to Mittavindaka it appeared as though a city all beautiful. Thought he, "I will visit yon city, and be its king." So he entered, and there he saw a being in torment, supporting a wheel sharp as a razor; but to Mittavindaka it seemed as though that razor-wheel upon his head were a lotus bloom; the five-fold fetters upon his breast seemed as it were a splendid and rich vesture; the blood dripping from his head seemed to be the perfumed powder of red sandal wood; the sound of groaning was as the sound of sweetest song. So approaching he said, "Ho, man! Long enough you have been carrying that flower of lotus; now give it to me!" He replied, "My lord, no lotus it is, but a razor-wheel." "Ah," quoth the first, "so you say because you do not wish to give it" Thought the condemned wretch: "My past deeds must be exhausted. No doubt this fellow, like me, is here for smiting a mother. Well, I will give him the razor-wheel." Then he said, "Here then, take the lotus," and with those words cast the razor-wheel upon his head; and on his head it fell, crushing it in. In an instant [4] Mittavindaka knew that it was a razor-wheel, and says he, "Take your wheel, take back your wheel!" groaning aloud in his pain; but the other had disappeared.

At that moment the Bodhisatta with a great following was making a round through the Ussada Hell, and arrived at that spot. Mittavindaka, espying him, cried out, "Lord king of the Gods, this razor-wheel is piercing and tearing me like a pestle crushing mustard seeds! what sin have I committed?" and in asking this question he repeated these two stanzas:

"Four gates this iron city hath, where I am trapt and caught:
A rampart girds me round about: what evil have I wrought?

"Now fast are closed the city gates: this wheel destroyeth me:
Why like a caged bird am I caught? why, Goblin, should it be?"

Then the King of the Gods, to explain the matter to him, uttered these stanzas:

"An hundred thousand thou, good Sir, didst own, and twenty eke:
Yet to a friend thou wouldst not lend thine ear, when he would speak.

"Swift didst thou flee across the sea, a perilous thing, I ween;
The four, the eight, didst visit straight, and with the eight, sixteen,

"And with sixteen the thirty-two; and lust didst ever feel:
See now, the meed of utter greed upon thy head, this wheel.

"Who tread the highway of desire, that spacious thoroughfare,
That highway great, insatiate,—'tis theirs this wheel to bear.

"Who will not sacrifice their wealth, nor to the Path repair,
Who do not know this should be so,—'tis theirs this wheel to bear.

[5]"Ponder the issue of thy deeds, and see
How great thy wealth, and do not crave to be
Master of ill-got gains; what friends advise
Do,—and the wheel shall never come nigh thee."

[6] Hearing this, Mittavindaka thought to himself, "This son of the gods has explained exactly what I have done. No doubt he knows also the measure of my punishment." And he repeated the ninth stanza:

"How long, O Goblin, shall this wheel upon my head remain?
How many thousand years? reveal, nor let me ask in vain!"

Then the Great Being declared the matter in the tenth stanza:

"The wheel shall roll, and on shall roll, no saviour shall appear,
Fixt on thy head till thou be dead—O Mittavinda, hear!"

Thus saying, the Divine Being returned to his own place, and the other fell into great misery.

The Master, having ended this discourse, identified the Birth:—"At that time the unruly Brother was Mittavindaka, and I myself was the king of the gods."

No. 440.

KAṆHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Behold yon man,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Kapilavatthu, in the Banyan Park, about smiling.

[7] At that time they say that the Master, wandering afoot with his band of Brethren in the Banyan Park at evening time, at a certain spot gave a smile. Said Elder Ānanda, "What can be the cause, what the reason, that the Blessed One should smile? Not without cause do the Tathāgatas smile I will ask him, then." So with a gesture of obeisance he asked of this smile. Then the Master said to him, "In days of yore, Ānanda, there was a certain sage, named Kaṇha, who on this spot of earth lived, meditative, in meditation his delight; and by power of his virtue Sakka's abode was shaken." But as this speech about the smile was not quite clear, at the Elder's request he told this story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta ruled in Benares, there was a certain childless Brahmin, having wealth to the amount of eighty crores, who took upon him the vows of virtue, and prayed for a son; in the womb of this brahmin's wife was conceived the Bodhisatta, and from his black colour they gave him on his nameday the name of Kaṇha-kumāra, young Blackie. He at the age of sixteen years, being full of splendour, as it were an image of some precious stone, was sent by his father to Takkasilā, where he learnt all the liberal arts, and returned again. Then his father provided a wife meet for him. And by and bye he came in for all his parents' property.

Now one day, after inspecting his treasure houses, as he sat on his gorgeous divan, he took in his hand a golden plate, and reading upon the golden plate these lines inscribed by his kinsmen of former days, "So much of the property gained by such an one, so much by another," thought he, "Those who won this wealth are seen no more, but the wealth is still seen; not one of them could take it where he is gone; we cannot tie our wealth in a bundle and take it with us to the next world. Seeing that it is connected with the Five Sins, to distribute in alms this vain wealth is the better part; seeing that this vain body is connected with much disease, to show honour and kindness to the virtuous is the better part; seeing that this transient and vain life is but transient, to strive after spiritual insight is the better part. Therefore these vain treasures I will distribute in alms, that by so doing I may gain the better part." So he uprose from his seat, and having asked the king's consent, he gave alms bounteously.

Up to the seventh day [8] seeing no diminution in his wealth, he thought, "What is wealth to me? While I am yet unmastered by old age, I will even now take the ascetic vow, I will cultivate the Faculties and the Attainments, I will become destined for Brahma's heaven!" So he caused all the doors of his dwelling to be set open, and bade them take it all as freely given; and spurning it as a thing unclean, he forsook all desire of the eyes, and amid the lamentations and tears of a great multitude, went forth from the city, even unto the Himalaya region. There he embraced the solitary life; and seeking out for a pleasant place to dwell in, he found this place, and there he resolved to dwell; and choosing a gourd tree for his place of feeding, there he did abide, and lived at the root of that tree; lodging never within a village he became a dweller in the woods, never a hut of leaves he made, but abode at the foot of this tree, in the open air, sitting ever, or if he desired to lie, lying upon the ground, not a pestle but only teeth to grind his food with, eating only things uncooked by the fire, and never even a grain in the husk passed his lips, eating once in the day, and at one sitting. On the ground, as though he were one with[1] the four elements, he lived,

[1] i.e. he had no more feeling than these.

taking upon him the ascetic virtues[1]. In that Birth the Bodhisatta, as we learn, had very few wants.

Thus ere long he attained the Faculties and the Attainments, and lived in that spot in the ecstasy of ecstatic meditation. For wild fruits he went no further afield; when fruit grew upon the tree, he ate the fruit; in time of flowers, he ate flowers; when the leaves grew, he ate leaves; when leaves there were none, he ate the bark of trees. Thus in the highest contentment he lived a long time in that place. As in the morning he used to pick up the fruits of that tree, never once even did he from greediness rise up and pick fruit in any other place. In the place where he sat, he stretched out his hand, and gathered all the fruit there was within the handsweep; these he would eat as they came, making no distinction between nice and nasty. As he continued to take pleasure in this, by the power of his virtue the yellowstone throne of Sakka grew hot. (This throne, they say, grows hot when Sakka's life draws towards its end, or when his merit is exhausted and worked out, [9] or when some mighty Being prays, or through the efficacy of virtue in priests or brahmins full of potency[2].)

Then Sakka thought, "Who is it would dislodge me now?" Surveying all around, he saw, living in a forest, in a certain spot, the sage Kaṇha, picking up fruit, and knew that yonder was the sage of dread austerity, all sense subdued; "To him will I go," thought he, "I will cause him to proclaim the Law in trumpet tones, and having heard the preaching that gives peace, I will satisfy him with a boon, and make his tree bear fruit unceasingly, and then I will return hither." Then by his mighty power quickly descending, and taking his stand at the root of that tree behind the sage, he said, by way of testing whether or no the sage would be angry at mention of his ugliness, the first stanza:

"Behold yon man, all black of hue, that dwells on this black spot,
Black is the meat that he doth eat—my spirit likes him not!"

Swart Kaṇha heard him. "Who is it speaks to me?—" by his divine insight he perceived that it was Sakka; and without turning, replied with the second stanza:

"Though black of hue, a brahmin true at heart, O Sakka, see:
Not by the skin, but if he sin, then black a man must be."

[1] See Childers, p. 123 *a*. These thirteen ascetic practices include living under a tree, living alone, living in the forest, sleeping in a sitting posture, mentioned already in the text.

[2] The following is a curious parallel to this idea about Indra's throne: "The kings had a heritage at that time. When they did not know how to split justice properly, the judgement seat would begin to kick, and the king's neck would take a twist when he did not do justice as he ought." Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, ii. p. 159.

And then, after this, having explained in their several kinds and blamed the sins which make black such beings, and praised the goodness of virtue, [10] he discoursed to Sakka, and it was as though he made the moon to rise in the sky. Sakka at the hearing of his discourse, charmed and delighted, offered the Great Being a boon, and repeated the third stanza:

"Fair spoken, brahmin, nobly put, most excellently said:
Choose what you will—as bids your heart, so let your choice be made."

Hearing this the Great Being thought thus within himself. "I know how it must be. He wished to test me, and see should I be wroth at mention of my ugliness; therefore he abused the colour of my skin, my food, my place of dwelling; perceiving that I was not angry, he is pleased, and offers me a boon; no doubt he thinks that I practise this manner of life through a desire for the power of Sakka or of Brahma; and now, to make him certain, I must choose these four boons: that I may be calm, that I may have within me no hatred or malice against my neighbour, and that I may have no greed for my neighbour's glory or lust towards my neighbour." Thus pondering, to resolve the doubt of Sakka, the sage uttered the fourth stanza, claiming these four boons:

"Sakka, the lord of all the world, a choice of blessings gave.
From malice, hatred, covetise, deliverance I would have,
And to be free from every lust: these blessings four I crave."

[11] Hereupon thought Sakka: "The sage Kaṇha, in choosing his boon, has chosen four most blameless blessings. Now I will ask him what is good or bad with these four things." And he asked the question by repeating the fifth stanza:

"In lust, in hatred, covetise, in malice, brahmin, say
What evil thing dost thou behold? this answer me, I pray."

"Hear then," replied the Great Being, and gave utterance to four stanzas:

"Because hatred, of ill-will bred, aye grows from small to great,
Is ever full of bitterness, therefore I want no hate.

"'Tis ever thus with wicked men: first word, then touch we see,
Next fist, then staff, and last of all the swordstroke flashing free:
Where malice is, there follows hate—no malice then for me.

"When men make speed egged on by greed, fraud and deceit arise,
And swift pursuit of savage loot—therefore, no covetise.

"Firm are the fetters bound by lust, that thrives abundantly
Within the heart, for bitter smart—no lusting then for me."

[13] Sakka, his questions thus solved, replied, "Wise Kaṇha, by you sweetly are my questions answered, with a Buddha's skill; well pleased

with you am I; now choose another boon": and he repeated the tenth stanza:

"Fair spoken, brahmin, nobly put, most excellently said:
Choose what you will—as bids your heart, so let your choice be made."

Instantly the Bodhisatta repeated a stanza:

"O Sakka, lord of all the world, a boon thou didst me cry.
Where in the woods I ever dwell, where all alone dwell I,
Grant no disease may mar my peace, or break my ecstasy."

On hearing this, thought Sakka, "Wise Kaṇha, in choosing a boon, chooses no thing connected with food; all he chooses bears upon the ascetic life." Delighted ever more and more, he added thereto yet another boon and recited another stanza:

"Fair spoken, brahmin, nobly put, most excellently said:
Choose what you will—as bids your heart, so let your choice be made."

And the Bodhisatta, in stating of his boon, declared the law in the concluding stanza:

[14] "O Sakka, lord of all the world, a choice thou bidst declare:
No creature be aught harmed for me, O Sakka, anywhere,
Neither in body nor in mind: this, Sakka, is my prayer[1]."

Thus the Great Being, on six occasions making choice of a boon, chose only that which pertained to the life of Renunciation. Well knew he that the body is diseased, and not Sakka can do away the disease of it; not with Sakka lies it to cleanse living beings in the Three Gates[2]; albeit so, he made his choice to the end that he might declare the law to him. And Sakka made that tree bear fruit perennially, and saluting him by touching his head with joined hands[3], he said, "Dwell here ever free from disease," and went to his own place. But the Bodhisatta, never breaking his ecstasy, became destined for Brahma's world.

This lesson ended, the Master said, "This, Ānanda, is the place where I dwelt aforetime," and thus identified the Birth: "At that time Anuruddha was Sakka, and for myself, I was Kaṇha the Wise."

[1] These lines occur in *Milinda*, p. 384.

[2] Of Body, Speech, Mind: the three gates through which evil enters.

[3] Reading *patiṭṭhāpetvā*, and in line 12 *vyādhidhammaṁ*.

No. 441.

CATU-POSATHIKA-JĀTAKA.

This Birth will be described in the Puṇṇaka Birth[1].

No. 442.

SAṄKHA-JĀTAKA.

[15][2] "*O learned brahmin,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told in Jetavana, about the giving of all the requisites.

At Sāvatthi, it is said, a certain lay brother having heard the Tathāgata's discourse, being pleased at heart, gave an invitation for the morrow; at his door he set up a pavilion, richly dight, and sent to say that it was time. The Master came attended by five hundred Brethren, and sat in the gorgeous seat appointed for him. The layman, having made rich presents to the company of Brethren headed by the Buddha, bade them again for the morrow; and so for seven days he invited them, and offered gifts, and on the seventh gave them all a Brother's requisites. In this presentation he offered a special gift of shoes. The pair of shoes offered to the Buddha were worth a thousand pieces of money, those offered to the two Chief Disciples[3] were worth five hundred, and shoes to the value of an hundred were given to each of the five hundred Brethren who remained. And after this presentation made of all that the Brethren need, he sat down before the Blessed One, along with his company. Then the Master returned thanks in a voice of much sweetness: "Layman, most munificent is thy gift; be joyful. In olden days, ere the Buddha came into the world, there were those who by giving one pair of shoes to a Pacceka Buddha, in consequence of that gift found a refuge on the sea where refuge there is none; and thou hast given to the whole of Buddha's company all that a Brother can need—how can it be, but that thy gift of shoes should prove a refuge to thee?" and at his request, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, this Benares was named Molinī. While Brahmadatta reigned in Molinī as king, a certain brahmin Saṅkha, rich, of great wealth, had built almshalls in six places, one at each of the four city gates, one in the midst of it, one by his own door. Daily he gave in alms six hundred thousand pieces of money, and to wayfarers and beggars he did much bounty.

[1] No such title occurs in the collection, nor in Westergaard's Catalogue.

[2] Misprints on this page should be corrected: line 10 *pañcasatagghanakā*, 12 *parikkhāradānaṁ*, 14 *anuppanne*.

[3] Sāriputta and Moggallāna.

One day he thought to himself, "My store of wealth once gone, I shall have nothing to give. Whiles it is still unexhausted I will take ship, and sail for the Gold Country[1], whence I will bring back wealth." So he caused a ship to be built; filled it with merchandise; and said he, as he bade farewell to wife and child, [16] "Until I come again, see that you make no stay in distributing of alms." This said, he took up his sunshade, donned his shoes, and with his servants about him, setting his face towards the seaport, at midday he departed.

At that moment, a Pacceka Buddha on Mount Gandha-mādana, meditating, saw him on his way to get wealth, and thought he, "A great man is journeying to get wealth: will there be aught on the sea to hinder him, or no?—There will.—If he sees me he will present me with shoes and sunshade; and in consequence of this gift of shoes, he will find refuge when his vessel is wrecked upon the sea. I will help him." So passing through the air, he alighted not far from the traveller, and moved to meet him, treading the sand hot as a layer of burning embers in the fierce wind and sunshine. "Here," thought the brahmin, "is a chance of gaining merit; here I must sow a seed this day." In high delight he made haste to meet and greet him. "Sir," says he, "be so kind as to come aside from the road awhile, under this tree." Then as the man came in beneath the tree, he brushed up the sand for him, and spread his upper robe, and made him sit down; with water perfumed and purified he washed his feet, anointed him with sweet scented oil; from his own feet he took off the shoes, wiped them clean and anointed them with scented oil, and put them on him, and presented him with shoes and sunshade, bidding him wear the one, and spread the other overhead as he went his ways. The other, to please him, took the gift, and as the brahmin gazed upon him for the increase of his faith, flew up and went on his way again to Gandha-mādana.

The Bodhisatta on his part, glad at heart, proceeded to the harbour, and took ship.

When they were come to the high seas, on the seventh day the ship sprang a leak, and they could not bale the water clear. All the people in fear for their lives made a great outcry, calling each upon his own god[2]. [17] The Great Being chose him one servitor, and anointing all his body with oil, ate a mess of powdered sugar with ghee as much as he desired, and giving the man to eat also, he climbed up the mast. "In that direction," said he, "lies our city"; pointing out the direction, and casting off all fear of the fish and turtles, he dived off with the man to a

[1] Said to be the district of Burmah and Siam, "the Golden Chersonese." See Childers, p. 492.

[2] Again the reader will be reminded of Jonah (i. 5). Compare also the scene in Erasmus' dialogue *Naufragium*.

distance of more than a hundred and fifty cubits. A multitude of men perished; but the Great Being, with his servant, began to make his way over the sea. For seven days he kept on swimming. Even then he kept the holy fast day, washing his mouth with the salt water.

Now at that time a divinity named Maṇi-mekhalā, which by interpretation is Jewel-zone, had been commanded by the four lords of the world, "If by shipwreck any ill befall men who have gone to the Three Refuges, or are endued with virtue, or who worship their parents, you should save them"; and to protect any such, the deity took station upon the sea. In her divine power she kept no outlook for seven days, but on the seventh day, scanning the sea, she saw the virtuous brahmin Saṅkha, and thought she, "'Tis now the seventh day since yon man was cast into the sea: were he to die, great would be my blame." So troubled at heart the deity filled a golden plate full of all manner of divine meats, and hastening wind-swift towards him, came to a stop before him in mid-air, saying, "Seven days, brahmin, hast thou taken no food: eat this!" The brahmin looked at her, and replied, "Take thy food away, for I am keeping fast."

His attendant, who came behind, saw not the deity, but heard only the sound; and thought he, "The brahmin babbles, methinks, being of tender frame, and from his seven days' fasting, being in pain and in fear of death: I will comfort him." And he repeated the first stanza:

"O learned brahmin, full of sanctity,
Pupil of many a holy teacher, why
[18] All out of reason dost vain babbling use,
When none is here, save me, to make reply?"

The brahmin heard, and knowing that he had not seen the deity, he said, "Good fellow, 'tis no fear of death; but I have another here to converse with me"; and he repeated the second stanza:

"'Tis a fair radiant presence, gold-besprent,
That offers me food for my nourishment,
All bravely set upon a plate of gold:
To her I answer No, with heart content."

Then the man repeated the third stanza:

"If such a wondrous being one should see,
A man should ask a blessing hopefully.
Arise, beseech her, holding up claspt hands:
'Say, art thou human, or a deity?'"

[19] "You say well," said the brahmin, and asked his question by repeating the fourth stanza:

"As thou beholdest me in kindly way
And 'Take and eat this food' to me dost say,
I ask thee, lady, excellent in might,
Art thou a goddess, or a woman, pray?"

Thereupon the deity repeated two stanzas:

"A goddess excellent in might am I;
And to mid-ocean hitherward did hie,
Full of compassion and in heart well-pleased,
For thy sake come in this extremity.

"Here food, and drink, and place of rest behold,
Vehicles various and manifold;
Thee, Saṅkha, I make lord of every thing
Which for desirable thy heart may hold."

On hearing this the Great Being thought it over. "Here is this deity (thought he), in the middle of the ocean, offering me this thing and that thing. Why does she wish to offer them to me? Is it for any virtuous act of mine, or by her own power, she does it? Well, I will ask the question." And he asked it in the words of the seventh stanza:

"Of all my sacrifice and offering
Thou art the queen, and thine the governing;
[1]Thou of fair slender waist, thou beauteous-browed:
What deed of mine hath brought to fruit this thing?"

[20] The deity listened to him, thinking, "This brahmin has put his question, I suppose, because he imagines I know not what good deed he has done. I will just tell him." So she told him, in the words of the eighth stanza:

"A solitary, on the burning way,
Weary and footsore, thirsty, thou didst stay,
O brahmin Saṅkha, for a gift of shoon:
That gift thy Cow of Plenty is this day."

When the Great Being heard this, he thought to himself, "What! in this impracticable ocean the gift of shoes given by me has become a give-all to me! Ah, lucky was my gift to the Pacceka Buddha!" Then, in great contentment, he repeated the ninth stanza:

"A ship of planks well builded let there be,
Sped by fair winds, impervious to the sea;
No place is here for other vehicle;
This very day take me to Molinī[2]."

[21] The deity, well pleased at hearing these words, caused a ship to appear, made of the seven things of price; in length it was eight hundred cubits, in width six hundred cubits, twenty fathoms in depth; it had three masts made of sapphire, cordage of gold, silver sails, and of gold were also the oars and the rudders. This vessel the deity filled with the seven precious things; then embracing the brahmin, set him aboard the gorgeous ship. She did not notice the attendant; howbeit the brahmin

[1] In line 29 read *subbhu suvilākamajjhe*: cp. Schol.
[2] Benares.

gave him a share of his own good fortune; he rejoiced, the deity embraced him also, and set him in the ship. Then she guided the ship to the city of Moḷinī, and having stored all this wealth in the brahmin's house, returned to her place of dwelling.

The Master, in his Perfect Wisdom, uttered the final stanza:

"She pleased, delighted, with a happy cheer,
A vessel marvellous caused to appear;
Then, taking Saṅkha with his serving man,
To that most lovely city brought them near."

And the brahmin all his life long dwelt at home, distributing bounty without end, and observing virtue; and at the end of his days he with his man went to swell the host of heaven.

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[22] When the Master had made an end of this discourse he declared the Truths:—now at the conclusion of the Truths the layman entered upon the First Path:—and he thus identified the Birth; "At that time Uppalavaṇṇā was the deity, Ānanda was the attendant, and I myself was the Brahmin Saṅkha."

No. 443.

CULLA-BODHI-JĀTAKA[1].

"*If one seize,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told in Jetavana, about a passionate man. This man, after having become an ascetic, following the doctrine which leads to salvation with all its blessings, was unable to control his passion: passionate he was, full of resentment; but little said, and he grew angry, flew in a passion, was bitter and obstinate. The Master, hearing of his passionate behaviour, sent for him and asked, was it true that he was passionate, as rumour had it. "Yes, Sir," replied the man. "Brother," the Master said, "passion must be restrained; such an ill-doer has no place either in this world or the next. Why dost thou, after embracing the salvation of the Supreme Buddha, who knows not passion, why dost thou show thyself passionate? Wise men of old, even those who embraced a religion[2] other than ours, have refrained from anger." And he told him an old-world tale.

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[1] Cf. Ananusociya-jātaka, No. 328, vol. iii. (Sammillabhāsini, which is an epithet in the first stanza here, is a proper name there, p. 64).

[2] *bāhiraāsane* is doubtless a misprint for *bāhirasāsane*.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, there was in a certain town of Kāsi a brahmin rich, wealthy, and of great possessions, but he was childless; and his wife longed for a son. At that time the Bodhisatta, descending from Brahma's world, was conceived in the womb of that lady; and on his name-day they gave him the name of Bodhi-kumāra, or Wiseman. When he came of age he repaired to Takkasilā, where he studied all sciences; and after his home-coming, much against his will, his parents found him a damsel to wife from a family of the same caste. She too had descended to this world from the world of Brahma, and was of surpassing beauty, like a nymph. These two were married together, though they neither of them desired it. Never had either done any sin, and in the way of passion neither so much as cast a look at the other; never even in sleep had they done the deed of kind, so pure were they.

Now it happened that after a while, when his parents were dead, and he had decently disposed of their bodies, the Great Being calling his wife, said to her, "Now, lady, you [23] take this fortune of eighty crores, and live in happiness."—"Not so, but you, noble Sir." Said he, "Wealth I want none; I shall go to the region of Himalaya, and become a recluse, and there find a refuge."—"Well, noble Sir, is it men only that should live the ascetic life?" "No," said he, "but women also." "Then I will not take that which you spew out of your mouth; for wealth I care no more than you, and I, like you, will live a recluse."

"Very good, lady," said he. And they both distributed a great quantity of alms; and setting forth, in a pleasant spot they made a hermitage. There living upon any wild fruits which they could glean, they dwelt for ten whole years, yet did not attain to holy ecstasy.

And after living there in the happiness of the ascetic life for ten years, they traversed the country side to get salt and seasoning, and in due course came to Benares, where they abode in the royal park.

Now one day the king, espying the park-keeper who came with a present in his hand, said, "We will make merry in our park, therefore set it in order"; and when the park was cleansed and made ready, he entered it along with a great retinue. At that time these two were also sitting in a certain part of the park, spending their time in the bliss of the religious life. And the king in passing through the park, perceived them both sitting there; and as his eye fell on this amiable and very beautiful lady, he fell in love. Trembling with desire, he determined to ask what she was to the ascetic; so approaching the Bodhisatta, he put the question to him. "Great king," he said, "she is nothing to me; she only shares my ascetic life, but when I lived in the world she was my wife." On hearing this the king thought within him, "So he says she is nothing to him but in his worldly life she was his wife. Well, if I

seize her by my sovereign power what will he do? I will take her, then." And so coming near he repeated the first stanza:

[24] "If one seize the large-eyed lady, and carry her off from you,
The dear one that sits there smiling, brahmin, what would you do?"

In answer to this question, the Great Being repeated the second stanza:

"Once risen, it never would leave me my life long, no, never at all:
As a storm of rain lays the dust again, quench it while yet it be small."

Thus did the Great Being make answer, loud as a lion's roar. But the king, though he heard it, was yet unable for blind folly to master his enamoured heart, and gave orders to one of his suite, "that he should take the lady into the palace." The courtier, obedient, led her away, in spite of her complaints and cries that lawlessness and wrong were the world's way. The Bodhisatta, who heard her cries, looked once but looked no more. So weeping and wailing she was conveyed to the palace.

And the King of Benares made no delay in his park, but quickly returned indoors, and sending for the woman, showed her great honour. And she spoke of the worthlessness of such honour, and the sole worth of the solitary life. The king, finding that by no means could he win her mind over, caused her to be placed in a room apart, and began to think, "Here is an ascetic woman who cares not for all this honour, and yon hermit never cast an angry look even when the man led away so beauteous a dame! Deep are the wiles of anchorites; he will lay a plot doubtless and work me some harm. [25] Well, I will return to him, and find out why he sits there." And so unable to keep still, he went into the park.

The Bodhisatta sat stitching his cloak. The king, almost alone, came up without sound of footfall, softly. Without one look at the king, the other went on with his sewing. "This fellow," thought the king, "will not speak to me because he is angry. This ascetic, humbug that he is, first roars out, 'I will not let anger arise at all, but if it does, I will crush it while it is small,' and then is so obstinate in wrath that he won't speak to me!" With this idea the king repeated the third stanza:

"You that were loud in boasting only awhile ago,
Now dumb for very anger there you sit and sew!"

When the Great Being heard this, he perceived that the king thought him silent from anger; and desirous to show that he was not influenced by anger, repeated the fourth stanza:

"Once risen, it never had left me, it never would leave me at all:
As a storm of rain lays the dust again, I quenched it while it was small."

On hearing these words, the king thought, "Is it anger of which he

speaks, or some other thing? I will ask him." And he asked the question, repeating the fifth stanza:

"What is it that never has left you your life long, never at all?
As a storm of rain lays the dust again, what quenched you while it was small?"

[26] Said the other, "Great king, thus anger brings much wretchedness, and much ruin; it just began within me, but by cherishing kindly feelings I quenched it," and then he repeated the following stanzas to declare the misery of anger.

"That without which a man sees clearly, with which he goes blindly ahead,
Arose within me, but was not left free—anger, on foolishness fed.

"What causes our foes satisfaction, who wish to bring woes on our head,
Arose within me, but was not left free—anger, on foolishness fed.

"That which if it rises within us blinds all to our spiritual good,
Arose within me, but was not left free—anger, with folly for food.

"That which, supreme, destroys each great blessing,
Which makes its dupes forsake each worthy thing,
Mighty, destructive, with its swarm of fears,—
Anger—refused to leave me, O great king!

"The fire will rise the higher, if the fuel be stirred and turned;
And because the fire uprises, the fuel itself is burned.

"And thus in the mind of the foolish, the man who cannot discern,
From wrangling arises anger, and with it himself will burn.

"Whose anger grows like fire with fuel and grass that blaze,
As the moon in the dark fortnight, so his honour wanes and decays.

"He who quiets his anger, like a fire that fuel has none,
As the moon in the light fortnight, his honour waxes well grown."

[27] When the king had listened to the Great Being's discourse, he was well pleased, and bade one of his courtiers lead the woman back; and invited the passionless recluse to stay with her in that park, in the enjoyment of their solitary life, and he promised to watch over them and defend them as he ought. Then asking pardon, he politely took leave. And they two dwelt there. By and bye the woman died, and after her death, the man returned to the Himalayas, and cultivating the Faculties and the Attainments, and causing the Excellences to spring up within him, he became destined for Brahma's heaven.

When the Master had ended his discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth;—(now at the conclusion of the Truths the passionate Brother became established in the fruit of the Third Path:)—"At that time Rāhula's mother was the ascetic lady, Ānanda was the king, and I myself was the ascetic."

No. 444.

KAṆHADĪPĀYANA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Seven days*," *etc.*—This story the Master told in Jetavana, about a certain backsliding brother. The occasion will be explained under the Kusa Birth[2]. When the Master had enquired whether this report was true, and the man answered that it was true, [28] he said, "Brother, wise men in days long gone by, before the Buddha had arisen, even men who had entered upon an unorthodox religious life, for more than fifty years, walking in holiness without caring for it, from the scruples of a sensitive nature never told any one that they had backslidden; and why have you, who have embraced such a religion as ours, that leads to salvation, and who stand in presence of a venerable Buddha such as I am, why have you declared your backsliding before the four kinds of disciples? Why do you not preserve your scruples?" Thus saying, he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Vamsa, reigned in Kosambī[3] a king named Kosambika. At that time there were two brahmins in a certain town, each possessed of eighty crores, and dear friends one of the other; who, having perceived the mischief which lies in lust, and distributed much goods in almsgiving, both forsook the world, and amid the weeping and wailing of many people, departed to Himalaya, and there built them an hermitage. There for fifty years they lived as ascetics, feeding upon the fruits and roots of the forests where they might chance to glean them; but unto ecstasy they were unable to attain.

After these fifty years had passed by, they went on pilgrimage through the country side to get salt and seasoning, and came to the kingdom of Kāsi. In a certain town of this kingdom lived a householder named Maṇḍavya, who had been a lay friend in householder days of the ascetic Dīpāyana. To this Maṇḍavya came our two friends; who when he saw them, enraptured, built them a hut of leaves, and provided them both with the four necessaries of life. Three or four seasons they dwelt there, and then taking leave of him proceeded on pilgrimage to Benares, where they lived in a cemetery grown over with *atimuttaka* trees. When Dīpāyana had remained there as long as he wished, he returned to his old comrade again; Maṇḍavya the other ascetic still dwelt in the same place[4].

[1] See Grimblot's *Sept Suttas Palies*. This story, with the first stanza, is briefly given in the *Cariyā-Piṭaka*, p. 99 f.

[2] No. 531.

[3] On the Ganges.

[4] In this confusing tale, Maṇḍavya is the name of one of the ascetics and also of the householder, Dīpāyana is the name of the other ascetic.

Now it happened that one day a robber had committed robbery in the town, and was returning from the fact with a quantity of spoil. The owners of the house, and the watchmen, aroused, set up a cry of "Thief!" and the thief, pursued by these, escaped through the sewer, and as he ran swiftly by the cemetery dropt his bundle at the door of the ascetic's hut of leaves. When the owners saw this bundle, they cried, "Ah, you rascal! [29] you are a robber by night, and in the daytime you go about in the disguise of an ascetic!" So, with reviling and blows, they carried him into the presence of the king.

The king made no enquiry, but only said, "Off with him, impale him upon a stake!" To the cemetery they took him, and lifted him up on a stake of acacia wood; but the stake would not pierce the ascetic's body. Next they brought a nimb stake, but this too would not pierce him: then an iron spike, and no more would that pierce his body. The ascetic wondered what past deed of his could have caused this, and surveyed the past; then there arose in him the knowledge of former existences, and by this as he surveyed the past he saw what he had done long ago; and this it was—the piercing of a fly upon a splinter of ebony.

It is said that in a former existence he had been the son of a carpenter. Once he went to the place where his father was wont to hew trees, and with an ebony splinter pierced a fly as if impaling it. And it was just this sin that found him out when he came to that supreme moment. He perceived that here then was no getting free from sin; so to the king's men he said, "If you wish to impale me, take a stake of ebony wood." This they did, and spitted him upon it, and leaving a guard to watch him they went away.

The watchmen from a place of concealment observed all that came to look upon him. Now Dīpāyana, thinking "It is long since I saw my comrade the ascetic," came to find him; and having heard that he had been hanging a whole day impaled by the roadside, he went up to him, and standing on one side, asked what he had done. "Nothing," quoth he. "Can you guard against ill feeling, or not?" asked the other. "Good friend," said he, "neither against those who have seized me, nor against the king, either, is there any ill feeling in my mind."—"If that is so, the shadow of one so virtuous is delightful to me," and with these words down he sat by the side of the stake. Then upon his body from the body of Maṇḍavya fell gouts of gore; and these as they fell upon the golden skin, and there dried, became black spots upon it; which gave him the name of Kaṇha or Black Dīpāyana from thenceforth. And he sat there all the night.

Next day the watchmen went and told the matter to the king. "I

have acted rashly," said the king; and with speed he hastened to the spot, [30] and asked Dīpāyana what made him sit by the stake. "Great king," answered he, "I sit here to guard him. But say, what has he done, or what left undone, that you treat him thus?" He explained that the matter had not been investigated. The other replied, "Great king, a king ought to act with circumspection; an idle layman who loves pleasure is not good, etc.[1]," and with other such admonitions he discoursed to him.

When the king found that Maṇḍavya was innocent, he ordered the stake to be drawn out. But try as they would, out it would not come. Said Maṇḍavya, "Sire, I have received this dire disgrace for a fault done long ago, and it is impossible to draw the stake from my body. But if you wish to spare my life, bring a saw, and cut it off flush with the skin." So the king had this done; and the part of the stake within his body remained there. For on that previous occasion they say that he took a little piece of diamond, and pierced the fly's duct, so that it did not die then, nor until the proper end of its life; and therefore also the man did not die, they say.

The king saluted these ascetics, and craved pardon; and settling them both in his park, he looked after them there. And from that time Maṇḍavya was called Maṇḍavya with the Peg. And he lived in this place near the king; and Dīpāyana, after healing his friend's wound, went back to his friend Maṇḍavya the householder. When they saw him enter the leaf-hut, they told it to his friend. When he heard it, he was delighted; and with wife and child, taking plenty of scents, garlands, oil, and sugar, and so forth, he came to the leaf hut; greeting Dīpāyana, washing and anointing his feet, and giving him to drink, he sat listening to the tale of Maṇḍavya of the Peg. Then his son, a young man named Yañña-datta, was playing with a ball at the end of the covered walk. There a snake lived in an ant-hill. The lad's ball, thrown upon the ground, ran into the hole of the ant-hill and fell upon the snake. Not knowing this, the lad put his hand into the hole. The snake enraged bit the boy's hand; down he fell in a faint because of the strength of the snake's poison. [31] Thereupon his parents, finding their son snake-bitten, lifted him up and took him to the ascetic; laying him at the ascetic's feet, they said, "Sir, religious people know simples and charms; please cure our son."—"I know no simples; I do not ply the physician's trade."—"You are a man of religion. Have pity then, Sir, upon this lad, and do the Act of Truth." "Good," said the ascetic, "an Act of Truth I will do." And laying hands upon the head of Yañña-datta, he recited the first stanza:—

[1] See vol. iii., p. 70.

"Seven days serene in heart
  Pure I lived, desiring merit:
Since then, for fifty years apart,
  Self-absorbed, I do declare it,
Here, unwillingly, I live:
May this truth a blessing give:
Poison baulked, the lad revive!"

No sooner done this Act of Truth, out from the chest of Yañña-datta the poison came, and sank into the ground. The lad opened his eyes, and with a look at his parents, cried "Mother!" then turned over, and lay still. Then Black Dīpāyana said to the father, "See, I have used my power; now is the time to use yours." He answered, "So will I do an Act of Truth"; and laying a hand upon his son's breast, he repeated the second stanza:

"If for gifts I cared no jot,
  All chance comers entertaining,
[32] Yet still the good and wise knew not
  I was my true self restraining;
If unwillingly I give,
May this truth a blessing give,
Poison baulked, the lad revive!"

After the doing of this Act of Truth, out from his back came the poison, and sank into the ground. The lad sat up, but could not stand. Then the father said to the mother, "Lady, I have used my power; now it is yours by an Act of Truth to cause your son to arise and walk." Said she, "I too have a Truth to tell, but in your presence I cannot declare it." "Lady," quoth he, "by all and any means make my son whole." She answered, "Very well," and her Act of Truth is given in the third stanza:

"The serpent that bit thee to-day
  In yonder hole, my son,
And this thy father, are, I say,
  In my indifference, one:
May this Truth a blessing give:
Poison baulked, the lad revive!"

[33] No sooner done was this Act of Truth, than all the poison fell and sank into the ground; and Yañña-datta, rising with all his body purged of the poison, began to play. When the son had in this way risen up, Maṇḍavya asked what was in Dīpāyana's mind by the fourth stanza:

"They leave the world who are serene, subdued,
Save Kaṇha, all in no unwilling mood;
What makes thee shrink, Dīpāyana, and why
Unwilling walk the path of sanctity?"

To answer this, the other repeated the fifth stanza:

"He leaves the world, and then again turns back;
'An idiot, a fool!' so might one think:—
'Tis this that makes me shrink,
Thus walk I holy, though the wish I lack,
The cause why I do well, is this—
[1]Praised of the wise the good man's dwelling is."

Thus having explained his own thought, he asked Maṇḍavya yet again in the sixth stanza:

[34] "This thy house was like a mere[2],
Food and drink in store supplying:
Sages, travellers, brahmins here
Thirst and hunger satisfying.
Didst thou fear some scandal, still
Giving, yet against thy will?"

Then Maṇḍavya explained his thoughts by the seventh stanza:

"Sire and grandsire holy were,
Lords of gifts most free in giving;
And I followed with all care
Our ancestral way of living;
Lest degenerate I should be
I gave gifts unwillingly."

After saying this, Maṇḍavya asked his wife a question in the words of the eighth stanza:

[35] "When, a young girl, with undeveloped sense,
I brought thee from thy home to be my wife,
Thou didst not tell me thy indifference,
How without love thou livedst all thy life.
Then why, O fair-limbed lady, didst thou stay
And live with me in this unloving way?"

And she replied to him by repeating the ninth stanza:

"Tis not the custom in this family
For wedded wife to take a newer mate,
Nor ever has been; and this custom I
Would keep, lest I be called degenerate.
Twas fear of such report that bade me stay
And live with thee in this unloving way."

[36] But when this was said, a thought passed through her mind—"My secret is told to my husband, the secret never told before! He will be angry with me; I will crave pardon in the presence of this ascetic, our confidant." And to this end she repeated the tenth stanza:

"Now I have spoken what should be unsaid:
For our son's sake may it be pardoned.
Stronger than parents' love is nothing here;
Our Yañña-datta lives, who was but dead!"

[1] Or, Praised of the wise and good religion is.

[2] The word may possibly mean *public-house*: either is a 'drinking place' (*avapāna*).

"Arise, lady," said Maṇḍavya, "I forgive you. Henceforth do not be hard to me; I will never grieve you." And the Bodhisatta said, addressing Maṇḍavya, "In gathering ill-gotten gains, and in disbelieving that when you give liberally, the deed is a seed that brings fruit, in this you have done wrong. For the future believe in the merit of gifts, and give them." This the other promised, and in his turn said to the Bodhisatta, "Sir, you have yourself done wrong in accepting our gifts when walking the path of holiness against your will. Now in order that your deeds may bear abundant fruit, do you for the future walk in holiness with a tranquil heart and pure, full of ecstatic joy." Then they took leave of the Great Being and departed.

From that time forward the wife loved her husband; Maṇḍavya with tranquil heart gave gifts with faith; the Bodhisatta, dispelling his unwillingness, cultivated the ecstatic Faculty, and became destined for Brahma's heaven.

This discourse ended, the Master declared the Truths: (now at the conclusion of the Truths the backslider was established in the fruit of the First Path:) and identified the Birth:—"At that time Ānanda was Maṇḍavya, [37] Visākhā the wife, Rāhula the son, Sāriputta was Maṇḍavya of the Peg, and I was myself Black Dīpāyana."

No. 445.

NIGRODHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Who is the man*," *etc.*—This story the Master told in the Bamboo Grove, about Devadatta. One day the Brethren said to him, "Friend Devadatta, the Master is most helpful to you! From the Master you received your Orders, lesser and greater; you have learnt the Three Baskets, the voice of Buddha; you have caused the Ecstasy to arise within you; the glory and gain of the Dasabala[1] belong to you." At this he held up a blade of grass, with the words, "I can see no good that the ascetic Gotama has done me, not even this much!" They talked it over in the Hall of Truth. When the Master came in, he asked what they talked of as they sat together. They told him. Said he, "Brethren, this is not the first time, but long ago as now Devadatta was ungrateful and treacherous to friends." And he told them a tale of olden days.

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[1] Buddha: "he who possesses the ten powers."

Once upon a time a great monarch named Magadha reigned in Rājagaha. And a merchant of that city brought home for his son's wife the daughter of some country merchant. But she was barren. In course of time less respect was paid to her for this cause; they all talked, that she might hear, as thus: "While there is a barren wife in our son's household, how can the family line be kept up?" As this talk kept coming to her ears, she said to herself, "Oh, well, I will pretend to be with child, and trick them." So she asked a good old nurse of hers, "What is it that women do when they are with child?" and being instructed what to do for preserving the child[1], concealed the time of her courses; showed a fancy for sour and strange tastes; at the time when the arms and legs begin to swell, she caused them to beat hands and feet and back until they grew swollen; day by day she bandaged her body round with rags and cloths and made it appear greater; blackened the nipples of her breasts; and save that nurse alone, permitted no other to be present at her toilet. Her husband too showed her the attentions proper to her state. After nine months had passed in this fashion, she declared her wish to return home and bring forth her child in her father's house. So taking leave of her husband's parents, she mounted a carriage, [38] and with a large number of attendants left Rājagaha behind her, and proceeded along the road.

Now travelling in front of her was a caravan; and she always came about breakfast time to the place whence that caravan had just gone. And one night, a poor woman in that caravan had borne a son under a banyan tree; and thinking that without the caravan she could not get along, but that if she lived she might receive the child, covered him up[2] as he was, and left him lying there, at the foot of the banyan tree. And the deity of the tree took care of him; he was not any ordinary child, but the Bodhisatta himself had come into the world in that form.

At breakfast time the other travellers arrived at the spot. The woman, with her nurse, going apart to the shade of the banyan tree for her toilet, saw a babe of the colour of gold lying there. By-and-bye she called out to the nurse that their object was gained; unwound the bandages from her loins[3]; and declared that the babe was her own, and that she had just brought him forth.

The attendants at once raised a tent to seclude her, and in high delight sent a letter back to Rājagaha. Her husband's parents wrote in

[1] In vol. ii. page 2 (page 1 of translation, note 4) it is suggested that this may be a magical rite. It may; but the passage here translated supports a simpler meaning. The word in both cases is *gabbhaparihāra*. Compare p. 124. 14 below (p. 79 of this book).

[2] Lit. partum illuviemque puerperii.

[3] Lumbos illuvie puerperii inquinavit.

reply that as the babe was born, there was no longer need for her to go to her father's house; let her return. So to Rājagaha she returned at once. And they acknowledged the babe: and when the babe came to be named, named him after the place where he was born, Nigrodha-Kumāra, or Master Banyan. That same day, the daughter-in-law of a merchant, on her way home to her father for the birth, brought forth a son beneath the branches of a tree; and him they named Sākha-Kumāra, Master Branch. And on the same day, the wife of a tailor in the employ of this merchant bore a son amidst his bits of cloth; and him they called Pottika, or Dollie.

The great merchant sent for these two children, as having been born on Master Banyan's birthday, and brought them up with him.

They all grew up together, and by-and-bye went to Takkasilā to complete their education. Both the merchants' sons had two thousand pieces to give their teacher for a fee; [39] Master Banyan provided Pottika with an education under his own wing.

When their education was finished, they took leave of their teacher, and left him, with intent to learn the customs of the country folk; and travelling on and on, in time they came to Benares, and lay down to rest in a temple. It was then the seventh day since the king of Benares had died. Proclamation was made through the city by beat of drum, that on the morrow the festal car would be prepared. The three comrades were lying under a tree asleep, when at dawn Pottika awoke, and sitting up began to chafe Banyan's feet. Some cocks were roosting upon that tree, and the cock at the top let a dropping fall upon a cock near the bottom[1]. "What is that fell upon me?" asked this cock. "Do not be angry, Sir," answered the other, "I did not mean to do it." "Oh, so you think my body is a place for your droppings! You don't know my importance, that is plain!" To this said the other, "Oho, still angry, though I declared that I did not mean it! And what is your importance, pray?"—"Whoever kills me and eats my flesh will receive a thousand pieces of money this very morning! Is not that something to be proud of?" "Pooh, pooh," quoth the other, "proud of a little thing like that! Why, if any one kills me and eats of my fat, he will become a king this very morning; he that eats the middle flesh, becomes commander-in-chief; who eats the flesh about the bones, he will be treasurer!"

All this Pottika overheard. "A thousand pieces—" thought he, "What is that? Best to be a king!" So gently climbing the tree, he seized the cock that was roosting atop, and killed it, and cooked it in the embers; the fat he gave to Banyan, the middle flesh to Branch, and himself ate the flesh that was about the bones. When they had eaten, he

[1] In No. 284 (ii. p. 280 of this translation) the episode of the cocks has come already.

said, "Banyan, Sir, to-day you will be king; Branch, Sir, you will be commander-in-chief; and as for me, I'm the treasurer!" They asked him how he knew; he told them.

So about the time for the first meal of the day, they entered the city of Benares. At the house of a certain brahmin they received a meal of rice-porridge, with ghee and sugar; and then emerging from the city, [40] they entered the royal park.

Banyan lay down upon a slab of stone, the other two lay beside it. It so happened that at the moment they were just sending forth the ceremonial chariot, with the five symbols of royalty[1] in it. (The details of this will be given in the Mahājanaka Birth[2].) In rolled the car, and stopping, stood ready for them to enter. "Some being of great merit must be present here!" thought the chaplain to himself. He entered the park, and espied the young man; and then removing the cloth from his feet he examined the marks upon them. "Why," said he, "he is destined to be King of all India, let alone Benares!" and he ordered all the gongs and cymbals to strike up.

Banyan awaking threw the cloth from his face, and saw a crowd assembled round him! He turned round and for a moment or two he lay still; then arose, and sat with his legs crossed. The chaplain fell upon one knee, saying, "Divine being, the kingdom is thine!" "So be it," said the youth; the chaplain placed him upon the heap of precious jewels, and sprinkled him to be king.

Thus made king, he gave the post of Commander-in-chief to his friend Branch, and entered the city in great pomp; and Pottika[3] went with them.

From that day onward the Great Being ruled righteously in Benares.

One day the memory of his parents came into his mind; and addressing Branch, he said, "Sir, it is impossible to live without father and mother; take a large company of people, and go fetch them." But Branch refused; "That is not my business," said he. Then he told Pottika to do it. Pottika agreed, and making his way to Banyan's parents, told them that their son had become a king, and begged them to come to him. But they declined, saying that they had power and wealth: enough of that, go they would not. He asked Branch's parents also to come, and they too preferred to stay; and when he invited his own, said they, "We live by tailoring; enough, enough," and refused like the rest.

As he failed to hit off their wishes, he then returned to Benares. Thinking that he would rest from the fatigue of the journey in the house of the Commander-in-chief, before seeing Banyan, he went to that house.

[1] Sword, parasol, diadem, slippers, fan.

[2] No. 539, vol. vi. p. 39.

[3] After this point he is several times called *Pottiya*.

[41] "Tell the Commander-in-chief," said he to the door-keeper, "that his comrade Pottika is here." The man did so. But Branch had conceived a grudge against him, because, quoth he, the man had given his comrade Banyan the kingdom instead of himself; so on hearing this message, he waxed angry. "Comrade indeed! who is his comrade? A mad base-born churl! seize him!" So they beat him and kicked him, and belaboured him with foot, knee and elbow, then clutching him by the throat cast him forth.

"Branch," thought the man, "gained the post of Commander-in-Chief through me, and now he is ungrateful, and malicious, and has beaten me, and cast me forth. But Banyan is a wise man, grateful and good, and to him I will go." So to the king's door he went, and sent a message to the king, that Pottika his comrade was waiting at the door. The king asked him in, and as he saw him approach, rose up from his seat, and went forth to meet him, and greeted him with affection; he caused him to be shaved and cared for, and adorned with all manner of ornaments, then gave him rich meats of every sort to eat; and this done, sat graciously with him, and enquired after his parents, who as the other informed him refused to come.

Now Branch thought to himself, "Pottika will be slandering me in the king's ear, but if I am by, he will not be able to speak"; so he also repaired thither. And Pottika, even in his presence, spoke to the king saying, "My lord, when I was weary with my journey, I went to Branch's house, hoping to rest there first and then to visit you. But Branch said, 'I know him not!' and evil entreated me, and haled me forth by the neck! Could you believe it!" and with these words, he uttered three stanzas of verse:

"'Who is the man? I know him not! and the man's father, who?
Who is the man?' so Sākha said:—Nigrodha, what think you?

"Then Sākha's men at Sākha's word dealt buffets on my face,
And seizing me about the throat forth cast me from the place.

"That such a deed in treachery an evil man should do!
An ingrate is a shame, O king—and he your comrade, too!"

[42] On hearing these, Banyan recited four stanzas:

"I know not, nor have ever heard in speech from any one,
Any such ill as this you tell which Sākha now has done.

"With me and Sākha you have lived; we both your comrades were;
Of empery among mankind you gave us each a share:
We have by thee got majesty, and not a doubt is there.

"As when a seed in fire is cast, it burns, and cannot grow;
Do a good turn to evil men, it perishes even so.

"The grateful, good, and virtuous, such men are not as they;
In good soil seeds, in good men deeds, are never thrown away."

As Banyan was reciting these lines, Branch stood still where he was. Then the king asked him, "Well, Branch, do you recognise this man Pottika?" He was dumb. And the king laid his bidding upon the man in the words of the eighth stanza:

"Seize on this worthless traitor here, whose thoughts so evil be;
Spear him! for I would have him die—his life is nought to me!"

But Pottika, on hearing this, thought within himself—"Let not this fool die for my sake!" and uttered the ninth stanza:

[43] "Great king, have mercy! life once gone is hard to bring again:
My lord forgive, and let him live! I wish the churl no pain."

When the king heard this, he forgave Branch; and he wished to bestow the place of Commander-in-chief upon Pottika, but he would not. Then the king gave him the post of Treasurer, and with it went the judgeship of all the merchant guilds. Before that no such office had existed, but there was this office ever after. And by-and-bye Pottika the Royal Treasurer, being blest with sons and with daughters, uttered the last stanza for their admonition:

"With Nigrodha one should dwell;
To wait on Sākha is not well.
Better with Nigrodha death
Than with Sākha to draw breath."

This discourse ended, the Master said, "So, Brethren, you see that Devadatta was ungrateful before," and then identified the Birth: "At that time, Devadatta was Sākha, Ānanda was Pottika, and I myself was Nigrodha."

No. 446.

TAKKAḶA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*No bulbs are here*," *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana about a layman who supported his father.

This man we learn was re-born in a needy family. After his mother's death, he used to rise up early in the morning, and prepare the tooth-twigs and water for cleansing the mouth; then by working for hire or ploughing in the fields, he used to procure rice gruel, and thus fed his father in a manner suiting his station in life. Said his father to him, "My son, whatever is to be done indoors and out you do alone. Let me find you a wife, and she shall do the

[1] This is a variant of a famous story, known as the *Housse Partie*. See Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, "The ungrateful son" (ii. 372); Jacques de Vitry's *Exempla* (Folk Lore Society, 1890), No. 288, with bibliographical note on p. 260.

household work for you."—"Father," says he, "if women come into the house they will bring no peace of mind for me or for you. Pray do not dream of such a thing! While you live, I will support you; [44] and when you pass away, I shall know what to do."

But the father sent for a girl, much against his son's wish; and she looked after her husband and his father; but a low creature she was. Now her husband was pleased with her, for attending upon his father; and whatever he could find to please her, that he brought and gave her; and she presented it to her father-in-law. And there came a time when the woman thought, "Whatever my husband gets, he gives to me, but nothing to his father. It is clear that for his father he cares nothing. I must find some way of setting the old man at variance with my husband, and then I shall get him out of the house." So from that time she began to make the water too cold or too hot for him, and the food she salted too much or not at all, and the rice she served up all hard or else soaking wet; and by this kind of thing did all she could to provoke him. Then, when he grew angry, she scolded: "Who can wait on an old creature like this!" said she, and stirred up strife. And all over the ground she would spit, and then stir up her husband—"Look there!" would she say, "that's your father's doing! I am constantly begging him not to do this and that, and he only gets angry. Either your father must leave this house, or I!" Then the husband answered, "Lady, you are young, and you can live where you will; but my father is an old man. If you don't like him, you can leave the house." This frightened her. She fell at the old man's feet, and craved pardon, promising to do so no more; and began to care for him as before.

The worthy layman was so worried at first by her goings-on that he omitted visiting the Master to hear his discourse; but when she had come to herself again, he went. The Master asked why he had not been to hear his preaching this seven or eight days. The man related what had happened. "This time," said the Master, "you refused to listen to her, and to turn out your father; but in former times you did as she bade; you took him to a cemetery, and dug him a pit. At the time when you were about to kill him I was a seven-year-old, and I by recounting the goodness of parents, held you back from parricide. At that time you listened to me; and by tending your father while he lived became destined for paradise. I admonished you then, and warned you not to forsake him when you should come into another life; for this cause you have now refused to do as the woman bade you, and your father has not been killed." Thus saying, at the man's request, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was King of Benares, there was in a family of a certain village of Kāsi an only son named Vasiṭṭhaka. [45] This man supported his parents, and after his mother's death, he supported his father as has been described in the introduction. But there is this difference. When the woman said, "Look there! that is your father's doing! I am constantly begging him not to do this and that, and he only gets angry!" she went on, "My lord, your father is fierce and violent, for ever picking quarrels. A decrepit old man like that, tormented with disease, is bound to die soon; and I can't live in the same house with him. He will die of himself before many days are out; well, take him to a cemetery, and dig a pit, throw him in and break his head with the spade; and when he is dead, shovel the earth upon him, and leave him there." At last, by dint of this dinning in his ears, said he, "Wife, to kill a man is a serious matter: how can I do it?" "I will tell you of a way," quoth

she.—"Say on, then."—"Well, my lord, at break of day, go to the place where your father sleeps; tell him very loud, that all may hear, that a debtor of his is in a certain village, that you went and he would not pay you, and that if he dies the man will never pay at all; and say that you will both drive there together in the morning. Then at the appointed time get up, and put the animals to the cart, and take him in it to the cemetery. When you get there, bury him in a pit, make a noise as if you had been robbed, wound and wash your head, and return." "Yes, that plan will do," said Vasiṭṭhaka. He agreed to her proposal, and got the cart ready for the journey.

Now the man had a son, a lad of seven years, but wise and clever. The lad overheard what his mother said, "My mother," thought he, "is a wicked woman, and is trying to persuade father to murder his father. I will prevent my father from doing this murder." He ran quickly, and lay down beside his grandsire. Vasiṭṭhaka, at the time suggested by the wife, prepared the cart. "Come, father, let us get that debt!" said he, and placed his father in the cart. But the boy got in first of all. [46] Vasiṭṭhaka could not prevent him, so he took him to the cemetery with them. Then, placing his father and his son together in a place apart, with the cart, he got down, took spade and basket, and in a spot where he was hidden from them began to dig a square hole. The boy got down, and followed him, and as though ignorant what was afoot, opened a conversation by repeating the first stanza:

"No bulbs are here, no herbs for cooking meet,
No catmint, nor no other plant to eat.
Then father, why this pit, if need be none,
Delve in Death's acre mid the woods alone?"

Then his father answered by repeating the second stanza:

"Thy grandsire, son, is very weak and old,
Opprest by pain from ailments manifold:
Him will I bury in a pit to-day;
In such a life I could not wish him stay."

Hearing this, the boy answered by repeating a half-stanza:

"Thou hast done sinfully in wishing this,
And for the deed, a cruel deed it is."

With these words, he caught the spade from his father's hands, and at no great distance began to dig another pit.

[47] His father approaching asked why he dug that pit; to whom he made reply by finishing the third stanza:

"I too, when thou art aged, father mine,
Will treat my father as thou treatest thine;
Following the custom of the family
Deep in a pit I too will bury thee."

To this the father replied by repeating the fourth stanza:

"What a harsh saying for a boy to say,
And to upbraid a father in this way!
To think that my own son should rail at me,
And to his truest friend unkind should be!"

When the father had thus spoken, the wise lad recited three stanzas, one by way of answer, and two as an holy hymn:

"I am not harsh, my father, nor unkind,
Nay, I regard thee with a friendly mind:
But this thou dost, this act of sin, thy son
Will have no strength to undo again, once done.

"Whoso, Vasiṭṭha, hurts with ill intent
His mother or his father, innocent,
He, when the body is dissolved, shall be
In hell for his next life undoubtedly.

"Whoso with meat and drink, Vasiṭṭha, shall
His mother or his father feed withal,
[48] He, when the body is dissolved, shall be
In heaven for his next life undoubtedly."

The father, after hearing his son thus discourse, repeated the eighth stanza:

"Thou art no heartless ingrate, son, I see,
But kindly-hearted, O my son, to me;
Twas in obedience to thy mother's word
I thought to do this horrid deed abhorred."

Said the lad, when he heard this, "Father, women, when a wrong is done and they are not rebuked, again and again commit sin. You must bend my mother, that she may never again do such a deed as this." And he repeated the ninth stanza:

"That wife of yours, that ill-conditioned dame,
My mother, she that brought me forth—that same,
Let us from out our dwelling far expel,
Lest she work other woe on thee as well."

Hearing the words of his wise son, well pleased was Vasiṭṭhaka, and saying, "Let us go, my son!" he seated himself in the cart with son and father.

Now the woman too, this sinner, was happy at heart; for, thought she, this ill-luck is out of the house now. She plastered the place with wet cowdung, and cooked a mess of rice porridge. But as she sat watching the road by which they would return, she espied them coming. "There he is, back with old ill-luck again!" thought she, much in anger. "Fie, good-for-nothing!" cried she, "what, bring back the ill-luck you took away with you!" Vasiṭṭhaka said not a word, but unyoked the cart.

Then said he, "Wretch, what is that you say?" He gave her a sound drubbing, and bundled her head over heels out of doors, bidding her never darken his door again. Then he bathed his father and his son, and took a bath himself, [49] and the three of them ate the rice porridge. The sinful woman dwelt for a few days in another house.

Then the son said to his father: "Father, for all this my mother does not understand. Now let us try to vex her. You give out that in such and such a village lives a niece of yours, who will attend upon your father and your son and you; so you will go and fetch her. Then take flowers and perfumes, and get into your cart, and ride about the country all day, returning in the evening." And so he did. The women in the neighbour's family told his wife this;—"Have you heard," said they, "that your husband has gone to get another wife in such a place?" "Ah, then I am undone!" quoth she, "and there is no place for me left!" But she would enquire of her son; so quickly she came to him, and fell at his feet, crying—"Save thee I have no other refuge! Henceforward I will tend your father and grandsire as I would tend a beauteous shrine! Give me entrance into this house once more!" "Yes, mother," replied the lad, "if you do no more as you did, I will; be of good cheer!" and at his father's coming he repeated the tenth stanza:

"That wife of yours, that ill-conditioned dame,
My mother, she that brought me forth,—that same,—
Like a tamed elephant, in full control,
Let her return again, that sinful soul."

So said he to his father, and then went and summoned his mother. She, being reconciled to her husband and the husband's father, was thenceforward tamed, and endued with righteousness, and watched over her husband and his father and her son; and these two, stedfastly following their son's advice, gave alms and did good deeds, and became destined to join the hosts of heaven.

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[50] The Master, having ended this discourse, declared the Truths: (at the conclusion of the Truths, the dutiful son was established in the fruit of the First Path:) then he identified the Birth:—"At that time, father and son and daughter-in-law were the same as they are now, and the wise boy was I myself."

No. 447.

MAHĀ-DHAMMA-PĀLA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*What custom is it,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told, after his first visit (as Buddha) to Kapilapura, while he lodged in his father's Banyan Grove, about the King his father's refusal to believe.

At the time, they say that the great King Suddhodana, having given a meal of rice gruel at his own dwelling to the Buddha at the head of twenty thousand Brethren, during the meal talked pleasantly to him, saying, "Sir, at the time of your striving[2], came some deities to me, and poised in the air, said, 'Your son, Prince Siddhattha, has died of starvation." And the Master replied, "Did you believe it, great King?"—"Sir, I did not believe it! Even when the deities came hovering in the air, and told me this, I refused to believe it, saying that there was no death for my son until he had obtained Buddhahood at the foot of the bo-tree." Said the Master, "Great King, long ago in the time of the great Dhammapāla, even when a world-famed teacher said—'Your son is dead, these are his bones,' you refused to believe, answering, 'In our family, they never die young'; then why should you believe now?" and at his father's request, the Master told a tale of long ago.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was King of Benares, there was in the kingdom of Kāsi a village named Dhammapāla, and it took that name because the family of one Dhammapāla dwelt there. From his keeping the Ten Paths of Virtue this brahmin was known where he dwelt as Dhammapāla, or the Lawkeeper. In his household, even the servitors gave alms, and observed virtue, and kept the holy day.

At that time the Bodhisatta came to life in that household, and to him they gave the name of Dhammapāla-Kumāra, or Lawkeeper the Younger. So soon as he came of age, his father gave him a thousand pieces, and sent him to study at Takkasilā. Thither he went, and studied with a world-famed teacher, and became the chief pupil in a company of five hundred youths.

Just then died the eldest son of the teacher; and the teacher, [51] surrounded by his pupils, in the midst of his kith and kin, weeping did the lad's obsequies in the cemetery. Then the teacher with his company of kinsfolk, and all his pupils, were weeping and wailing, but Dhammapāla only neither wept nor wailed. When afterwards the five hundred youths had returned from the cemetery, they sat down in their teacher's presence,

[1] Compare *Mahāvastu*, No. 19. The *Dhammapāla* in *Avadāna Çātaka*, p. 122, is different.

[2] The six years of austerities practised by the Buddha, before he found the peace of Buddhahood.

and said, "Ah, so fine a lad, so good, a tender child, to be cut off in his tender age and parted from father and mother!" Dhammapāla replied, "Tender indeed, as you say! Well, why did he die at a tender age? 'Tis not right that children of tender age should die." Then they said to him, "Why, Sir, do you not know that such persons are but mortal?" —"I know it; but in tender years they die not; people die when they are grown old."—"Then are not all component things transitory and unreal?" "Transitory they are, it is true; but in the days of youth creatures do not die; it is only when they are grown old that they die." —"Oh, is that the custom of your family?"—"Yes, that is the custom in my family." The lads told this conversation to their teacher. He sent for Dhammapāla, and asked him, "Is it true, Dhammapāla, my son, that in your family they do not die young?" "Yes, teacher," said he, "it is true."

On hearing this, the teacher thought, "This is a most marvellous thing he says! I will make a journey to his father, and ask him about it; and if it be true, I will live according to his rule of right."

So when he had finished for his son all that should be done, after lapse of seven or eight days he sent for Dhammapāla, and said, "My son, I am going away from home; while I am away, you are to instruct these my pupils." So saying, [52] he procured the bones of a wild goat, washed them and scented them, and put them in a bag; then taking with him a little page-boy, he left Takkasilā, and in course of time arrived at that village. There he enquired his way to Mahā-dhammapāla's house, and stopped at the door.

The first servant of the brahmin who saw him, whoever it was, took the sunshade from his hand, and took his shoes, and took the bag from the servant. He bade them tell the lad's father, here was the teacher of his son Dhammapāla the Younger, standing at the door. "Good," said the servants, and summoned the father to him. Quickly he came to the threshold, and "Come in!" said he, leading the way into his house. Seating the visitor upon a couch, he did a host's duty by washing his feet, and so forth.

When the teacher had eaten food, and they sat down for a kindly talk together, said he, "Brahmin, your son young Dhammapāla, when full of wisdom, and a perfect master of the Three Vedas and the Eighteen Accomplishments, by an unhappy chance has lost his life. All component things are transitory; grieve not for him!" The brahmin clapt his hands, and laughed loudly. "Why do you laugh, brahmin?" asked the other. "Because," said he, "it is not my son who is dead; it must be some other." "No, brahmin," was the answer, "your son is dead, and no other. Look on his bones, and believe." So saying, he unwrapt the bones. "These are your son's bones," said he. "A wild goat's bones, perhaps," quoth

the other, "or a dog's; but my son is not dead. In our family for seven generations no such thing has been, as a death in tender years; and you are speaking falsehood." Then they all clapt their hands, and laughed aloud.

The teacher, when he beheld this wonderful thing, was much pleased, and said, "Brahmin, this custom in your family line cannot be without cause, that the young do not die. Why is it then that you do not die young?" And he asked his question by repeating the first stanza:

"What custom is it, or what holy way,
Of what good deed is this the fruit, I pray?
Tell me, O Brahmin, what the reason is,
Why in your line the young die never—say!"

[53] Then the brahmin, to explain what virtues had the result that in his family no one died young, repeated the following stanzas:

"We walk in uprightness, we speak no lies,
All foul and wicked sins we keep afar,
We do eschew all things that evil are,
Therefore in youth not one among us dies.

"We hear the deeds of foolish and of wise:
Of what the foolish do no heed we take:
The wise we follow, and the fools forsake;
Therefore in youth not one among us dies.

"In gifts beforehand our contentment lies;[1]
Even while giving we are well content;
Nor having given, do we then repent:
Therefore in youth not one among us dies.

"Priests, brahmins, wayfarers we satisfy,
Beggars, and mendicants, and all who need,
We give them drink, and hungry folk we feed:
Therefore the young among us do not die.

"Wedded, for others' wives we do not sigh,
But we are faithful to the marriage vow;
And faithful are our wives to us, I trow:
Therefore the young among us do not die.

"The children that from these true wives are sprung
Are wise abundantly, to learning bred,
Versed in the Vedas, and all perfected;
Therefore none dies of us while he is young.

"Each to do right for sake of heaven tries:
So lives the father, and so lives the mother,
So son and daughter, sister so and brother:
Therefore no one of us when youthful dies.

"For sake of heaven our servants too apply
Their lives to goodness, men and maidens all,
[54] Retainers, servitors, each meanest thrall:
Therefore the young among us do not die."

[1] This stanza occurs in vol. iii. p. 300 (Pali).

And lastly, by these two stanzas he declared the goodness of those who walk in righteousness:

"Righteousness saves him that thereto is bent;[1]
Righteousness practised well brings happiness;
Them that do righteously this boon doth bless—
The righteous comes not into punishment.

[55] "Righteousness saves the righteous, as a shade
Saves in the time of rain: the lad still lives.
Goodness to Dhammapāla safety gives;
Some other's bones are these you have conveyed."

On hearing this, the teacher replied: "A happy journey is this journey of mine, fruitful, not without fruit!" Then full of happiness, he begged pardon of Dhammapāla's father, and added, "I came hither, and brought with me these wild goat's bones, on purpose to try you. Your son is safe and well. I pray you, impart to me your rule of preserving life." Then the other wrote it upon a leaf; and after tarrying in that place some few days, he returned to Takkasilā, and having instructed Dhammapāla in all branches of skill and learning, he dismissed him with a great troop of followers.

When the Master had thus discoursed to the Great King Suddhodana, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth: (now at the conclusion of the truths the King became established in the fruit of the Third Path:)—"At that time, mother and father were the Mahārāja's kin, the teacher was Sāriputta, the retinue was the Buddha's retinue, and I myself was the younger Dhammapāla."

No. 448.

KUKKUṬA-JĀTAKA.

"*Trust not in those,*" *etc.* This story the Master told in the Bamboo Grove, on the subject of going about to kill. In the Hall of Truth, the Brethren were discussing the evil nature of Devadatta. "Why, Sir, by suborning archers and others to the task, Devadatta is making an attempt to murder the Dasabala!" [56] The Master, entering, enquired, "What is this, Brethren, that ye speak of

[1] These four lines occur in the *Life of Buddha* which is prefixt to the Jātaka, vol. i. p. 31 (Pali), not in the present translation (Rhys Davids, *Buddhist Birth Stories*, p. 34). Compare also *Dhammapada*, p. 126; *Theragāthā*, p. 35.

as ye sit here together?" They told him. Said he, "'Tis not now the first time that he has tried to murder me, but it was the same before"; and he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time there reigned in Kosambī[1] a king named Kosambaka. At that time the Bodhisatta became the offspring of a wild hen that dwelt in a grove of bamboo trees, and afterwards was the chief of a flock of several hundred fowls in the forest. Not far off lived a Falcon, which as he found opportunity caught the fowls one by one and ate them, and in course of time he devoured all the others, and the Bodhisatta was left alone. But he used all caution in seeking his food, and dwelt in a thicket of bamboo. Here the Falcon could not get at him, so he set about thinking by what trick he might entice him to capture.

Then he alighted on a branch hard by, and called out, "Worthy Fowl, what makes you fear me? I am anxious to make friends with you. Now in such a place (naming it) is food in plenty; let us feed there together, and live like friends in company."—"No, good Sir," replied the Bodhisatta, "betwixt you and me no friendship can ever be; so begone!"—"Good Sir, for my former sins you cannot trust me now; but I promise that I will never do so again!"—"No, I care not for such a friend; begone, I say!" Again for the third time the Bodhisatta refused: "With a creature of such qualities," quoth he, "friendship there must never be"; and he made the wide woods resound, the deities applauding as he uttered this discourse:

"Trust not in those whose words are lies, nor those who only know
Self-interest, nor who have sinned, nor who too-pious show.

"Some men have nature like the kine, thirsty and full of greed:
Have words in truth a friend to soothe, but never come to deed.

"These hold out dry and empty hands; the voice conceals their heart;
From those who know not gratitude (vain creatures!) keep apart.

[57] "Put not thy trust in woman or in man of fickle mind,
Nor such as having made a pact to break it are inclined.

"The man who walks in evil ways, to all things threatening death,
Unstedfast, put no trust in him, like keenest sword in sheath.

"Some speak smooth words that come not from the heart, and try to please
With many a show of friendship feigned: put not thy trust in these.

"When such an evil-minded man beholds or food or gain,
He works all ill, and go he will, but first will be thy bane."

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[1] A city on the Ganges.

[58] These seven stanzas were repeated by the King of the Fowls. Then were the four stanzas following recited by the King of the Faith, words inspired by a Buddha's insight:

"In friendly show full many a foe follows, his aid to give;
As the Fowl left the Falcon, so 'twere best bad men to leave.

"Who is not quick to recognise the meaning of events,
Under his foes' control he goes, and afterward repents.

"Whoso the meaning of events is quick to recognise,
As from the Falcon's toils the Fowl, so from his foes he flies.

"From such inevitable and treacherous snare,
Deadly, set deep mid many a forest tree,
As from the Falcon far the Fowl did flee,
The man of seeing eye afar should fare."

And he again, after reciting these stanzas, called the Falcon, and reproached him, saying, "If you continue to live in this place, I shall know what to do." The Falcon flew away thence and went to another place.

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[59] The Master, having ended this discourse, said, "Brethren, long ago as now Devadatta tried to compass my destruction," and then he identified the Birth: "At that time, Devadatta was the Falcon, and I was myself the Fowl."

No. 449.

MAṬṬA-KUṆḌALI-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Why in the woodland,*" *etc.* This story the Master told while sojourning in Jetavana, about a landowner whose son had died. At Sāvatthi, we learn that death took a beloved son of a certain landowner who used to wait upon the Buddha. Afflicted with grief for his son, the man washed not and ate not, and neither went about his own business nor waited upon the Buddha, only cried, "O my beloved son, thou hast left me, and gone before!"

As in the morning time the Master was looking abroad upon the world, he perceived that this man was ripe for attaining the Fruit of the First Path. So next day, having led his followers through the city of Sāvatthi in search of alms, after his meal was done, he sent the Brethren away, and attended by Elder Ānanda walked to the place where this man lived. They told the landowner that the Master had come. Then they of his household prepared a seat, and

[1] The story is given in *Dhammapada*, p. 93, where the name is Maddhakuṇḍalī.

made the Master sit down upon it, and led the landowner into the Master's presence. Him after greeting, as he sat on one side, the Master addressed in a voice tender with compassion: "Do you mourn, lay Brother, for an only son?" He answered, "Yes, Sir." Said the Master, "Long, long ago, lay Brother, wise men who went about afflicted with grief for a son's death, listened to the words of the wise, and clearly discerning that nothing could bring back the lost, yet felt no grief, no not even a little." So saying, at his request the Master told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the son of a very wealthy brahmin, at the age of fifteen or sixteen years, was smitten by a disease, and dying came to being again in the world of the gods. From the time of his son's death, the brahmin would go to the cemetery, and make his moan, walking around the heap of ashes; and leaving undone all his duties, he walked about smitten with woe. A son of the gods, as he went about, saw the father, and devised a plan for consoling his misery. He went to the cemetery at the time of his mourning, taking upon himself the semblance of the man's very son, and adorned with all sorts of ornaments, he stood on one side, holding his head in both hands, [60] and lamenting with a loud voice. The brahmin heard the sound, and looked, and full of the love which he bore his son, stopt before him, saying, "My son, dear lad, why do you stand mourning in the midst of this cemetery?" Which question he put in the words of the following stanza:

"Why in the woodland art thou standing here,
Begarlanded, with earrings in each ear,
Fragrant of sandal, holding out thy hands?
What sorrow makes thee drop the falling tear?"

And then the youth told his tale by repeating the second stanza:

"Made of fine gold, and shining brilliantly
My chariot is, wherein I use to lie:
For this a pair of wheels I cannot find;
Therefore I grieve so sore that I must die!"

The brahmin listened, and repeated the third stanza:

"Golden, or set with jewels, any kind,
Brazen or silvern, that thou hast in mind,
Speak but the word, a chariot shall be made,
And I thereto a pair of wheels will find!"

Now the Master himself, in his perfect wisdom, having heard the stanza repeated by the young man, repeated the first line of another—

"The brahmin youth replied, when he had done";

while the young man repeats the remainder:

[61] "Brothers up yonder are the moon and sun!
By such a pair of wheels as yonder twain
My golden car new radiance hath won!"

And immediately after:

"Thou art a fool for this that thou hast done,
To pray for that which should be craved by none;
Methinks, young sir, thou needs must perish soon,
For thou wilt never get or moon or sun!"

Then—

"Before our eyes they set and rise, colour and course unfailing:
None sees a ghost: then which is now more foolish in his wailing?"

So said the youth; and the brahmin, comprehending, repeated a stanza:

"Of us two mourners, O most sapient youth,
I am the greater fool—thou sayest truth,
In craving for a spirit from the dead,
Like a child crying for the moon, in sooth!"

Then the brahmin, consoled by the youth's words, rendered thanks to him by reciting the remaining stanzas:

"Blazing was I, as when a man pours oil upon a fire:
Thou didst bring water, and didst quench the pain of my desire.

[62] "Grief for my son—a cruel shaft was lodged within my heart;
Thou hast consoled me for my grief, and taken out the dart.

"That dart extracted, free from pain, tranquil and calm I keep;
Hearing, O youth, thy words of truth no more I grieve, nor weep[1]."

Then said the youth, "I am that son, brahmin, for whom you weep; I have been born in the world of gods. Henceforward grieve not for me, but give alms and observe virtue, and keep the holy fast-day." With this admonition, he departed to his own place. And the brahmin abode by his advice; and after much almsgiving and other good deeds, he died, and was born in the world of gods.

The Master, having ended this discourse, declared the Truths and identified the Birth: (now at the conclusion of the Truths, the landowner was established in the fruit of the First Path:) "At that time, I was myself the son of the gods who uttered this admonition."

[1] These stanzas recur in iii. 157 (trans. p. 104), 215 (p. 141), 390 (p. 236), *Dhammapada*, p. 96.

No. 450.

BIḶĀRI-KOSIYA-JĀTAKA.

"*When food is not,*" *etc.* This story the Master told, while dwelling at Jetavana, about a Brother who was devoted to giving.

This man, we are told, having heard the preaching of the Law, from the time when he embraced the Doctrine was devoted to giving, eager for giving. Never a bowl-full he ate unless he shared it with another; even water he would not drink, unless he gave of it to another: so absorbed was he in giving.

Then they began to talk of his good qualities in the Hall of Truth. Entered the Master, and asked what they talked of as they sat there. They told him. Sending for the Brother, he asked him, "Is it true, what I hear, Brother, that you are devoted to giving, eager to give?" He replied, "Yes, Sir." Said the Master, "Long ago, Brethren, this man was without faith and unbelieving; not so much as a drop of oil on the end of a blade of grass did he give to any one; then I humbled him, and converted him and made him humble, and taught him the fruit of giving; and this gift-lief heart of his does not leave him even in another life." So saying, he told a story of the past[1].

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a rich man's family; and coming of age, he acquired a property, and at his father's death received his father's station as merchant.

One day, as he reviewed his wealth, thought he, "My wealth is here, sure enough, [63] but where are those who gathered it? I must disperse my wealth, and give alms." So he built an almonry, and while he lived distributed much alms; and when his days were drawing to a close, charging his son not to discontinue the practice of almsgiving, he was born again as Sakka in the Heaven of the Thirty-three. And the son gave alms as his father had given, and with the like charge to his son, was born as Canda, the Moon, among the gods. And his son became Suriya, the Sun, who begat another that became Mātali the Charioteer[2], and his son was born again as Pañcasikha, one of the Gandhabbas, or celestial musicians. But the sixth of the line was without faith, hard-hearted, loveless, niggardly; and he demolished the almonry, burnt it, beat the beggars and sent them about their business; gave no one so much as an oildrop on the end of a blade of grass.

Then Sakka, king of the gods, looked back over his doings in the past, wondering, "Does my tradition of almsgiving continue or no?" Pondering he perceived this: "My son continued the giving, and he is become Canda; and his son is Suriya, and his son is Mātali, and his son has

[1] Part of this tale occurs in No. 313, vol. iii.

[2] i.e. of Sakka, or Indra.

been born as Pañcasikha; but the sixth in line has broken the tradition." Then this thought occurred to him; he would go humble that man of sin, and teach him the fruit of giving. So he summoned to him Canda, Suriya, Mātali, Pañcasikha, and said, "Sirs, the sixth in our line has broken our family tradition; he has burnt the almonry, the beggars he has driven away; he gives nothing to any one. Then let us humble him!" So with them he proceeded to Benares.

At that moment the merchant had been to wait upon the king, and having returned, was walking to and fro under the seventh gate-tower[1], looking along the road. Sakka said to the others, "Do you wait until I go in, and then follow one after another." With these words he went forward, and standing before the rich merchant, said to him, "Ho, Sir! give me to eat!"—"There is nothing to eat for you here, brahmin; go elsewhere."—"Ho, great Sir! when brahmins ask for food, [64] it must not be refused them!"—"In my house, brahmin, is neither food cooked nor food ready for cooking; away with you!"—"Great Sir, I will repeat to you a verse of poetry,—listen." Said he, "I want none of your poetry; get you gone, and do not keep standing here." But Sakka, without attending to his words, recited two stanzas:

"When food is not within the pot, the good would get, and not deny:
And thou art cooking! 'twere not good, if thou wouldst now no food supply.

"He who remiss and niggard is, ever to give denies;
But he who virtue loves, must give, and he whose mind is wise."

When the man had heard this, he answered, "Well, come in and sit down; and you shall have a little." Sakka entered, repeating these verses, and sat down.

Next came Canda up, and asked for food. "There's no food for you," said the man, "go away!" He replied, "Great Sir, there is one brahmin seated within; there must be a free meal for a brahmin, I suppose, so I will enter too." "There is no free meal for a brahmin!" said the man; "be off with you!" Then Canda said, "Great Sir, please do listen to a verse or two," and repeated two stanzas: (whenever a terrified niggard gives to none, that very thing that he fears comes to him as he gives not[2]:)—

"When fear of hunger or of thirst makes niggard souls afraid,
In this world and the next those fools shall fully be repaid.

"Therefore give alms, flee covetise, purge filth of greed away,
In the next world men's virtuous deeds shall be their surest stay."

[65] Having listened to these words also, the man said, "Well, come in, and you shall have a little." In he came, and took a seat with Sakka.

[1] Cf. Hardy's *Manual*, p. 270.
[2] This seems to be a gloss.

After waiting a little while, Suriya came up, and asked for food by repeating two stanzas:

"Tis hard to do as good men do, to give as they can give,
Bad men can hardly imitate the life that good men live.

"And so, when good and evil go to pass away from earth,
The bad are born in hell below, in heaven the good have birth."[1]

The rich man, not seeing any way out of it, said to him, "Well, come in and sit down with these brahmins, and you shall have a little." And Mātali, after waiting a little while, came up and asked for food; and when he was told there was no food, as soon as the words were spoken, repeated the seventh stanza:

"Some give from little, some give not though they have plenteous store:
Who gives from little, if he gave a thousand, twere no more."

[66] To him also the man said, "Well, come in and sit down." Then after waiting a little while, Pañcasikha came up and asked for food. "There's none, go away," was the reply. Said he, "What a number of places I have visited! There must be a free meal for brahmins here, methinks!" And he began to hold forth to him, repeating the eighth stanza:

"Even he who lives on scraps should righteous be,
Giving from little store, though sons have he;
The hundred thousand which the wealthy give,
Are worth not one small gift from such as he."

The rich man pondered, on hearing the speech of Pañcasikha. Then he repeated the ninth stanza, to ask an explanation of the little worth of such gifts:

"Why is a rich and generous sacrifice
Not equal to a righteous gift in price,
How is a thousand, which the wealthy gives,
Not worth a poor man's gift, tho' small in size?"

[67] In reply, Pañcasikha recited the concluding stanza:

"Some who in evil ways do live
Oppress, and slay, then comfort give:
Their cruel sour-faced gifts are less
Than any given with righteousness.
Thus not a thousand from the wealthy can
Equal the little gift of such a man."

Having listened to the admonition of Pañcasikha, he replied, "Well, go indoors and be seated; you shall have a little." And he too entered, and sat with the rest.

Then the rich merchant Biḷārikosiya, beckoning to a maidservant, said to her, "Give yonder Brahmins a measure apiece of rice in the husk."

[1] These stanzas occur in ii. p. 86 (p. 59 of the English translation).

She brought the rice, and approaching them, bade them bake it, and get it cooked somewhere, and eat. "We never touch rice in the husk," said they.—"Master, they say that they never touch rice in the husk!"—"Well, give them husked rice." She brought them husked rice, and bade them take it. Said they, "We accept nothing that is uncooked."—"Master, they accept nothing that is uncooked!"—"Then cook them some cows' food in a pot, and give them that." She cooked in a pot a mess of cows' food, and brought it to them. All the five of them took up each a mouthful, and put it into their mouths, but let it stick in the throat; then rolling their eyes, they became unconscious, and lay as though dead. The serving-maid seeing this thought they must be dead, and much afraid went and told the merchant, saying, "Master, those brahmins could not swallow the cows' food, [68] and they are dead!" Thought he, "Now people will upbraid me, saying, This lewd fellow gave a mess of cows' food to delicate brahmins, which they could not swallow, and they died!" Then he said to the maid, "Go quickly, take away the food from their bowls, and cook them a mess of all sorts of the finest rice." She did so. The merchant fetched in the passers-by from the road within, and when he had gathered a number of them together he said, "I gave these brahmins food after my own manner of eating, and they were greedy and made great lumps, and so as they ate, the food stuck in the throat, and they are dead. I call you to witness that I am guiltless." Before the crowd thus gathered together the brahmins arose, and said, looking upon the multitude, "Behold the deceitfulness of this merchant! He gave us of his own food, quoth he! A mess of cow's food is all he gave us at first, and then while we lay as dead, he caused this food to be prepared." And they cast forth from their mouths the food which they had taken, and showed it. The crowd upbraided the merchant, crying, "Blind fool! you have broken the custom of your family; you have burnt the alms-hall; the beggars you have taken by the throat and cast forth; and now when you were giving food to these delicate brahmins, all you gave was a mess of cows' food! As you go to the other world, I suppose you will carry the wealth of your house fast about your neck!"

At this moment, Sakka asked the crowd, "Do you know whose is the wealth of this house?" "We know not," they replied. Said he, "You have heard tell of a great merchant of Benares, who lived in this city once upon a time, and built halls of almonry, and in charity gave much?" "Yes," said they," "we have heard of him." "I am that merchant," he said, "and by those gifts I am now become Sakka, king of the gods; and my son, who did not break my tradition, has become a god, Canda; and his son is Suriya, and his son is Mātali, and his son is Pañcasikha; of these, yonder is Canda, and that is Suriya, and this is Mātali the charioteer, and this again [69] is Pañcasikha, now a heavenly musician, once father of

yonder lewd fellow! Thus potent is giving of gifts; therefore wise men ought to do virtuously." Thus speaking, with a view to dispelling the doubts of the people there assembled, they rose up in the air, and remained poised, by their mighty power surrounding themselves with a great host, their bodies all ablaze, so that the whole city seemed to be on fire. Then Sakka addressed the crowd: "We left our heavenly glory in coming hither, and we came on account of this sinner Biḷārikosiya, this last of his race, the devourer of all his race. In pity for him are we come, because we knew that this sinner had broken the tradition of his family, and burnt the almonry, and haled forth the beggars by the throat, and had violated our custom, and that by ceasing to give alms he would be born again in hell." Thus did he discourse to the crowd, telling the potency of almsgiving. Biḷārikosiya put his hands together in supplication, and made a vow; "My lord, from this time forth I will no more break the family custom, but I will distribute alms; and beginning from this very day, I will never eat, without sharing with another my own supplies, even the water I drink and the tooth-cleaner which I use."

Sakka having thus humbled him, and made him self-denying, and established him in the Five Virtues, went away to his own place, taking the four gods with him. And the merchant gave alms as long as he lived, and was born in the heaven of the Thirty-Three.

The Master, having finished this discourse, said, "Thus, Brethren, this Brother in former times was unbelieving, and never gave jot or tittle to any one, but I humbled him, and taught him the fruit of almsgiving; and that mind leaves him not, even when he enters another life." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time, the generous Brother was the rich man, Sāriputta was Canda, Moggallāna was Suriya, Kassapa was Mātali, Ānanda was Pañcasikha, and I myself was Sakka."

No. 451.

CAKKA-VĀKA-JĀTAKA[1].

[70] "*Fine-coloured art thou,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about a greedy Brother. This man, it is said, dissatisfied with his mendicant's garb and so forth, used to march about asking, "Where is there a meal for the Order? where is there an invitation?" and when he heard mention

[1] Cf. No. 434, vol. iii.

of meat, he showed great delight. Then some well-meaning Brethren, from kindness towards him, told the Master about it. The Master summoning him, asked, "Is it true, Brother, as I hear, that you are greedy?" "Yes, my lord, it is true," said he. "Brother," said the Master, "why are you greedy, after embracing a faith like ours, that leads to salvation? The state of greed is sinful; long ago, by reason of greed, you were not satisfied with the dead bodies of elephants and other offal in Benares, and went away into the mighty forest." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, a greedy Crow was not content with the corpses of elephants in Benares, and all the other offal. "Now I wonder," thought he, "what the forests may be like?" So to the forest he went; but neither was he satisfied with the wild fruits that he found there, and proceeded to the Ganges. As he passed along the bank of the Ganges, spying a pair of Ruddy Geese[1], he thought, "Yonder birds are very beautiful; I suppose they find plenty of meat to eat on this Ganges bank. I will question them, and if I too can eat their food doubtless I shall have a fine colour like them." So perching not far from the pair, he put his question to the Ruddy Goose by reciting two stanzas:

"Fine-coloured art thou, fair of form, all plump in body, red of hue,
O Goose! I swear thou art most fair, thy face and senses clear and true!

"A-sitting on the Ganges' bank thou feedest on the pike and bream,
Roach, carp, and all the other fish that swim along the Ganges' stream[2]!"

The Red Goose contradicted him by reciting the third stanza:

[71] "No bodies from the tide I eat, nor lying in the wood:
All kinds of weed—on them I feed; that, friend, is all my food."

Then the Crow recited two stanzas:

"I cannot credit what the Goose avers about his meat.
Things in the village soused with salt and oil are what I eat,

"A mess of rice, all clean and nice, which a man makes and pours
Upon his meat; but yet, my colour, Goose, is not like yours."

Thereupon the Ruddy Goose recited to him the remaining stanzas showing forth the reason of his ugly colour, and declaring righteousness:

"Beholding sin your heart within, destroying humankind,
In fear and fright your food you eat; therefore this hue you find.

"Crow, you have erred in all the world by sins of former lives,
You have no pleasure in your food; tis this your colour gives.

"But, friend, I eat and do no hurt, not anxious, at my ease,
Having no trouble, fearing nought from any enemies.

[1] *cakkavāko*, Anas Casarca.

[2] The fish named are: *pāvusa*, *vālaja*, *muñja*, *rohita* (Cyprinus Rohita), and *pāṭhīna* (Silurus Boalis).

"Thus you should do, and mighty grow, renounce your evil ways,
Walk in the world and do no hurt; then all will love and praise.

"Who to all creatures kindly is, nor wounds nor makes to wound,
Who harries not, none harry him, gainst him no hate is found."

[72] "Therefore if you wish to be beloved by the world, abstain from all evil passions;" so said the Ruddy Goose, declaring righteousness. The Crow replied, "Don't prate to me of your manner of feeding!" and crying "Caw! Caw!" flew away through the air to the dunghill of Benares.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths: (now at the conclusion of the Truths, the greedy Brother was established in the fruit of the Third Path): "At that time, the greedy Brother was the Crow, Rāhula's mother was the mate of the Ruddy Goose, and I was the Ruddy Goose myself."

No. 452.

BHŪRI-PAÑHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Is't true, indeed,*" *etc.*—This Bhūri-pañha Birth will appear in the Ummagga Birth[1].

No. 453.

MAHĀ-MAṄGALA-JĀTAKA.

"*Declare the truth,*" *etc.* This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about the Mahā-maṅgala Scripture, or the Treatise on Omens[2]. At the city of Rājagaha for some cause or another a great company had gathered in the royal resting-house, and among these was a man who got up, and went out, with the words, "This is a day of good omen." Some one else heard it, and said, "Yon fellow has gone out talking of 'omens'; what does he mean by omen?" Said a third, "The sight of anything with a lucky look is a good omen; suppose a man

[1] No. 546.

[2] See the Sutta-nipāta, ii. 4.

rise betimes and see a perfectly white bull, or a woman with child, or a red fish[1], or a jar filled to the brim, or new-melted ghee of cow's-milk, or a new unwashen garment, or rice porridge, there is no omen better than these." Some of the bystanders commended this explanation; "Well put," said they. But another [73] broke in, "No, there's no omen in those; what you hear is the omen. A man hears people saying 'Full,' then he hears 'Full-grown' or 'Growing,' or he hears them say 'Eat' or 'Chew': there's no omen better than these." Some bystanders said, "Well put," and commended this explanation. Another said, "There's no omen in all that; what you touch[2] is the omen. If a man gets up early, and touches the earth, or touches green grass, fresh cow-dung, a clean robe, a red fish, gold or silver, food, there's no better omen than these." And here too some of the bystanders approved, and said it was well put. And then the partisans of omens of sight, omens of sound, omens of touch formed into three groups, and were unable to convince one another. From the deities of the earth to Brahma's heaven none could say exactly what an omen was. Sakka thought, "Among gods and men no one but the Blessed One is able to solve this question of the omens. To the Blessed One I will go, and put the question to him." So at night he paid a visit to the Blessed One, and greeted him, and placing his hands together in supplication, he put the question beginning, "Many gods and men there be." Then the Master in twelve stanzas told him the eight-and-thirty great omens. And as he repeated the omen-scriptures one after another, gods to the number of ten thousand millions attained to sainthood, and of those who entered the other three Paths there is no counting. When Sakka had heard the omens he returned to his own place. When the Master had told the omens, the world of men and the world of gods approved, and said, "Well put."

Then in the Hall of Truth they began to discuss the virtues of the Tathāgata: "Sirs, the Omen Problem was beyond the scope of others, but he comprehended the hearts of men and of gods, and solved their doubt, as if he were making the moon rise in the sky! Ah, very wise is the Tathāgata, my friends!" The Master entering asked what they were talking of, as they sat there. They told him. Said he, "It is no marvel, Brethren, that I solved the problem of the omens now that I am possessed of perfect wisdom; but even when I walked on earth as Bodhisatta, I solved the doubts of men and of gods, by answering the Omen Problem." So saying, he told a story of the past.

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[74] Once upon a time the Bodhisatta was born in a certain town in the family of a wealthy brahmin, and they named him Rakkhita-Kumāra. When he grew up, and had completed his education at Takkasilā, he married a wife, and on his parents' demise, he made enquiry into his treasures; then being much exercised in mind, he distributed alms, and mastering his passions became a hermit in the regions of Himalaya, where he developed supernatural powers, and dwelt in a certain spot, nourishing himself upon the roots and fruits of the forest. In course of time his followers became a great number, five hundred disciples that lived with him.

One day, these ascetics, approaching the Bodhisatta, thus addressed him: "Teacher, when the rainy season comes, let us go down from Himalaya, and traverse the country side to get salt and seasoning; thus

[1] Cyprinus Rohita.

[2] *Mutaṁ* must be here a corrupt form of Skt. *mṛṣṭaṁ*, 'touched.'

our bodies will become strong, and we shall have performed our pilgrimage." "Well, you may go," said he, "but I will abide where I am." So they took leave of him, and went down from Himalaya, and proceeded on their rounds till they came to Benares, where they took up their dwelling in the king's park. And much honour and hospitality was shown to them.

Now one day there was a great crowd come together in the royal rest-house at Benares, and the Omen Problem was discussed. All must be understood to happen as in the introduction to this story. Then, as before, the crowd saw no one who could allay the doubts of men and solve the problem of the omens; so they repaired to the park, and put their problem to the body of sages. The sages addressed the king, saying, "Great King, we cannot solve this question, but our Teacher, the hermit Rakkhita, a most wise man, dwells in Himalaya; he will solve the question, for he comprehends the thoughts of men and of gods." Said the king, "Himalaya, good sirs, is far, and hard to come at; we cannot go thither. Will you not go yourselves to your Teacher, and ask him the question, and when you have learnt it, return and tell it to us?" This they promised to do; and when they had returned to their Teacher, and greeted him, and he had asked of the king's well-being and the practices of the country folk, they told him all the story of the omens of sight and so forth, from beginning to end, [75] and explained how they came on the king's errand, to hear the answer to the question with their own ears; "Now, Sir," said they, "be pleased to make clear this Omen Problem to us, and tell us the truth." Then the eldest disciple asked his question of the Teacher by reciting the first stanza:

"Declare the truth to mortal man perplext,
And tell what scripture, or what holy text,
Studied and said at the auspicious hour,
Gives blessing in this world and in the next?"

When the eldest disciple had put the omen problem in these words, the Great Being, allaying the doubts of gods and men, answered, "This and this is an omen," and thus describing the omens with a Buddha's skill, said,

"Whoso the gods, and all that fathers[1] be,
And reptiles, and all beings, which we see,
Honours for ever with a kindly heart,
Surely a Blessing to all creatures he."

[76] Thus did the Great Being declare the first omen, and then proceeded to declare the second, and all the rest:

"Who shows to all the world a modest cheer,
To men and women, sons and daughters dear,
Who to reviling answers not in kind,
Surely a blessing he to every fere.

[1] 'Brahmins of the world of Form and of No-form.' *Schol.*

"Who clear of intellect, in crisis wise,
Nor playmates nor companions does despise,
Nor boasts of birth or wisdom, caste, or wealth,
Among his mates a blessing doth arise.

"Who takes good men and true his friends to be,
That trust him, for his tongue from venom free,
Who never harms a friend, who shares his wealth,
Surely a blessing among friends is he.

"Whose wife is friendly, and of equal years,
Devoted, good, and many children bears,
Faithful and virtuous and of gentle birth,
That is the blessing that in wives appears.

"Whose King the mighty Lord of Beings is,
That knows pure living and all potencies,
And says, 'He is my friend,' and means no guile—
That is the blessing that in monarchs lies.

"The true believer, giving drink and food,
Flowers and garlands, perfumes, ever good,
With heart at peace, and spreading joy around—
This in all heavens brings beatitude.

"Whom by good living virtuous sages try
With effort strenuous to purify,
[77] Good men and wise, by tranquil life built up,
A blessing he mid saintly company."

[78] Thus the Great Being brought his discourse to a topstone in sainthood; and having in eight stanzas explained the Omens, in praise of those same Omens recited the last stanza:

"These blessings then, that in the world befall,
Esteemed by all the wise, magnifical,
What man is prudent let him follow these,
For in the omens is no truth at all."

The sages, having heard about these Omens, stayed for seven or eight days, and then took leave and departed to that same place.

The king visited them and asked his question. They explained the Problem of the Omens in the same way as it had been told to them, and went back to Himalaya. Thenceforward the matter of omens was understood in the world. And having attended to the matter of omens, as they died they went each to swell the hosts of heaven. The Bodhisatta cultivated the Excellences, and along with his band of followers was born in Brahma's heaven.

The Master having ended this discourse, said: "Not now alone, Brethren, but in olden days I explained the Problem of the Omens"; and then he identified the Birth—"At that time, the company of Buddha's followers were the band of sages; [79] Sāriputta was the senior of the pupils, who asked the question about omens; and I myself was the Teacher."

No. 454.

GHATA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Black Kaṇha, rise,*" *etc.* This story the Master told in Jetavana about a son's death. The circumstances are like those in the Maṭṭha-Kuṇḍali Birth[2]. Here again the Master asked the lay brother, "Are you in grief, layman?" He replied, "Yes, Sir." "Layman," said the Master, "long ago wise men listened to the bidding of the wise, and did not grieve for the death of a son." And at his request, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, a king named Mahākaṃsa reigned in Uttarāpatha, in the Kaṃsa district, in the city of Asitañjanā. He had two sons, Kaṃsa and Upakaṃsa, and one daughter named Devagabbhā. On her birthday the brahmins who foretold the future said of her: "A son born of this girl will one day destroy the country and the lineage of Kaṃsa." The king was too fond of the girl to put her to death; but leaving her brothers to settle it, lived his days out, and then died. When he died Kaṃsa became king, and Upakaṃsa was viceroy. They thought that there would be an outcry were they to put their sister to death, so resolved to give her in marriage to none, but to keep her husbandless, and watch; and they built a single round-tower, for her to live in.

Now she had a serving-woman named Nandagopā, and the woman's husband, Andhakaveṇhu, was the servant who watched her. At that time a king named Mahāsāgara reigned in Upper Madhurā, and he had two sons, Sāgara and Upasāgara. At their father's death, Sāgara became king, and Upasāgara was viceroy. This lad was Upakaṃsa's friend, brought up together with him and trained by the same teacher. But he intrigued in his brother's zenana, and being detected, ran away to Upakaṃsa in the Kaṃsa estate. Upakaṃsa introduced him to king Kaṃsa, [80] and the king had him in great honour.

Upasāgara while waiting upon the king observed the tower where dwelt Devagabbhā; and on asking who lived there, heard the story, and fell in love with the girl. And Devagabbhā one day saw him as he went with Upakaṃsa to wait upon the king. She asked who that was; and being told by Nandagopā that it was Upasāgara, son of the great king Sāgara, she too fell in love with him. Upasāgara gave a present to Nandagopā, saying, "Sister, you can arrange a meeting for me with Devagabbhā." "Easy enough," quoth Nandagopā, and told the girl about it. She being

[1] The prophecy, and the tower, and the result, will remind the reader of Danae.

[2] No. 449, above.

already in love with him, agreed at once. One night Nandagopā arranged a tryst, and brought Upasāgara up into the tower; and there he stayed with Devagabbhā. And by their constant intercourse, Devagabbhā conceived. By and bye it became known that she was with child, and the brothers questioned Nandagopā. She made them promise her pardon, and then told the ins and outs of the matter When they heard the story, they thought, "We cannot put our sister to death. If she bears a daughter, we will spare the babe also; if a son, we will kill him." And they gave Devagabbhā to Upasāgara to wife.

When her full time came to be delivered, she brought forth a daughter. The brothers on hearing this were delighted, and gave her the name of the Lady Añjanā. And they allotted to them a village for their estate, named Govaḍḍhamāna. Upasāgara took Devagabbhā and lived with her at the village of Govaḍḍhamāna.

Devagabbhā was again with child, and that very day Nandagopā conceived also. When their time was come, they brought forth on the same day, Devagabbhā a son and Nandagopā a daughter. But Devagabbhā, in fear that her son might be put to death, sent him secretly to Nandagopā, and received Nandagopā's daughter in return. They told the brothers of the birth. "Son or daughter?" they asked. [81] "Daughter," was the reply. "Then see that it is reared," said the brothers. In the same way Devagabbhā bore ten sons, and Nandagopā ten daughters. The sons lived with Nandagopā and the daughters with Devagabbhā, and not a soul knew the secret.

The eldest son of Devagabbhā was named Vāsu-deva, the second Baladeva, the third Canda-deva, the fourth Suriya-deva, the fifth Aggi-deva, the sixth Varuṇa-deva, the seventh Ajjuna, the eighth Pajjuna, the ninth Ghata-paṇḍita, the tenth Aṁkura[1]. They were well known as the sons of Andhakaveṇhu the servitor, the Ten Slave-Brethren.

In course of time they grew big, and being very strong, and withal fierce and ferocious, they went about plundering, they even went so far as to plunder a present being conveyed to the king. The people came crowding in the king's court yard, complaining, "Andhakaveṇhu's sons, the Ten Brethren, are plundering the land!" So the king summoned Andhakaveṇhu, and rebuked him for permitting his sons to plunder. In the same way complaint was made three or four times, and the king threatened him. He being in fear of his life craved the boon of safety from the king, and told the secret, that how these were no sons of his, but of

[1] Krishna, Bala-rāma (Krishna's brother), Moon, Sun, Fire, Varuṇa the heaven-god, the tree Terminalia Arjuna, the Rain-cloud (? *pajjunno*, Skr. पर्जन्य, while प्रद्युम्न is a name of Kāma), Ghee-sage (? or *ghaṭa-p.*, an ascetic), Sprout. The story seems to contain a kernel of nature-myth.

Upasāgara. The king was alarmed. "How can we get hold of them?" he asked his courtiers. They replied, "Sire, they are wrestlers. Let us hold a wrestling match in the city, and when they enter the ring we will catch them and put them to death." So they sent for two wrestlers, Cānura and Mutthika, and caused proclamation to be made throughout the city by beat of drum, "that on the seventh day there would be a wrestling match."

The wrestling ring was prepared in front of the king's gate; there was an enclosure for the games, the ring was decked out gaily, the flags of victory were ready tied. The whole city was in a whirl; line over line rose the seats, tier above tier. Cānura and Mutthika went down into the ring, and strutted about, jumping, shouting, clapping their hands. The Ten Brethren came too. On their way they plundered the washer men's street, and clad themselves in robes of bright colours, [82] and stealing perfume from the perfumers' shops, and wreaths of flowers from the florists, with their bodies all anointed, garlands upon their heads, earrings in their ears, they strutted into the ring, jumping, shouting, clapping their hands.

At the moment, Cānura was walking about and clapping his hands. Baladeva, seeing him, thought, "I won't touch yon fellow with my hand!" so catching up a thick strap from the elephant stable, jumping and shouting he threw it round Cānura's belly, and joining the two ends together, brought them tight, then lifting him up, swung him round over his head, and dashing him on the ground rolled him outside the arena. When Cānura was dead, the king sent for Mutthika. Up got Mutthika, jumping, shouting, clapping his hands. Baladeva smote him, and crushed in his eyes; and as he cried out—"I'm no wrestler! I'm no wrestler!" Baladeva tied his hands together, saying, "Wrestler or no wrestler, it is all one to me," and dashing him down on the ground, killed him and threw him outside the arena.

Mutthika in his death-throes, uttered a prayer—"May I become a goblin, and devour him!" And he became a goblin, in a forest called by the name of Kāḷamattiya. The king said, "Take away the Ten Slave-Brethren." At that moment, Vāsudeva threw a wheel[1], which lopped off the heads of the two brothers[2]. The crowd, terrified, fell at his feet, and besought him to be their protector.

Thus the Ten Brethren, having slain their two uncles, assumed the sovereignty of the city of Asitañjanā, and brought their parents thither.

They now set out, intending to conquer all India. In a while they arrived at the city of Ayojjhā, the seat of king Kāḷasena. This they encompassed about, and destroyed the jungle around it, breached the

[1] A kind of weapon.
[2] i.e. the king and his brother.

wall and took the king prisoner, and took the sovereignty of the place into their hands. Thence they proceeded to Dvāravatī. Now this city had on one side the sea and on one the mountains. They say that the place was goblin-haunted. A goblin would be stationed on the watch, who seeing his enemies, in the shape of an ass would bray as the ass brays. [83] At once, by goblin magic the whole city used to rise in the air, and deposit itself on an island in the midst of the sea; when the foe was gone, it would come back and settle in its own place again. This time, as usual, no sooner the ass saw those Ten Brethren coming, than he brayed with the bray of an ass. Up rose the city in the air, and settled upon the island. No city could they see, and turned back; then back came the city to its own place again. They returned—again the ass did as before. The sovereignty of the city of Dvāravatī they could not take.

So they visited Kaṇha-dīpāyana[1], and said: "Sir, we have failed to capture the kingdom of Dvāravatī; tell us how to do it." He said: "In a ditch, in such a place, is an ass walking about. He brays when he sees an enemy, and immediately the city rises in the air. You must clasp hold of his feet[2], and that is the way to accomplish your end." Then they took leave of the ascetic; and went all ten of them to the ass, and falling at his feet, said, "Sir, we have no help but thee! When we come to take the city, do not bray!" The ass replied, "I cannot help braying. But if you come first, and four of you bring great iron ploughs, and at the four gates of the city dig great iron posts into the ground, and when the city begins to rise, if you will fix on the post a chain of iron fastened to the plough, the city will not be able to rise." They thanked him; and he did not utter a sound while they got ploughs, and fixed the posts in the ground at the four gates of the city, and stood waiting. Then the ass brayed, the city began to rise, but those who stood at the four gates with the four ploughs, having fixed to the posts iron chains which were fastened to the ploughs, the city could not rise. Thereupon the Ten Brethren entered the city, killed the king, and took his kingdom.

Thus they conquered all India, [84] and in three and sixty thousand cities they slew by the wheel all the kings of them, and lived at Dvāravatī, dividing the kingdom into ten shares. But they had forgotten their sister, the Lady Añjanā. So "Let us make eleven shares of it," said they. But Aṁkura answered, "Give her my share, and I will take to some business for a living; only you must remit my taxes each in your own country." They consented, and gave his share to his sister;

[1] The Sage already mentioned in No. 444 (see p. 18, above).

[2] i.e. beseech him.

and with her they dwelt in Dvāravatī, nine kings, while Aṁkura embarked in trade.

In course of time, they were all increased with sons and with daughters; and after a long time had gone by, their parents died. At that period, they say that a man's life was twenty thousand years.

Then died one dearly beloved son of the great King Vāsudeva. The king, half dead with grief, neglected everything, and lay lamenting, and clutching the frame of his bed. Then Ghatapaṇḍita thought to himself, "Except me, no one else is able to soothe my brother's grief; I will find some means of soothing his grief for him." So assuming the appearance of madness, he paced through the whole city, gazing up at the sky, and crying out, "Give me a hare! Give me a hare!" All the city was excited: "Ghatapaṇḍita has gone mad!" they said. Just then a courtier named Rohiṇeyya, went into the presence of King Vāsudeva, and opened a conversation with him by reciting the first stanza:

"Black Kaṇha, rise! why close the eyes to sleep? why lying there?
Thine own born brother—see, the winds away his wit do bear,
Away his wisdom[1]! Ghata raves, thou of the long black hair!"

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[85] When the courtier had thus spoken, the Master perceiving that he had risen, in his Perfect Wisdom uttered the second stanza:

"So soon the long-haired Kesava heard Rohiṇeyya's cry,
He rose all anxious and distrest for Ghata's misery."

Up rose the king, and quickly came down from his chamber; and proceeding to Ghatapaṇḍita, he got fast hold of him with both hands; and speaking to him, uttered the third stanza:

"In maniac fashion, why do you pace Dvāraka all through,
And cry, 'Hare, hare!' Say, who is there has taken a hare from you?"

To these words of the king, he only answered by repeating the same cry over and over again. But the king recited two more stanzas:

"Be it of gold, or made of jewels fine,
Or brass, or silver, as you may incline[2],
Shell, stone, or coral, I declare
I'll make a hare.

"And many other hares there be, that range the woodland wide,
They shall be brought, I'll have them caught: say, which do you decide?"

On hearing the king's words, the wise man replied by repeating the sixth stanza:

[1] Lit. 'his heart and his right eye' (Sch.): Cf. Sanskr. *vāyu-grasta* 'mad.'

[2] These lines have occurred already in No. 449.

"I crave no hare of earthly kind, but that within the moon[1]:
O bring him down, O Kesava! I ask no other boon!"

"Undoubtedly my brother has gone mad," thought the king, when he heard this. In great grief, he repeated the seventh stanza:

[86] "In sooth, my brother, you will die, if you make such a prayer,
And ask for what no man may pray, the moon's celestial hare."

Ghatapaṇḍita, on hearing the king's answer, stood stock still, and said: "My brother, you know that if a man prays for the hare in the moon, and cannot get it, he will die; then why do you mourn for your dead son?"

"If, Kaṇha, this you know, and can console another's woe,
Why are you mourning still the son who died so long ago?"

Then he went on, standing there in the street—"And I, brother, pray only for what exists, but you are mourning for what does not exist." Then he instructed him by repeating two more stanzas:

"My son is born, let him not die!" Nor man nor deity
Can have that boon; then wherefore pray for what can never be?

"Nor mystic charm, nor magic roots, nor herbs, nor money spent,
Can bring to life again that ghost whom, Kanha, you lament."

The King, on hearing this, answered, "Your intent was good, dear one. You did it to take away my trouble." Then in praise of Ghatapaṇḍita he repeated four stanzas:

[87] "Men had I, wise and excellent to give me good advice:
But how hath Ghatapaṇḍita opened this day mine eyes!

"Blazing was I, as when a man pours oil upon a fire[2];
Thou didst bring water, and didst quench the pain of my desire.

"Grief for my son, a cruel shaft was lodged within my heart;
Thou hast consoled me for my grief, and taken out the dart.

"That dart extracted, free from pain, tranquil, and calm I keep;
Hearing, O youth, thy words of truth, no more I grieve nor weep."

And lastly:

"Thus do the merciful, and thus they who are wise indeed:
They free from pain, as Ghata here his eldest brother freed."

This is the stanza of Perfect Wisdom.

In this manner was Vāsudeva consoled by Prince Ghata.

After the lapse of a long time, during which he ruled his kingdom, the sons of the ten brethren thought: "They say that Kaṇhadīpāyana is

[1] What we call the Man in the Moon is in India called the Hare in the Moon, cf. Jātaka, No. 316.

[2] These lines occur above, p. 39.

possest of divine insight. Let us put him to the test." So they procured a young lad, and drest him up, and by binding a pillow about his belly, made it appear as though he were with child. Then they brought him into his presence, and asked him, "When, Sir, will this woman be delivered?" The ascetic perceived[1] that the time was come for the destruction of the ten royal brothers; then, looking[1] to see what the term of his own life should be, he perceived that he must die that very day. Then he said, "Young sirs, what is this man to you?" "Answer us," they replied persistently. He answered, "This man on the seventh day from now will bring forth a knot of acacia wood. With that he will destroy the line of Vāsudeva, even though ye should take the piece of wood and burn it, and cast the ashes into the river." "Ah, false ascetic!" said they, "a man can never bring forth a child!" and they did the rope and string business, and killed him at once. The kings sent for the young men, and asked them why they had killed the ascetic. [88] When they heard all, they were frightened. They set a guard upon the man; and when on the seventh day he voided from his belly a knot of acacia wood, they burnt it, and cast the ashes into the river. The ashes floated down the river, and stuck on one side by a postern gate; from thence sprung an eraka plant.

One day, the kings proposed that they should go and disport themselves in the water. So to this postern gate they came; and they caused a great pavilion to be made, and in that gorgeous pavilion they ate and drank. Then in sport they began to catch hold of hand and foot, and dividing into two parts, they became very quarrelsome. At last one of them, finding nothing better for a club, picked a leaf from the eraka plant, which even as he plucked it became a club of acacia wood in his hand. With this he beat many people. Then the others plucked also, and the things as they took them became clubs, and with them they cudgelled one another until they were killed. As these were destroying each other, four only—Vāsudeva, Baladeva, the lady Añjanā their sister, and the chaplain—mounted a chariot and fled away; the rest perished, every one.

Now these four, fleeing away in the chariot, came to the forest of Kāḷamattikā. There Muṭṭhika the Wrestler had been born, having become according to his prayer a goblin. When he perceived the coming of Baladeva, he created a village in that spot; and taking the semblance of a wrestler, he went jumping about, and shouting, "Who's for a fight?" snapping his fingers the while. Baladeva, as soon as he saw him, said, "Brother, I'll try a fall with this fellow." Vāsudeva tried and tried his best to prevent him; but down he got from the chariot, and went up to him, snapping his fingers. The other just seized him in the

[1] i.e. by his miraculous vision.

hollow of his hand, and gobbled him up like a radish-bulb. Vāsudeva, perceiving that he was dead, went on all night long with his sister and the chaplain, and at sunrise arrived at a frontier village. He lay down in the shelter of a bush, and sent his sister and the chaplain into the village, with orders to cook some food and bring it to him. A huntsman (his name was Jarā, or Old Age) noticed the bush shaking. "A pig, sure enough," thought he; he threw a spear, and pierced his feet. "Who has wounded me?" cried out Vāsudeva. The huntsman, finding that he had wounded a man, set off running in terror. [89] The king, recovering his wits, got up, and called the huntsman—"Uncle, come here, don't be afraid!" When he came—"Who are you?" asked Vāsudeva. "My name is Jarā, my lord." "Ah," thought the king, "whom Old Age wounds will die, so the ancients used to say. Without doubt I must die to-day." Then he said, "Fear not, Uncle; come, bind up my wound." The mouth of the wound bound up, the king let him go. Great pains came upon him; he could not eat the food that the others brought. Then addressing himself to the others, Vāsudeva said: "This day I am to die. You are delicate creatures, and will never be able to learn anything else for a living; so learn this science from me." So saying, he taught them a science, and let them go; and then died immediately.

Thus excepting the lady Añjanā, they perished every one, it is said.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "Lay Brother, thus people have got free from grief for a son by attending to the words of wise men of old; do not you think about it." Then he declared the Truths (at the conclusion of the Truths the Lay Brother was established in the fruit of the First Path), and identified the Birth: "At that time, Ānanda was Rohiṇeyya, Sāriputta was Vāsudeva, the followers of the Buddha were the other persons, and I myself was Ghatapaṇḍita."

BOOK XI. EKĀDASA-NIPĀTA.

No. 455.

MĀTI-POSAKA-JĀTAKA.

[90] "*Though far away,*" *etc.* This story the Master told, while dwelling in Jetavana, about an Elder who had his mother to support. The circumstances of the event are like those of the Sāma Birth[1]. On this occasion also the Master said, addressing the Brethren, "Be not wroth, Brethren, with this man; wise men there have been of old, who even when born from the womb of animals, being parted asunder from their mothers, refused for seven days to take food, pining away; and even when they were offered food fit for a king, did but reply, Without my mother I will not eat; yet took food again when they saw the mother." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as an Elephant in the Himalaya region. All white he was, a magnificent beast, and a herd of eighty thousand elephants surrounded him; but his mother was blind. He would give his elephants the sweet wild fruit, so sweet, to convey to her; yet to her they gave none, but themselves ate all of it. When he made enquiry, and heard news of this, said he, "I will leave the herd, and cherish my mother." So in the night season, unknown to the other elephants, taking his mother with him, he departed to Mount Caṇḍoraṇa; and there he placed his mother in a cave of the hills, hard by a lake, and cherished her.

Now a certain forester, who dwelt in Benares, lost his way; and being unable to get his bearings, [91] began to lament with a great noise. Hearing this noise, the Bodhisatta thought to himself, "There is a man in distress, and it is not meet that he come to harm while I am here." So he drew near to the man; but the man fled in fear. Seeing which, the Elephant said to him, "Ho man! you have no need to fear me. Do not flee, but say why you walk about weeping?"

[1] No. 540, vol. vi. 68 (Pāli).

"My lord," said the man, "I have lost my way, this seven days gone."

Said the Elephant, "Fear not, O man; for I will put you in the path of men." Then he made the man sit on his back, and carried him out of the forest, and then returned.

This wicked man determined to go into the city, and tell the king. So he marked the trees, and marked the hills, and then made his way to Benares. At that time the king's state elephant had just died. The king caused it to be proclaimed by beat of drum, "If any man has in any place seen an elephant fit and proper for the king's riding, let him declare it!" Then this man came before the king, and said, "I, my lord, have seen a splendid elephant, white all over and excellent, fit for the king's riding. I will show the way; send but with me the elephant trainers, and you shall catch him." The king agreed, and sent with the man a forester and a great troop of followers.

The man went with him, and found the Bodhisatta feeding in the lake. When the Bodhisatta saw the forester, he thought, "This danger has doubtless come from none other than that man. But I am very strong; I can scatter even a thousand elephants; in anger I am able to destroy all the beasts that carry the army of a whole kingdom. But if I give way to anger, my virtue will be marred. So to-day I will not be angry, not even though pierced with knives." With this resolve, bowing his head he remained immovable.

Down into the lotus-lake went the forester, and seeing the beauty of his points, said, "Come, my son!" Then seizing him by the trunk (and like a silver rope it was), he led him in seven days to Benares.

When the Bodhisatta's mother found that her son came not, she thought that he must have been caught by the king's nobles. [92] "And now," she wailed, "all these trees will go on growing, but he will be far away"; and she repeated two stanzas:

"Though far away this elephant should go,
Still olibane and *kuṭaja*[1] will grow,
Grain, grass, and oleander, lilies white,
On sheltered spots the bluebells dark still blow.

"Somewhere that royal elephant must go,
Full fed by those whose breast and body show
All gold-bedeckt, that King or Prince may ride
Fearless to triumph o'er the mailclad foe."

Now the trainer, while he was yet in the way, sent on a message to tell the king. And the king caused the city to be decorated. The trainer led the Bodhisatta into a stable all adorned and decked out with festoons and with garlands, and surrounding him with a screen of

[1] A medicinal plant.

many colours, sent word to the king. And the king took all manner of fine food and caused it to be given to the Bodhisatta. But not a bit would he eat: "Without my mother, I will eat nothing," said he. The king besought him to eat, repeating the third stanza:

[93] "Come, take a morsel, Elephant, and never pine away:
There's many a thing to serve your king that you shall do one day."

Hearing this, the Bodhisatta repeated the fourth stanza:

"Nay, she by Mount Caṇḍoraṇa, poor blind and wretched one,
Beats with a foot on some tree-root, without her royal son."

The king said the fifth stanza to ask his meaning:

"Who is't by Mount Caṇḍoraṇa, what blind and wretched one,
Beats with a foot on some tree-root, without her royal son?"

To which the other replied in the sixth stanza:

"My mother by Caṇḍoraṇa, ah blind, ah wretched one!
Beats with her foot on some tree-root for lack of me, her son!"

And hearing this, the king gave him freedom, reciting the seventh stanza:

"This mighty Elephant, who feeds his mother, let go free:
And let him to his mother go, and to all his family."

The eighth and ninth stanzas are those of the Buddha in his perfect wisdom:

"The Elephant from prison freed, the beast set free from chain,
With words of consolation[1] went back to the hills again.

[94] "Then from the cool and limpid pool, where Elephants frequent,
He with his trunk drew water, and his mother all besprent."

But the mother of the Bodhisatta thought it had begun to rain, and repeated the tenth stanza, rebuking the rain:

"Who brings unseasonable rain—what evil deity?
For he is gone, my own, my son, who used to care for me."

Then the Bodhisatta repeated the eleventh stanza, to reassure her:

"Rise mother! why should you there lie? your own, your son has come!
Vedeha, Kāsi's glorious king, has sent me safely home."

And she returned thanks to the king by repeating the last stanza:

"Long live that king! long may he bring his realms prosperity,
Who freed that son who ever hath done so great respect to me!"

[1] The Scholiast explains that the elephant discoursed on virtue to the king, then told him to be careful, and departed, amid the plaudits of the multitude, who threw flowers upon him. He then went home, and fed and washed his mother. To explain this, the Master repeated the two stanzas.

The king was pleased with the Bodhisatta's goodness; and he built a town not far from the lake, and did continual service to the Bodhisatta and to his mother. Afterwards, when his mother died, and the Bodhisatta had performed her obsequies, [95] he went away to a monastery called Karaṇḍaka. In this place five hundred sages came and dwelt, and the king did the like service for them. The king had a stone image made in the figure of the Bodhisatta, and great honour he paid to this. There the inhabitants of all India year by year gathered together, to perform what was called the Elephant Festival.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth: (now at the conclusion of the Truths the Brother who supported his mother was established in the fruit of the First Path:) "At that time, Ānanda was the king, the lady Mahāmāyā was the she-elephant, and I was myself the elephant that fed his mother."

No. 456.

JUṆHA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*O king of men,*" *etc.* This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana about the boons received by Elder Ānanda. During the twenty years of his first Buddhahood the Blessed One's attendants were not always the same: sometimes Elder Nāgasamāla, sometimes Nāgita, Upavāṇa, Sunakkhatta, Cunda, Sāgala, sometimes Meghiya waited upon the Blessed One. One day the Blessed One said to the Brethren: "Now I am old, Brethren: and when I say, Let us go in this way, some of the Brotherhood go by another way, some drop my bowl and robe on the ground. Choose out one Brother to attend always upon me." Then they uprose all, beginning with Elder Sāriputta, and laid their joined hands to their heads, crying, "I will serve you, Sir, I will serve you!" But he refused them, saying, "Your prayer is forestalled! enough." Then the Brethren said to the Elder Ānanda, "Do you, friend, ask for the post of attendant." The Elder said, "If the Blessed One will not give me the robe which he himself has received, if he will not give me his dole of food, if he will not grant me to dwell in the same fragrant cell, if he will not have me with him to go where he is invited: but if the Blessed One will go with me where I am invited, if I shall be granted to introduce the company at the moment of coming, which comes from foreign parts and foreign countries to see the Blessed One, [96] if I shall be granted to approach the Blessed One as soon as doubt shall arise, if whenever the Blessed One shall discourse in my absence he will repeat his discourse to me as soon as I shall return: then I will attend upon the Blessed One." These eight boons he craved, four negative and four positive. And the Blessed One granted them to him.

[1] R. Fick, *Sociale Gliederung im Nordöstlichen Indien zu Buddha's Zeit*, p. 119.

After that he attended continually upon his Master for five and twenty years. So having obtained the preeminence in the five points[1], and having gained seven blessings, blessing of doctrine, blessing of instruction, blessing of the knowledge of causes, blessing of inquiry as to one's good, blessing of dwelling in a holy place, blessing of enlightened devotion, blessing of potential Buddhahood, in the presence of the Buddha he received the heritage of eight boons, and became famous in the Buddha's religion, and shone as the moon in the heavens.

One day they began to talk about it in the Hall of Truth: "Friend, the Tathāgata has satisfied Elder Ānanda by granting his boons." The Master entered, and asked, "What are you speaking of, Brethren, as ye sit here?" They told him. Then he said, "It is not now the first time, Brethren, but in former days as now I satisfied Ānanda with a boon; in former days, as now, whatsoever he asked, I gave him." And so saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, a son of his named Prince Junha, or the Moonlight Prince, was studying at Takkasilā. One night, after he had been listening carefully to his teacher's instruction, he left the house of his teacher in the dark, and set out for home. A certain brahmin had been seeking alms, and was going home, and the prince not perceiving him ran up against the brahmin, and broke his almsbowl with a blow of his arm. The brahmin fell, with a cry. In compassion the prince turned round, and taking hold of the man's hands raised him to his feet. The brahmin said, "Now, my son, you have broken my alms-bowl, so give me the price of a meal." Said the Prince, "I cannot now give you the price of a meal, brahmin; but I am Prince Junha, son of the king of Kāsi, and when I come to my kingdom, you may come to me and ask for the money."

When his education was finished, he took leave of his teacher, and returning to Benares, showed his father what he had learnt.

"I have seen my son before my death," said the king, "and I will see him king indeed." Then he sprinkled him and made him king. [97] Under the name of King Junha the prince ruled in righteousness. When the brahmin heard of it, he thought now he would recover the price of his meal. So to Benares he came, and saw the city all decorated, and the king moving in solemn procession right-wise around it. Taking his stand upon a high place, the brahmin stretched out his hand, and cried, "Victory to the king!" The king passed by without looking at him. When the brahmin found that he was not noticed, he asked an explanation by repeating the first stanza:

"O king of men, hear what I have to say!
Not without cause have I come here this day.
Tis said, O best of men, one should not pass
A wandering brahmin standing in the way."

[1] Are these the Five abhabbatthānas?

On hearing these words the king turned back the elephant with his jewelled goad[1], and repeated the second stanza:

"I heard, I stand: come brahmin, quickly say,
What cause it is has brought you here to-day?
What boon is it that you would crave of me
That you are come to see me? speak, I pray!"

What further king and brahmin said to each other by way of question and answer, is told in the remaining stanzas:

"Give me five villages, all choice and fine,
A hundred slave-girls, seven hundred kine,
More than a thousand ornaments of gold,
And two wives give me, of like birth with mine."

[98] "Hast thou a penance, brahmin, dread to tell,
Or hast thou many a charm and many a spell,
Or goblins, ready your behests to do,
Or any claim for having served me well?"

"No penance have I, nor no charm and spell,
No demons ready to obey me well,
Nor any meed for service can I claim;
But we have met before, the truth to tell."

"I cannot call to mind, in time past o'er,
That I have ever seen thy face before.
Tell me, I beg thee, tell this thing to me,
When have we met, or where, in days of yore?"

"In the fair city of Gandhāra's king,
Takkasilā, my lord, was our dwelling.
There in the pitchy darkness of the night
Shoulder to shoulder thou and I did fling.

"And as we both were standing there, O prince,
A friendly talk between us straight begins.
Then we together met, and only then,
Nor ever once before, nor ever since."

"Whenever, brahmin, a wise man has met
A good man in the world, he should not let
Friendship once made or old acquaintance go
For nothing, nor the thing once done forget.

"Tis fools deny the thing once done, and let
Old friendships fail of those they once have met.
Many a deed of fools to nothing comes,
They are ungrateful, and they can forget.

"But trusty men cannot forget the past,
Their friendship and acquaintance ever fast.
[99] A trifle done by such is not disowned:
Thus trusty men are grateful to the last.

"Five villages I give thee, choice and fine,
A hundred slave-girls, and seven hundred kine,
More than a thousand ornaments of gold,
And more, two wives of equal birth with thine.'

[1] Correct ii. 253. 19 to "jewelled goad"

"O king, thus is it when the good agree:
As the full moon among the stars we see,
Even so, O Lord of Kāsi, so am I,
Now thou hast kept the bargain made with me."

[100] The Bodhisatta added great honour to him.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that I have satisfied Ānanda with boons, but I have done it before." With these words, he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the brahmin, and I was myself the king."

No. 457.

DHAMMA-JĀTAKA.

"*I do the right,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, how Devadatta was swallowed up in the earth. They gathered in the Hall of Truth to talk: "Friend, Devadatta fell at enmity with the Tathāgata, and was swallowed up in the earth." The Master entering asked what they were talking of as they sat there. They told him. He replied, "Now, Brethren, he has been swallowed up in the earth because he dealt a blow at my victorious authority; but formerly he dealt a blow at the authority of right, and was swallowed up in the earth, and went on his way to nethermost hell." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into the world of sense as one of the gods, and was named Dhamma, or Right, while Devadatta was called Adhamma, or Wrong.

As on the fast-day of the full moon, in the evening when meals were done, men were sitting in enjoyment each at his own house-door in village and city and royal capital, Dhamma appeared before them, poised in the air, in his celestial chariot mounted, and adorned with celestial array, in the midst of a multitude of nymphs, and thus addressed them:

"Take not the life of living creatures, and the other ten paths of evil-doing eschew, fulfil the duty of service to mother and the duty of service to father and the threefold course of right[1]; [101] thus ye shall become destined for heaven, and shall receive great glory." Thus did he urge men

[1] Right doing, right saying, right thinking.

to follow the ten paths of right-doing, and made a solemn circuit around India right-wise. But Adhamma taught them, "Kill that which lives," and in like manner urged men to follow the other ten paths of evildoing, and made a circuit around India left-wise.

Now their chariots met face to face in the air, and their attendant multitudes asked each the other, "Whose are you? and whose are you?" They replied, "We are of Dhamma, we of Adhamma," and made room, so that their paths were divided. But Dhamma said to Adhamma, "Good sir, you are Adhamma, and I am Dhamma; I have the right of way; turn your chariot aside, and give me way," repeating the first stanza:

"I do the right, men's fame is of my grace,
Me sages and me brahmins ever praise,
Worshipt of men and gods, the right of way
Is mine. Right am I: then, O Wrong, give place!"

These next follow:

"In the strong car of Wrong enthroned on high
Me mighty there is nought can terrify:
Then why should I, who never yet gave place,
Make way to-day for Right to pass me by?"

"Right[1] of a truth was first made manifest,
Primeval he, the oldest, and the best;
Wrong was the younger, later born in time.
Way, younger, at the elder-born's behest!"

"Nor if you worthy be, nor if you pray,
Nor if it be but fair, will I give way:
[102] Here let us two to-day a battle wage;
He shall have place, whoever wins the fray."

"Known am I in all regions far and near,
Mighty, of boundless glory, without peer,
All virtues are united in my form.
Right am I: Wrong, how can you conquer here?"

"By iron gold is beaten, nor do we
Gold used for beating iron ever see:
If Wrong 'gainst Right shall win the fight to-day,
Iron as beautiful as gold will be."

"If you indeed are mighty in the fray,
Though neither good nor wise is what you say,
Swallow I will all these your evil words;
And willy nilly I will make you way."

These six stanzas they repeated, one answering the other.

[103] But at the very moment when the Bodhisatta repeated this stanza, Adhamma could no longer stand in his car, but head-foremost plunged into the earth which gaped to receive him, and was born again in nethermost hell.

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[1] Cf. Pali text, III. 29 (translation, p. 19).

The Blessed One no sooner perceived this that had happened, than in his Perfect Wisdom he recited the remaining stanzas:

"The words no sooner heard, Wrong from the height
Plunged over heels head-foremost out of sight:
This was the end and direful fate of Wrong.
I had no battle, though I longed to fight.

"Thus by the Mighty-in-Forbearance lies
Conquered the Mighty Warrior Wrong, and dies
Swallowed in earth: the other, joyful, strong,
Truth-armoured, in his car away he hies.

"Who in his house no due observance pays
To parents, sages, brahmins, when he lays
The body down, and bursts its bonds asunder,
He, even from this world, goes straight to hell,
Even as Adhamma down head-foremost fell.

"Who in his house all due observance pays
To parents, sages, brahmins, when he lays
The body down, and bursts its bonds asunder,
Straight from this world, onward to heaven he hies,
As Dhamma in his chariot sought the skies."

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[104] When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "Not now only, Brethren, but in former times also, Devadatta attacked me, and was swallowed up in the earth": then he identified the Birth—"At that time Devadatta was Adhamma, and his attendants were the attendants of Devadatta, and I was Dhamma, and the Buddha's attendants were the attendants of Dhamma."

No. 458.

UDAYA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Thee flawless,*" *etc.* This story the Master told, while dwelling in Jetavana, about a backsliding Brother. The occasion will be explained under the Kusa Birth[2]. Again the Master asked the man, "Is it true, Brother, that you have backslidden, as they say?" And he replied, "Yes, Sir." Then he said, "O Brother, why are you backsliding from a religion such as ours, that leads to salvation, and all for fleshly lusts? Wise men of old, who were kings in Surundha, a city prosperous and measuring twelve leagues either way, though for seven hundred years they abode in one chamber with a woman beauteous as the nymphs divine, yet did not yield to their senses, and never so much as looked at her with desire." So saying, he told a story of the past.

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[1] Cf. Ananusociya-jātaka, No. 328 in vol. iii.

[2] No. 531.

Once upon a time, when king Kāsi was reigning over the realm of Kāsi, in Surundha his city, neither son nor daughter had he. So he bade his queens offer prayer for sons. Then the Bodhisatta, passing out of Brahma's world, was conceived in the womb of his chief queen. And because by his birth he cheered the hearts of a great multitude, he received the name of Udayabhadda, or Welcome. At the time when the lad could walk upon his feet, another being came into this world from the world of Brahma, and became a girl child in the womb of another of this king's wives, and she was named with the same name, Udayabhaddā.

When the Prince came of years, he attained a mastery in all branches of education; [105] more, he was chaste to a degree, and knew nothing of the deeds of the flesh, not even in dream, nor was his heart bent on sinfulness. The king desired[1] to make his son king, with the solemn sprinkling, and to arrange plays for his pleasure; and gave command accordingly. But the Bodhisatta replied, "I do not want the kingdom, and my heart is not bent on sinfulness." Again and again he was entreated, but his reply was to have made a woman's image of red gold, which he sent to his parents, with the message, "When I find such a woman as this, I will accept the kingdom." This golden image they dispatched over all India, but found no woman like to it. Then they deckt out Udayabhaddā very fine, and confronted her with the image; and her beauty surpassed it as she stood. Then they wedded her to the Bodhisatta for consort, against their wills though it were, his own sister the Princess Udayabhaddā, born of a different mother, and sprinkled him to be king.

These two lived together a life of chastity. In course of time, when his parents were dead, the Bodhisatta ruled the realm. The two dwelt together in one chamber, yet denied their senses, and never so much as looked upon one another in the way of desire; nay, a promise they even made, that which of them soever should first die, he should return to the other from his place of new birth, and say, 'In such a place am I born again.'

Now from the time of his sprinkling the Bodhisatta lived seven hundred years, and then he died. Other king there was none, the commands of Udayabhaddā were promulgated, the courtiers administered the kingdom. The Bodhisatta had become Sakka in the Heaven of the Thirty-three, and by the magnificence of his glory was for seven days unable to remember the past. So he after the course of seven hundred years, according to man's reckoning[2], remembered, and said to himself, "To the king's daughter Udayabhaddā I will go, and I will test her with

[1] In the text, the King's words should begin at the word *puttaṁ*, as the context shows.

[2] Does this mean that Sakka's day equals 100 of our years?

riches, and roaring with the roar of a lion I will discourse, and will fulfil my promise!"

In that age they say that the length of man's life was ten thousand years. Now at that time, it being the time of night, the palace doors were fast closed, and the guard set, and the king's daughter was sitting quiet and alone, in a magnificent chamber upon the fine terrace of her seven-storeyed mansion, [106] meditating upon her own virtue. Then Sakka took a golden dish filled with coins all of gold, and in her very sleeping-chamber appeared before her; and standing on one side, began speech with her by reciting the first stanza:

"Thee flawless in thy beauty, pure and bright,
Thee sitting lonely on this terrace-height,
In pose most graceful, eyed like nymphs of heaven,
I pray thee, let me spend with thee this night!"

To this the princess made answer in the two stanzas following:

"To this battlemented city, dug with moats, approach is hard,
While its trenches and its towers hand and sword unite to guard.

"Not the young and not the mighty entrance here can lightly gain;
Tell me—what can be the reason why to meet me thou art fain?"

Then Sakka recited the fourth stanza:

[107] "I, fair beauty, am a Goblin, I that now appear to thee:
Grant to me thy favour, lady, this full bowl receive from me."

On hearing which the princess replied by repeating the fifth stanza:

"I ask for none, since Udaya has died,
Nor god nor goblin, no nor man, beside:
Therefore, O mighty Goblin, get thee gone,
Come no more hither, but far off abide."

Hearing her lion's note, he stood not, but made as though to depart; and at once disappeared. Next day at the same hour, he took a silver bowl filled with golden coins and addrest her by repeating the sixth stanza:

"That chiefest joy, to lovers known completely,
Which makes men do full many an evil thing,
Despise not thou, O lady, smiling sweetly:
See, a full bowl of silver here I bring!"

Then the princess began to think, "If I allow him to talk and prate, he will come again and again. I will have nothing to say to him now." [108] So she said nothing at all. Sakka finding that she had nothing to say, disappeared at once from his place.

Next day, at the same time, he took an iron bowl full of coins, and said, "Lady, if you will bless me with your love, I will give this iron bowl full of coins to you." When she saw him, the princess repeated the seventh stanza:

"Men that would woo a woman, raise and raise
The bids of gold, till she their will obeys.
The gods' ways differ, as I judge by thee:
Thou comest now with less than other days."

The Great Being, when he heard these words, made reply, "Lady Princess, I am a wary trader, and I waste not my substance for nought. If you were increasing in youth or beauty, I would also increase the present I offer you; but you are fading, and so I make the offering dwindle also." So saying, he repeated three stanzas:

"O woman! youthful bloom and beauty fade
Within this world of men, thou fair-limbed maid.
And thou to-day art older grown than erst,
So dwindles less the sum I would have paid.

"Thus, glorious daughter of a king, before my gazing eyes
As goes the flight of day and night thy beauty fades and dies.

"But if, O daughter of a king most wise, it pleases thee
Holy and pure to aye endure, more lovely shalt thou be!"

[109] Hereupon the princess repeated another stanza:

"The gods are not like men, they grow not old;
Upon their flesh is seen no wrinkled fold.
How is't the gods have no corporeal frame?
This, mighty Goblin, I would now be told!"

Then Sakka explained the matter by repeating another stanza:

"The gods are not like men: they grow not old;
Upon their flesh is seen no wrinkled fold:
To-morrow and to-morrow ever more
Celestial beauty grows, and bliss untold."

[110] When she heard the beauty of the world of gods, she asked the way to go thither in another stanza:

"What terrifies so many mortals here?
I ask thee, mighty Goblin, to make clear
That path, in such diversity explained:
How faring heavenwards need no one fear?"

Then Sakka explained the matter in another stanza:

"Who keeps in due control both voice and mind,
Who with the body loves not sin to do,
Within whose house much food and drink we find,
Large-handed, bounteous, in all faith all true,
Of favours free, soft-tongued, of kindly cheer—
He that so walks to heaven need nothing fear."

[111] When the princess had heard his words, she rendered thanks in another stanza:

"Like a mother, like a father, Goblin, you admonish me:
Mighty one, O beauteous being, tell me, tell me who you be?"

Then the Bodhisatta repeated another stanza:

"I am Udaya, fair lady, for my promise come to thee:
Now I go, for I have spoken; from the promise I am free."

The princess drew a deep breath, and said, "You are King Udayabhadda, my lord!" then burst into a flood of tears, and added, "Without you I cannot live! Instruct me, that I may live with you always!" So saying she repeated another stanza:

"If thou'rt Udaya, come hither for thy promise—truly he—,
Then instruct me, that together we, O prince, again may be!"

Then he repeated four stanzas by way of instruction:

"Youth passes soon: a moment—'tis gone by;
No standing-place is firm: all creatures die
To new life born: this fragile frame decays:
Then be not careless, walk in piety.

"If the whole earth with all her wealth could be
The realm of one sole king to hold in fee,
A holy saint would leave him in the race:
Then be not careless, walk in piety.

[112] "Mother and father, brother-kin, and she
(The wife) who with a price can purchased be,
They go, and each the other leave behind:
Then be not careless, walk in piety.

"Remember that this body food shall be
For others; joy alike and misery,
A passing hour, as life succeeds to life:
Then be not careless, walk in piety."

In this manner discoursed the Great Being. The lady being pleased with the discoursing, rendered thanks in the words of the last stanza:

[113] "Sweet the saying of this Goblin: brief the life that mortals know,
Sad it is, and short, and with it comes inseparable woe.
I renounce the world: from Kāsi, from Surundhana, I go."

Having thus discoursed to her, the Bodhisatta went back to his own place.

The princess next day entrusted her courtiers with the government; and in that very city of hers, in a delightsome park, she became a recluse. There she lived righteously, until at the end of her days she was born again in the Heaven of the Thirty-three, as the Bodhisatta's handmaiden.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth: (now at the conclusion of the Truths, the backsliding Brother was established in the fruit of the First Path:)—"At that time Rāhula's mother was the Princess, and Sakka was I myself."

No. 459.

PĀNĪYA-JĀTAKA.

"*The water-draught,*" *etc.* This story the Master told, whilst dwelling in Jetavana, about the subduing of evil passions.

At one time, we learn, five hundred citizens of Sāvatthi, being householders and friends of the Tathāgata, had heard the Law and had renounced the world, and been ordained as priests. Living in the house of the Golden Pavement, at midnight they indulged in thoughts of sin. (All the details are to be understood as in a previous story[1].) At the command of the Blessed One, the Brotherhood was assembled by the Venerable Ānanda. The Master sat in the appointed seat, and without asking them, "Do you indulge in thoughts of sin?" he addressed them comprehensively and in general terms: "Brethren, there is no such thing as a petty sin. A Brother must check all sins as they each arise. Wise men of old, before the Buddha came, subdued their sins and attained to the knowledge of a Pacceka-Buddha." With these words, he told them a story of the past.

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[114] Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, there were two friends in a certain village in the kingdom of Kāsi. These had gone afield, taking with them vessels for drinking, which they laid out of the way as they broke the clods, and when they were thirsty, went and drank water out of them. One of them, on going for a drink, husbanded the water in his own pot, and drank out of the pot of the other. In the evening, when he came out from the woodland, and had bathed, he stood thinking. "Have I done any sin to-day," thought he, "either by the door of the body, or any other?"[2] Then he remembered how he drank the stolen water, and grief came upon him, and he cried, "If this thirst grows upon me, it will bring me to some evil birth! I will subdue my sin." So with this stolen draught of water for cause[3], he gradually acquired supernatural insight, and attained the knowledge of a Pacceka-Buddha; and there he stood, reflecting upon the knowledge which he had attained.

Now the other man, having bathed, got up, saying, "Come, friend, let us go home." Said the other, "Go home thou, home is nothing to me, I am a Pacceka-Buddha." "Pooh! are Pacceka-Buddhas like you?" "What are they like, then?" "Hair two fingers long, yellow robes they wear, in Nandamūla cave they live high up in Himalaya." The other stroked his head: in that very moment the marks of a layman disappeared,

[1] See on No. 412, vol. ii.

[2] i.e. *word*, or *thought*.

[3] That is, he made this the subject of his meditation (*ārammaṇaṁ*), and thus sunk into an ecstatic trance.

a pair of red cloths were wrapt round him, a waist-band yellow like a flash of lightning was about him tied, the upper robe of the colour of red lac was thrown over one shoulder, a dust-heap ragged cloth dingy as a storm-cloud lay on his shoulder, a bee-brown earthen bowl dangled from over his left shoulder; there he stood poised in mid-air, and having delivered a discourse, he rose and descended not until he came to the mountain-cave of Nandamūla.

Another man, who also lived in a village of Kāsi, a land-owner, was sitting in the bazaar, when he saw a man approach leading his wife. Seeing her (and she was a woman of surpassing beauty) he broke the moral principles, and looked upon her; then again he thought, "This desire, if it increases, will cast me into some evil birth." Being exercised in mind, he developed supernatural insight, and attained the knowledge of a Pacceka-Buddha; then poised in the air, he delivered a discourse, [115] and he also went to the Nandamūla cave[1].

Villagers of a place in Kāsi were likewise two, a father and a son, who were going on a journey together. At the entering in of a forest were robbers posted. These robbers, if they took a father and son together, would keep the son with them, and send the father away, saying, "Bring back a ransom for your son": or if two brothers, they kept the younger and sent the elder away; or if teacher and pupil, they kept the teacher and sent the pupil,—and the pupil for love of learning would bring money and release his teacher. Now when this father and son saw the robbers lying in wait, the father said, "Don't you call me 'father,' and I will not call you 'son'." And so they agreed. So when the robbers came up, and asked how they stood to one another, they replied, "We are nothing to one another," thus telling a premeditated lie. When they came out of the forest, and were resting after the evening bath, the son examined his own virtue, and remembering this lie, he thought, "This sin, if it increases, will plunge me in some evil birth. I will subdue my sin!" Then he developed supernatural insight, and attained to the knowledge of a Pacceka-Buddha, and poised in the air delivered a discourse to his father, and he too went to the Nandamūla cave.

In a village of Kāsi also lived a zemindar, who laid an interdict upon all slaughter. Now when the time came when offering was wont to be made to the spirits, a great crowd gathered, and said, "My lord! this is the time for sacrifice: let us slay deer and swine and other animals, and make offering to the Goblins," he replied, "Do as you have done aforetime." The people made a great slaughter. The man seeing a great quantity of fish and flesh, thought to himself, "All these living creatures the men have slain, and all because of my word alone!" He repented: and as he stood

[1] Cf. Vidabbha-jātaka, vol. i. no. 48.

by the window, he developed supernatural insight, and attained to the knowledge of a Pacceka-Buddha, and poised in the air delivered a discourse, then he too went to the Nandamūla cave.

Another zemindar who lived in the kingdom of Kāsi, prohibited the sale of strong drink. A crowd of people cried out to him, "My lord, what shall we do? It is the time-honoured drinking festival!" He replied, "Do as you have always done aforetime." [116] The people made their festival, and drank strong drink, and fell a-quarrelling; there were broken legs and arms, and cracked crowns, and ears torn off, and many a penalty was inflicted for it. The zemindar seeing this, thought to himself, "If I had not permitted this, they would not have suffered this misery." Even for this trifle he felt remorse: then he developed supernatural insight, and attained the knowledge of a Pacceka-Buddha, poised in the air he discoursed, and bade them be vigilant, then he too went to the Nandamūla cave.

Some time afterwards, the five Pacceka-Buddhas all alighted at the gate of Benares, seeking for alms. Their upper robe and lower robe neatly arranged, with gracious address they went on their rounds, and came to the gate of the King's palace. The King was much pleased to behold them; he invited them into his palace, and washed their feet, anointed them with fragrant oil, set before them savoury food both hard and soft, and sitting on one side, thus addressed them: "Sirs, that you in your youth have embraced the ascetic life, is beautiful; at this age, you have become ascetics, and you see the misery of evil lusts. What was the cause of your action?" They replied as follows:

"The water-draught of my own friend, although a friend, I stole:
Loathing the sin which I had done, I afterwards was fain
To leave the world, an eremite, lest I should sin again."

"I looked upon another's wife; lust rose within my soul:
Loathing the sin which I had done, I afterwards was fain
To leave the world, an eremite, lest I should sin again."

"Thieves caught my father in a wood: to whom I did forth tell
That he was other than he was—a lie, I knew it well:
Loathing the sin," *etc.*

"The people at a drinking-feast full many beasts did kill,
And not against my will:
Loathing the sin," *etc.*

"Those persons who in former times of liquors drank their till,
Now carried out a drinking-bout, whence many suffered ill,
[117] And not against my will.
Loathing the sin which I had done, I afterwards was fain
To leave the world, an eremite, lest I should sin again."

These five stanzas they repeated one after the other.

When the king had heard the explanation of each, he uttered his praise, saying, "Sirs, your asceticism becomes you well."

The king was delighted at the discourse of these men. He bestowed upon them cloth for outer and inner garments, and medicines, then let the Pacceka-Buddhas go away. They thanked him, and returned to the place whence they came. Ever after that the king loathed the pleasures of sense, was free from desire, ate[1] his choice and dainty food, but to women he would not speak, would not look at them, rose up disgusted at heart and retired to his magnificent chamber, and there he sat: stared at a white wall until he fell into a trance, and conceived within him the rapture of mystic meditation. In this rapture rapt, he recited a stanza in dispraise of desire:

"Out on it, out on lust, I say, unsavoury, thorn-beset!
Never, though long I followed wrong, such joy as this I met!"

[118] Then his chief queen thought to herself, "That king heard the discoursing of the Pacceka-Buddhas, and now he never speaks to us, but buries himself despondent in his magnificent chamber. I must take him in hand." So she came to the door of that lordly chamber, and standing at the door, heard the king's rapturous utterances, in dispraise of desire. She said, "O mighty king, you speak ill of desire! but there is no joy like the joy of sweet desire!" Then in praise of desire she repeated another stanza:

"Great is the joy of sweet desire: no greater joy than love:
Who follow this attain the bliss of paradise above!"

Hearing this, the king made reply: "Perish, vile jade! What sayst thou? Whence comes the joy of desire? There are miseries which come to pay for it": with which he uttered the remaining stanzas in dispraise:

"Ill-tasting, painful is desire, there is no worser woe:
Who follow sin are sure to win the pains of hell below.

"Than sword well whetted, or a blade implacable, athirst,
Than knives deep driven in the heart, desires are more accurst.

"A pit as deep as men are tall, where live coals blazing are,
A ploughshare heated in the sun,—desires are worser far.

"A poison very venomous, an oil of little ease[2],
Or that vile thing to copper clings[3]—desires are worse than these."

[119] Thus the Great Being discoursed to his consort. Then he gathered his courtiers, and said, "O courtiers, do you manage the kingdom: I am about to renounce the world." Amidst the wailing and lamentation of a great multitude, he rose before them, and poised in the air, delivered a discourse. Then along the path of the wind he past to furthest Himalaya, and in a delightsome spot builded a

[1] Ought we to read *abhuñjitvā*, 'did not care to eat'?
[2] 'Extracted oil'? (Cf. Suçruta, I. 181). Apparently some kind of poison.
[3] Verdigris.

hermitage; there he lived the life of a sage, until at the end of his days he became destined for the world of Brahma.

The Master, having ended this discourse, added, "Brethren, there is no such thing as a petty sin: the very smallest must be checked by a wise man." Then he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth (now at the conclusion of the Truths the five hundred Brethren became established in sainthood):—"At that time the Pacceka-Buddhas attained Nirvāna, Rāhula's mother was the queen consort, and I myself was the king."

No. 460.

YUVAÑJAYA-JĀTAKA.

"*I greet the lord,*" *etc.* This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about the Great Renunciation[1]. One day the Brethren had assembled in the Hall of Truth. "Brother," one would say to his fellow, "the Dasabala[2] might have dwelt in a house, he might have been an universal monarch in the centre of the great world, possessed of the Seven Precious Things, glorious with the Four Supernatural Faculties[3], surrounded with sons more than a thousand! Yet all this magnificence he renounced when he perceived the bane that lies in desires. At midnight, with Channa in company, he mounted his horse Kanthaka, and departed: on the banks of Anomā, the River Glorious, he renounced the world, and for six years he tormented himself with austerities, and then attained to perfect wisdom." Thus talked they of the Buddha's virtues. The Master entering, asked, "What are you speaking of now, Brethren, as ye sit here?" They told him. Said the Master, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that the Tathāgata has made the Great Renunciation. In days of yore he retired and gave up the kingdom of Benares City, which was twelve leagues in extent." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time a king named Sabbadatta reigned in the city of Ramma. The place which we now call Benares is named Surundhana City in the Udaya Birth[4], and Sudassana in the Cullasutasoma[5] Birth, and

[1] Buddha's retirement from the world: Hardy, *Manual*, pp. 158 ff.; Warren, *Buddhism in Translations*, § 6.

[2] Buddha: one who possesses the Ten Powers or Ten Kinds of Knowledge.

[3] See iii. 454 (p. 272 of this translation).

[4] No. 458.

[5] No. 525.

Brahmavaddhana in the Soṇandana[1] Birth, and Pupphavatī in the Khaṇḍahāla[2] Birth: [120] but in this Yuvañjaya Birth it is named Ramma City. In this manner its name changes on each several occasion. At that time the king Sabbadatta had a thousand sons; and to his eldest son Yuvañjana he gave the viceroyalty.

One day early in the morning he mounted his splendid chariot, and in great pomp went to disport him in the park. On the tree-tops, on the grass-tips, at the ends of the branches, on all the spiders' webs and threads, on the points of the rushes, he saw the dew-drops hanging like so many strings of pearls. "Friend charioteer," quoth he, "what is this?" "This, my lord," he replied, "is what falls in the cold weather, and they call it dew." The prince took his pleasure in the park for a portion of the day. In the evening, as he was returning home, he could see none of it. "Friend charioteer," said he, "where are the dew-drops? I do not see them now." "My lord," said the other, "as the sun rises higher, they all melt and sink into the ground." On hearing this, the prince was distressed, and said, "The life of us living beings is fashioned like dew-drops on the grass. I must be rid of the oppression of disease, old age, and death; I must take leave of my parents, and renounce the world." So because of the dew-drops, he perceived the Three modes of Existence[3] as it were in a blazing fire. When he came home, he went into the presence of his father in his magnificent Hall of Judgement, and greeting his father, he stood on one side, and repeated the first stanza, asking his leave to renounce the world:

"I greet the lord of charioteers with friends and courtiers by:
The world, O King! I would renounce: let not my lord deny."

Then the king repeated the second stanza, dissuading him:

"If aught thou crave, Yuvañjana, I will fulfil it quite:
If any hurt thee, I protect: be thou no eremite."

[121] Hearing this, the prince recited the third stanza:

"No man there is that does me harm: my wishes nothing lack:
But I would seek a refuge, where old age makes no attack."

By way of explaining this matter, the Master uttered a half-stanza:

"The son speaks to his father thus, the father to his son":

The remaining half-stanza was uttered by the king:

"Leave not the world, O prince! so cry the townsfolk every one."

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[1] No. 532.

[2] No. 542.

[3] *Kāmabhavo, rūpabhavo, arūpabhavo*: sense-existence, body-existence (where there is form, but no sensual enjoyment), formless-existence. See Hardy, *Manual of Budhism*, p. 3, for a fuller account.

The prince again repeated this stanza:

"O do not from the unworldly life, great monarch, make me stay,
Lest I, intoxicate with lusts, to age become a prey!"

This said, the king hesitated. Then the mother was told, "Your son, my lady, is asking his father's leave to renounce the world." "What do you say?" she asked. It took her breath away. Seated in her litter of gold she went swiftly to the Hall of Judgement, and repeating the sixth stanza, asked:

"I beg thee, it is I, my dear, and I would make thee stay!
Long wish I thee, my son, to see: O do not go away!"

[122] On hearing which the prince repeated the seventh stanza:

"Like as the dew upon the grass, when the sun rises hot,
So is the life of mortal men: O mother, stay me not!"

When he had said this, she begged him again and again to the same effect. Then the Great Being addressed his father in the eighth stanza:

"Let those that bear this litter, lift: let not my mother stay
Me, mighty king! from entering upon my holy way[1]."

When the king heard his son's words, he said, "Go, lady, in your litter, back to our palace of Perennial Delight." At his words her feet failed her: and surrounded with her company of women, she departed, and entered the palace, and stood looking towards the Hall of Judgement, and wondering what news of her son. After his mother's departure the Bodhisatta again asked leave of his father. The king could not refuse him, and said, "Have thy will, then, dear son, and renounce the world."

When this consent was gained, the Bodhisatta's youngest brother, Prince Yudhiṭṭhila, greeted his father, and likewise asked leave to follow the religious life, and the king consented. Both brothers bade their father farewell, and having now renounced worldly lusts departed from the Hall of Judgement, amidst a great company of people. The queen looking upon the Great Being cried weeping, "My son has renounced the world, and the city of Ramma will be empty!" Then she repeated a couple of stanzas:

"Make haste, and bless thee! empty now is Rammaka, I trow:
King Sabbadatta has allowed Yuvañjana to go.

[123] "The eldest of a thousand, he, like gold to look upon,
This mighty prince has left the world the yellow robe to don."

The Bodhisatta did not at once embrace the religious life. No, he first bade farewell to his parents; then taking with him his youngest brother, Prince Yudhiṭṭhila, he left the city, and sending back the great

[1] *Tarati* means technically to 'flee from the City of Destruction.'

multitude which followed them, they both made their way to Himalaya. There in a delightsome spot they built a hermitage, and embraced the life of a holy sage, and cultivating the transcendent rapture of meditation, they lived all their lives long upon the fruits and roots of the forest, and became destined for the world of Brahma.

This matter is explained in the stanza of perfect wisdom which comes last:

"Yuvañjana, Yudhiṭṭhila, in holy life remain:
Their father and their mother left, they break in two death's chain."

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that the Tathāgata renounced a kingdom to follow the religious life, but it was the same before;" then he identified the Birth:—"At that time members of the present king's family were the father and mother, Ānanda was Yudhiṭṭhila, and I was Yuvañjana myself."

No. 461.

DASARATHA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Let Lakkhaṇa,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told in Jetavana about a landowner whose father was dead. This man on his father's death was overwhelmed with sorrow: leaving all his duties undone, he gave himself up to his sorrow wholly. The Master at dawn of day looking out upon mankind, perceived that he was ripe for attaining the fruit of the First Path. Next day, after going his rounds for alms in Sāvatthi, his meal done, he dismissed the Brethren, and taking with him a junior Brother, [124] went to this man's house, and gave him greeting, and addressed him as he sat there in words of honey sweetness. "You are in sorrow, lay Brother?" said he. "Yes, Sir, afflicted with sorrow for my father's sake." Said the Master, "Lay Brother, wise men of old who exactly knew the eight conditions of this world[2], felt at a father's death no grief, not even a little." Then at his request he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, at Benares, a great king named Dasaratha renounced the ways of evil, and reigned in righteousness. Of his sixteen thousand wives, the eldest and queen-consort bore him two sons and a daughter;

[1] Edited and translated by V. Fausbøll, *The Dasaratha Jātaka*, Copenhagen, 1871. The story is like that of the Rāmāyana, except that here Sītā is the hero's sister, not his wife.

[2] Gain and loss, fame and dishonour, praise and blame, bliss and woe.

the elder son was named Rāma-paṇḍita, or Rama the Wise, the second was named Prince Lakkhaṇa, or Lucky, and the daughter's name was the Lady Sītā[1].

In course of time, the queen-consort died. At her death the king was for a long time crushed by sorrow, but urged by his courtiers he performed her obsequies, and set another in her place as queen-consort. She was dear to the king and beloved. In time she also conceived, and all due attention having been given her, she brought forth a son, and they named him Prince Bharata.

The king loved his son much, and said to the queen, "Lady, I offer you a boon: choose." She accepted the offer, but put it off for the time. When the lad was seven years old, she went to the king, and said to him, "My lord, you promised a boon for my son. Will you give it me now?" "Choose, lady," said he. "My lord," quoth she, "give my son the kingdom." The king snapt his fingers at her; "Out, vile jade!" said he angrily, "my other two sons shine like blazing fires; would you kill them, and ask the kingdom for a son of yours?" She fled in terror to her magnificent chamber, and on other days again and again asked the king for this. The king would not give her this gift. He thought within himself: "Women are ungrateful and treacherous. This woman might use a forged letter or a treacherous bribe to get my sons murdered." So he sent for his sons, and told them all about it, saying: "My sons, if you live here some mischief may befall you. Go to some neighbouring kingdom, or to the woodland, and when my body is burnt, then return and inherit the kingdom which belongs to your family." Then he summoned soothsayers, and asked them the limits of his own life. They told him he would live yet twelve years longer. [125] Then he said, "Now, my sons, after twelve years you must return, and uplift the umbrella of royalty." They promised, and after taking leave of their father, went forth from the palace weeping. The Lady Sītā said, "I too will go with my brothers:" she bade her father farewell, and went forth weeping.

These three departed amidst a great company of people. They sent the people back, and proceeded until at last they came to Himalaya. There in a spot well-watered, and convenient for the getting of wild fruits, they built a hermitage, and there lived, feeding upon the wild fruits.

Lakkhaṇa-paṇḍita and Sītā said to Rāma-paṇḍita, "You are in place of a father to us; remain then in the hut, and we will bring wild fruit, and feed you." He agreed: thenceforward Rāma-paṇḍita stayed where he was, the others brought the wild fruit and fed him with it.

1 "Cool," which has in India the same pleasant associations as warm has for us.

Thus they lived there, feeding upon the wild fruit; but King Dasaratha pined after his sons, and died in the ninth year. When his obsequies were performed, the queen gave orders that the umbrella should be raised over her son, Prince Bharata. But the courtiers said, "The lords of the umbrella are dwelling in the forest," and they would not allow it. Said Prince Bharata, "I will fetch back my brother Rāma-paṇḍita from the forest, and raise the royal umbrella over him." Taking the five emblems of royalty[1], he proceeded with a complete host of the four arms[2] to their dwelling-place. Not far away he caused camp to be pitched, and then with a few courtiers he visited the hermitage, at the time when Lakkhaṇa-paṇḍita and Sītā were away in the woods. At the door of the hermitage sat Rāma-paṇḍita, undismayed and at ease, like a figure of fine gold firmly set. The prince approached him with a greeting, and standing on one side, told him of all that had happened in the kingdom, and falling at his feet along with the courtiers, burst into weeping. Rāma-paṇḍita neither sorrowed nor wept; emotion in his mind was none. When Bharata had finished weeping, and sat down, towards evening the other two returned with wild fruits. Rāma-paṇḍita thought—"These two are young: all-comprehending wisdom like mine is not theirs. [126] If they are told on a sudden that our father is dead, the pain will be greater than they can bear, and who knows but their hearts may break. I will persuade them to go down into the water, and find a means of disclosing the truth." Then pointing out to them a place in front where there was water, he said, "You have been out too long: let this be your penance—go into that water, and stand there." Then he repeated a half-stanza:

"Let Lakkhaṇa and Sītā both into that pond descend."

One word sufficed, into the water they went, and stood there. Then he told them the news by repeating the other half-stanza:

"Bharata says, king Dasaratha's life is at an end."

When they heard the news of their father's death, they fainted. Again he repeated it, again they fainted, and when even a third time they fainted away, the courtiers raised them and brought them out of the water, and set them upon dry ground. When they had been comforted, they all sat weeping and wailing together. Then Prince Bharata thought: "My brother Prince Lakkhaṇa, and my sister the Lady Sītā, cannot restrain their grief to hear of our father's death; but Rāma-paṇḍita neither wails nor weeps. I wonder what can the reason be that he

[1] Sword, umbrella, diadem, slippers, and fan.

[2] Elephants, cavalry, chariots, infantry.

grieves not? I will ask." Then he repeated the second stanza, asking the question :

"Say by what power thou grievest not, Rāma, when grief should be?
Though it is said thy sire is dead grief overwhelms not thee!"

Then Rāma-paṇḍita explained the reason of his feeling no grief by saying,

"When man can never keep a thing, though loudly he may cry,
Why should a wise intelligence torment itself thereby?

[127] "The young in years, the older grown, the fool, and eke the wise,
For rich, for poor one end is sure: each man among them dies.

As sure as for the ripened fruit there comes the fear of fall,
So surely comes the fear of death to mortals one and all.

"Who in the morning light are seen by evening oft are gone,
And seen at evening time, is gone by morning many a one.

"If to a fool infatuate a blessing could accrue
When he torments himself with tears, the wise this same would do.

"By this tormenting of himself he waxes thin and pale;
This cannot bring the dead to life, and nothing tears avail.

"Even as a blazing house may be put out with water, so
The strong, the wise, the intelligent, who well the scriptures know,
Scatter their grief like cotton when the stormy winds do blow.

"One mortal dies—to kindred ties born is another straight:
Each creature's bliss dependent is on ties associate.

"The strong man therefore, skilled in sacred text,
Keen-contemplating this world and the next,
Knowing their nature, not by any grief,
However great, in mind and heart is vext.

"So to my kindred I will give, them will I keep and feed,
All that remain I will maintain: such is the wise man's deed."[1]

In these stanzas he explained the Impermanence of things.

[129] When the company heard this discourse of Rāma-paṇḍita, illustrating the doctrine of Impermanence, they lost all their grief. Then Prince Bharata saluted Rāma-paṇḍita, begging him to receive the kingdom of Benares. "Brother," said Rāma, "take Lakkhaṇa and Sītā with you, and administer the kingdom yourselves." "No, my lord, you take it." "Brother, my father commanded me to receive the kingdom at the end of twelve years. If I go now, I shall not carry out his bidding. After three more years I will come." "Who will carry on the government all that time?" "You do it." "I will not." "Then until I come, these slippers shall do it," said Rāma, and doffing his slippers of straw he gave them to his brother. So these three persons took the slippers, and bidding the wise man farewell, went to Benares with their great crowd of followers.

[1] The scholiast quotes on p. 129 a stanza which occurred in the Kālabāhu Birth, No. 329 (vol. iii. p. 66 of this translation), beginning "Gain and loss".

For three years the slippers ruled the kingdom. The courtiers placed these straw slippers upon the royal throne, when they judged a cause. If the cause were decided wrongly, [130] the slippers beat upon each other[1], and at that sign it was examined again; when the decision was right, the slippers lay quiet.

When the three years were over, the wise man came out of the forest, and came to Benares, and entered the park. The princes hearing of his arrival proceeded with a great company to the park, and making Sītā the queen consort, gave to them both the ceremonial sprinkling. The sprinkling thus performed, the Great Being standing in a magnificent chariot, and surrounded by a vast company, entered the city, making a solemn circuit right-wise; then mounting to the great terrace of his splendid palace Sucandaka, he reigned there in righteousness for sixteen thousand years, and then went to swell the hosts of heaven.

This stanza of Perfect Wisdom explains the upshot:

"Years sixty times a hundred, and ten thousand more, all told,
Reigned strong-armed Rāma, on his neck the lucky triple fold."[2]

The Master having ended this discourse, declared the Truths, and identified the Birth: (now at the conclusion of the Truths, the land-owner was established in the fruit of the First Path:) "At that time the king Suddhodana[3] was king Dasaratha, Mahāmāyā[3] was the mother, Rāhulā's mother[4] was Sītā, Ānanda was Bharata, and I myself was Rāma-paṇḍita."

No. 462.

SAṀVARA-JĀTAKA.

"*Your nature, mighty monarch,*" *etc.* This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about a Brother who had ceased to strive. This, we learn, was a young man of family, who lived in Sāvatthi. Having heard the Master's discoursing, he renounced the world. Fulfilling the tasks imposed by his teachers and preceptors, he learnt by heart both divisions of the Pātimokkha.

[1] This last incident is an addition to the narrative in the Rāmāyana, ii. 115, nor is it found in Tulsī Dās' Hindi version.

[2] *Kambugīvo*: three folds on the neck, like shell-spirals, were a token of luck.

[3] Gotama Buddha's father and mother.

[4] Gotama Buddha's wife.

When five years were past, he said, "When I have been instructed in the mode of attaining the mystic trance, I will go dwell in the forest." Then he took leave of his teachers and preceptors, and proceeded to a frontier village in the kingdom of Kosala. The people were pleased with his deportment, [131] and he made a hut of leaves and there was attended to. Entering upon the rainy season, zealous, eager, striving in strenuous endeavour he strove after the mystic trance for the space of three months: but of this not a trace could he produce. Then he thought: "Verily I am the most devoted to worldly conditions[1] among the four classes of men taught by the Master! What have I to do with living in the forest?" Then he said to himself, "I will return to Jetavana[2], and there in beholding the beauty of the Tathāgata, and hearing his discourse sweet as honey, I will pass my days." So he relaxed his striving; and setting forth he came in course of time to Jetavana. His preceptors and teachers, his friends and acquaintances asked him the cause of his coming. He informed them, and they reproved him for it, asking him why he had so done. Then they led him into the Master's presence. "Why, Brethren," said the Master, "do you lead hither a Brother against his will?" They replied, "This Brother has come hither because he has relaxed his striving." "Is this true, as they tell me?" asked the Master. "Yes, Sir," said the man. Said the Master, "Why have you ceased to strive, Brother? For a weak and slothful man there is in this religion no high fruition, no sainthood: they only who make strenuous effort accomplish this. In days long gone by you were full of strength, easy to teach: and in this way, though the youngest of all the hundred sons of the king of Benares, by holding fast to the admonition of wise men you obtained the White Umbrella." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the youngest of his hundred sons was named Prince Saṁvara. The king gave his sons in charge each of a separate courtier, with directions to teach them each what they ought to learn. The courtier who instructed the Prince Saṁvara was the Bodhisatta, wise, learned, filling a father's place to the king's son. As each of the sons was educated, the courtiers brought them for the king to see. The king gave them each a province, and let them go.

When the Prince Saṁvara had been perfected in all learning, he asked the Bodhisatta, "Dear father, if my father sends me to a province, what am I to do?" He replied, "My son, when a province is offered you, you should refuse it, and say, My lord, I am the youngest of all: if I go too, there will be no one about your feet: I will remain where I am, at your feet." Then one day, when Prince Saṁvara had saluted him, and was standing on one side, the king asked him, "Well, my son, have you finished your learning?" "Yes, my lord." "Choose a province." "My lord, [132] there will be emptiness about your feet: let me remain here at your feet, and in no other place!" The king was pleased, and consented.

[1] An arhat is called *apado*, sc. devoid of conditions for rebirth, such as human passion, desire, karma, kleça, &c. (Childers, p. 313); *padaparamo* seems to mean the opposite.

[2] The quotation should include *Jetavanaṁ gantvā*, as is shewn by line 7.

After that he remained there at the king's feet; and again asked the Bodhisatta, "What else am I to do, father?" "Ask the king," said he, "for some old park." The prince complied, and asked for a park: with the fruits and flowers that there grew he made friends with the powerful men in the city. Again he asked what he was to do. "Ask the king's leave, my son," said the Bodhisatta, "to distribute the food-money within the city." So he did, and without the least neglect of any person he distributed the food-money within the city. Again he asked the Bodhisatta's advice, and after soliciting the king's consent, distributed food within the palace to the servitors and the horses and to the army, without any omission: to messengers come from foreign countries he assigned their lodging and so forth, for merchants he fixed the taxes, all that had to be arranged he did alone. Thus following the advice of the Great Being, he made friends with every body, those in the household and those without, all in the city, the subjects of the kingdom, strangers, by his winsomeness binding them to him as it were by a band of iron: to all of them he was dear and beloved.

When in due time the king lay on his deathbed, the courtiers asked him, "When you are dead, my lord, to whom shall we give the White Umbrella?" "Friends," said he, "all my sons have a right to the White Umbrella. But you may give it to him that pleases your mind." So after his death, and when the obsequies had been performed, on the seventh day they gathered together, and said: "Our king bade us give the Umbrella to him that pleases our mind. He that our mind desires is Prince Saṁvara." Over him therefore they uplifted the White Umbrella with its festoons of gold, escorted by his kinsmen.

The Great King Saṁvara cleaving to the advice of the Bodhisatta reigned in righteousness.

The other ninety and nine princes heard that their father was dead, and that the Umbrella had been uplifted over Saṁvara. [133] "But he is the youngest of all," said they; "the Umbrella does not belong to him. Let us uplift the Umbrella over the eldest of us all." They all joined forces, and sent a letter to Saṁvara, bidding him resign the Umbrella or fight; then they surrounded the city. The king told this news to the Bodhisatta, and asked what he was to do now. He answered: "Great King, you must not fight with your brothers. Divide the treasure belonging to your father into a hundred portions, and to your brothers send ninety-nine of them, with this message, 'Accept this share of your father's treasure, for fight with you I will not.'" So he did.

Then the eldest of all the brothers, Prince Uposatha by name, summoned the rest together, and said to them, "Friends, there is no one able to overcome the king; and this our youngest brother, though he has been our enemy, does not remain so: but he sends us his wealth, and refuses to

fight with us. Now we cannot all uplift the Umbrella at the same moment; let us uplift it over one only, and let him alone be king; so when we see him, we will hand over the royal treasure to him, and return to our own provinces." Then all these princes raised the siege of the city, and entered it, foes no longer. And the king told his courtiers to welcome them, and sent them to meet the princes. The princes with a great following entered on foot, and mounting the steps of the palace, and using all humility towards the great king Saṁvara, sat down in a lowly place. King Saṁvara was seated under the White Umbrella upon a throne: great magnificence was his, and great pomp; what place soever he looked upon, trembled and quaked. Prince Uposatha seeing the magnificence of the mighty king Saṁvara, thought to himself, "Our father, methinks, knew that Prince Saṁvara would be king after his decease, and therefore gave us provinces and gave him none;" then addressing him, repeated three stanzas:

[134] "Your nature, mighty monarch, sure the lord of men well knew:
The other princes honoured he, but nothing gave to you.

"While the king lived was it, or when a god to heaven he went,
That seeing their own benefit, your kinsmen gave consent?

"Say by what power, O Saṁvara, you stand above your kin:
Why do your brethren not unite from you the place to win?"

On hearing this, King Saṁvara repeated six stanzas to explain his own character:

"Because, O prince, I never grudge great sages what is meet:
Ready to pay them honour due, I fall before their feet.

"Me envying none, and apt to learn all conduct meet and right,
Wise sages each good precept teach in which they take delight.

"I listen to the bidding of these sages great and wise:
My heart is bent to good intent, no counsel I despise.

"Elephant troops and chariotmen, guard royal, infantry—
I took no toll of daily dole, but paid them all their fee.

"Great nobles and wise counsellors waiting on me are found;
With food, wine, water (so they boast) Benares doth abound.

[135] "Thus merchants prosper, and from many a realm they come and go,
And I protect them. Now the truth, Uposatha, you know."

Prince Uposatha listened to this account of his character, and then repeated two stanzas:

"Then be above your kith and kin, and rule in righteousness,
So wise and prudent, Saṁvara, your brethren you shall bless.

"Your treasure-heaps your brethren will defend, and you shall be
Safe from your foes as Indra's self from his arch enemy."[1]

[1] The King of the Asuras or Titans.

[136] King Saṁvara gave great honour to all his brothers. They remained with him a month and half a month; then they said to him, "Great King, we would go and see if there be any brigands afoot in our provinces; all happiness to your rule!" They departed each to his province. And the king abode by the admonition of the Bodhisatta, and at the end of his days went to swell the hosts of heaven.

The Master, having finished this discourse, added, "Long ago, Brother, you followed instruction, and why do you not now sustain your effort?" Then he declared the Truths and identified the Birth: (now at the conclusion of the Truths this Brother was established in the fruit of the First Path:) "At that time this Brother was the great king Saṁvara, Sāriputta was Prince Uposatha, the Elders and secondary Elders were the other brothers, the Buddha's followers were their followers, and I myself was the courtier who advised the king."

No. 463.

SUPPĀRAKA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Men with razor-pointed,*" *etc.* This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about the Perfection of Knowledge. One day, we are told, at evening, the Brethren were awaiting the coming of the Tathāgata to preach to them, and as they sat in the Hall of Truth, they were saying one to another, "Verily, Brother, the Master has great wisdom! wide wisdom! ready wisdom! swift wisdom! sharp wisdom! penetrating wisdom! His wisdom hits on the right plan for the right moment; wide as the world, like a mighty ocean unfathomable, as the heavens spread abroad: in all India no wise man exists who can match the Dasabala. As a billow that rises upon the great sea cannot reach the shore, or if it reaches the shore it breaks; [137] so no man can reach the Dasabala in wisdom, or if he comes to the Master's feet he is broken." In these words they sang the praises of the Dasabala's Perfect Wisdom. The Master came in, and asked, "What are you talking of, Brethren, as you sit here?" They told him. He said, "Not now only is the Tathāgata full of wisdom. In former days, even when his knowledge was immature, he was wise. Blind though he was, he knew by the signs of the ocean that in the ocean such and such a jewel was hid." Then he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, a king named Bharu reigned in the kingdom of Bharu. There was a seaport town named Bharukaccha, or the Marsh of Bharu. At that time the Bodhisatta was born into the family of a master

[1] Hardy, *Manual of Buddhism*, p. 13.

mariner there; amiable he was, and of complexion a golden brown. They gave him the name of Suppāraka-kumāra. He grew up with great distinction; and even when he was no more than sixteen years old, he had gained a complete mastery over the art of seamanship. Afterwards when his father died he became the head of the mariners and plied the mariner's calling: wise he was, and full of intelligence; with him aboard, no ship came ever to harm.

In time it so happened that injured by the salt water both his eyes lost their sight. After which, head of the mariners though he was, he plied no more the mariner's trade; but resolved to live in the king's service, he approached the king to that end. And the king appointed him to the office of valuer and assessor. From that time he assessed the worth of valuable elephants, valuable horses, choice pearls and gems.

One day an elephant was brought to the king, of the colour of a black rock, that he might be the state elephant. The king gave him a glance, and commanded that he be shown to the wise man. They led the creature before him. The man passed his hand over the elephant's body, and said, "This elephant is not fit to be the elephant of state. This has the qualities of an elephant that is deformed behind. When his dam brought him forth, she could not take him on her shoulder; so she let him fall on the ground, and thus he became deformed in his hind feet." They questioned those who had brought the elephant; and they replied that the wise man spoke the truth. [138] When the king heard of this, he was pleased, and ordered eight pieces of money to be given him.

On another day, a horse was brought for the king's horse of state. This too was sent to the wise man. He felt it all over with his hand, and then said, "This is not fit to be the king's state charger. On the day this horse was born, his dam died, and so for lack of the mare's milk he did not grow properly." This saying of his was true also. When the king heard of it, he was pleased, and caused him to be presented with eight pieces more.

Another day, a chariot was brought, to be the king's state chariot. This too the king sent to him. He felt it over with his hand and said, "This chariot was made out of a hollow tree, and therefore it is not fit for the king." This saying of his was true like the others. The king was pleased again when he heard of it, and gave him other eight pieces.

Then again they brought him a precious rug of great price, which the king sent to the man as before. He felt it all over, and said, "There is one place here where a rat has bitten a hole." They examined and found the place, and then told the king. Pleased was the king, and ordered eight pieces to be given him again.

Now the man thought, "Only eight pieces of money, with such marvels as these to see! This is a barber's gift; this king must be a barber's

brat. Why should I serve such a king? I will return to my own home." So back he went to the seaport of Bharukaccha, and there he lived.

It happened that some merchants had got ready a ship, and were casting about for a skipper. "That clever Suppāraka," thought they, "is a wise and skilful man; with him aboard no ship comes to harm. Blind though he be, the wise Suppāraka is the best." So to him they repaired, and asked him to be their skipper. "Blind am I, friends," he replied, "and how can I sail your ship?" "Blind you may be, master," said the merchants, "but you are the best." As they pressed him unceasingly, he at length consented: "As you put it to me," says he, "I will be your skipper." [139] Then he went aboard their vessel.

They sailed in their ship upon the high seas. For seven days the ship sailed without mishap: then an unseasonable wind arose. Four months the vessel tost about on a primeval ocean, until she arrived at what is called the Khuramāla Sea[1]. Here fish with bodies like men, and sharp razor-like snouts, dive in and out of the water. The merchants observing these asked the Great Being what that sea was named, repeating the first stanza:

"Men with razor-pointed noses rising up and diving down!
Speak, Suppāraka, and tell us by what name this sea is known?"

The Great Being, at this question, conning over in mind his mariner's lore, answered by repeating the second stanza:

"Merchants come from Bharukaccha, seeking riches to purvey,
This is Khuramāli[2] ocean where your ship has gone astray."

Now it happens that in this ocean diamonds are to be found. The Great Being reflected, that if he told them this was a diamond sea, they would sink the ship in their greed by collecting the diamonds. So he told them nothing; but having brought the ship to, he got a rope, and lowered a net as if to catch fish. With this he brought in a haul of diamonds, and stored them in the ship; then he caused the wares of little value to be cast overboard.

The ship past over this sea, and came to another called Aggimāla. This sea sent forth a radiance like a blazing bonfire, like the sun at midday. The merchants questioned him in this stanza:

"Lo! an ocean like a bonfire blazing, like the sun, we see!
Speak, Suppāraka, and tell us what the name of this may be?"

The Great Being replied to them in the stanza next following:

[140] "Merchants come from Bharukaccha, seeking riches to purvey,
This is Aggimāli[2] ocean where your ship has gone astray."

[1] There is an account of the mythological seas which follow in Hardy, *Manual of Buddhism*, pp. 12 ff.

[2] *Sic.*

Now in this sea was abundance of gold. In the same manner as before, he got a haul of gold from it, and laid it aboard. Passing over this sea, the ship next came to an ocean called Dadhimāla, gleaming like milk or curds. The merchants enquired its name in a stanza:

"Lo! an ocean white and milky, white as curds we seem to see!
Speak, Suppāraka, and tell us what the name of this may be?"

The Great Being answered them by the stanza next following:

"Merchants come from Bharukaccha, seeking riches to purvey,
This is Dadhimāli[1] ocean where your ship has gone astray."

In this sea there was abundance of silver. He procured it in the same way as before, and laid it aboard. Over this sea the ship sailed, and came to an ocean called Nīlavaṇṇakusa-māla, which had the appearance of a stretch of dark kusa-grass[2], or a field of corn. The merchants enquired its name in a stanza:

"Lo! an ocean green and grassy, like young corn we seem to see!
Speak, Suppūraka, and tell us what the name of this may be?"

He replied in the words of the stanza next following:

"Merchants come from Bharukaccha, seeking riches to purvey,
This is Kusamāli[1] ocean where your ship has gone astray."

Now in this ocean was a great quantity of precious emeralds. As before, he made a haul of them, and stored them on board. Passing over this sea, the ship came to a sea called Nalamāla, which had the aspect of an expanse of reeds or a grove of bamboos[3]. [141] The merchants asked its name in a stanza:

"Lo! an ocean like a reed-bed, like a bamboo-grove we see!
Speak, Suppāraka, and tell us what the name of this may be?"

The Great Being replied by the following stanza:

"Merchants come from Bharukaccha, seeking riches to purvey,
This is Nalamāli[1] ocean where your ship has gone astray."

Now this ocean was full of coral of the colour of bamboos[3]. He made a haul of this also and got it aboard.

After passing the Nalamāli Sea, the merchants came to a sea named Vaḷabhāmukha[4]. Here the water is sucked away and rises on every

[1] *Sic.*

[2] Poa Cynosuroides.

[3] The scholiast explains that the sea was red, like the reeds called 'scorpion-reed' or 'crab-reed,' which are red in colour: the word translated 'bamboo' (*velu*) he says may also mean 'coral.' He adds that the haul was coral, which is also the word used at the end of the story (*pavāḷo*). The word so translated here is *veluriyaṁ*, which Childers renders 'a kind of precious stone, perhaps lapis lazuli'.

[4] See Hardy, *Manual*, p. 13. It was a kind of hollow like a saucer.

side; and the water thus sucked away on all sides rises in sheer precipices leaving what looks like a great pit. A wave rises on one side like a wall: a terrific roar is heard, which seems as it would burst the ear and break the heart. On sight of this the merchants were terrified, and asked its name in a stanza:

"Hear the awful sound terrific of a huge unearthly sea!
Lo a pit, and lo the waters in a steep declivity!
Speak, Suppāraka, and tell us what the name of this may be?"

The Bodhisatta replied in this following stanza, "Merchants," etc., ending—"This Valabhāmukhi ocean," etc.

He went on, [142] "Friends, once a ship has got into the Valabhāmukha Sea there is no returning. If this ship gets there, she will sink and go to destruction." Now there were seven hundred souls aboard this ship, and they were in fear of death; with one voice they uttered a very bitter cry, like the cry of those who are burning in the lowest hell[1]. The Great Being thought, "Except me, no other can save those; I will save them by an Act of Truth." Then he said aloud, "Friends, bathe me speedily in scented water, and put new garments upon me, prepare a full bowl, and set me in front of the ship." They quickly did so. The Great Being took the full bowl in both hands, and standing in the front of the ship, performed an Act of Truth, repeating the final stanza:

"Since I can myself remember, since intelligence first grew,
Not one life of living creature have I taken, that I knew:
May this ship return to safety if my solemn words are true!"

Four months the vessel had been voyaging in far distant regions; and now as though endued with supernatural power, it returned in one single day to the seaport town of Bharukaccha, and even upon the dry land it went, till it rested before the mariner's door, having sprung over a space of eleven hundred cubits. The Great Being divided amongst the merchants all the gold and silver, jewels, coral, and diamonds, saying, [143] "This treasure is enough for you: voyage on the sea no more." Then he discoursed to them; and after giving gifts and doing good his life long, he went to swell the hosts of heaven.

The Master, having ended this discourse, said, "Then, Brethren, the Tathāgata was most wise in former days, as he is now," and identified the Birth: "At that time the Buddha's company were the company (of merchants), and I myself was the wise Suppāraka."

[1] *Avici.*

BOOK XII.—DVĀDASA-NIPĀTA.

No. 464.

CULLA-KUṆĀLA-JĀTAKA.

[144] "*Small of wit,*" *etc.*—This birth will be given under the Kuṇāla Birth[1].

No. 465.

BHADDA-SĀLA-JĀTAKA[2].

"*Who art thou,*" *etc.* This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana about doing good to one's kith and kin. At Sāvatthi in the house of Anāthapiṇḍika there was always unfailing food for five hundred Brethren, and the same with Visākhā[3] and the king of Kosala. But in the king's palace, various and fine as was the fare given, no one was friendly to the Brethren. The result was that the Brethren never ate in the palace, but they took their food and went off to eat it at the house of Anāthapiṇḍika or Visākhā or some other of their trusted friends.

One day the king said, "A present has been brought: take this to the Brethren," and sent it to the refectory. An answer was brought that no Brethren were there in the refectory. "Where are they gone?" he asked. They were sitting in their friends' houses to eat, was the reply. So the king after his morning meal came into the Master's presence, and asked him, "Good Sir, what is the best kind of food?" "The food of friendship is the best, great king," said he; "even sour rice-gruel given by a friend becomes sweet." "Well, Sir, and with whom do the Brethren find friendship?" "With their kindred, great king, or with the Sakya families." Then the king thought, what if he were to make a Sakya girl his queen-consort: then the Brethren would be his friends, as it were with their own kindred.

[145] So rising from his seat, he returned to the palace, and sent a message

1 No. 536.

2 For the Introductory story see *Dhammapada* (commentary), pp. 216 ff.

3 A famous female disciple, for whose history see Hardy, *Manual*, 220 ff.

to Kapilavatthu[1] to this effect: "Please give me one of your daughters in marriage, for I wish to become connected with your family." On receipt of this message the Sakyas gathered together and deliberated. "We live in a place subject to the authority of the king of Kosala; if we refuse a daughter, he will be very angry, and if we give her, the custom of our clan will be broken. What are we to do?" Then Mahānāma[2] said to them, "Do not trouble about it. I have a daughter, named Vāsabhakhattiyā. Her mother is a slave woman, Nāgamuṇḍā by name; she is some sixteen years of age, of great beauty and auspicious prospects, and by her father's side noble[3]. We will send her, as a girl nobly born." The Sakyas agreed, and sent for the messengers, and said they were willing to give a daughter of the clan, and that they might take her with them at once. But the messengers reflected, "These Sakyas are desperately proud, in matters of birth. Suppose they should send a girl who was not of them, and say that she was so? We will take none but one who eats along with them." So they replied, "Well, we will take her, but we will take one who eats along with you."

The Sakyas assigned a lodging for the messengers, and then wondered what to do. Mahānāma said: "Now do not trouble about it; I will find a way. At my mealtime bring in Vāsabhakhattiyā drest up in her finery; then just as I have taken one mouthful, produce a letter, and say, My lord, such a king has sent you a letter; be pleased to hear his message at once."

They agreed; and as he was taking his meal they drest and adorned the maid. "Bring my daughter," said Mahānāma, "and let her take food with me." "In a moment," said they, "as soon as she is properly adorned," and after a short delay they brought her in. Expecting to take food with her father, she dipt her hand into the same dish. Mahānāma had taken one mouthful with her, and put it in his mouth; but just as he stretched out his hand for another, they brought him a letter, saying, "My lord, such a king has sent a letter to you: be pleased to hear his message at once." Said Mahānāma, "Go on with your meal, my dear," [146] and holding his right hand in the dish, with his left took the letter and looked at it. As he examined the message the maiden went on eating. When she had eaten, he washed his hand and rinsed out his mouth. The messengers were firmly convinced that she was his daughter, for they did not divine the secret.

So Mahānāma sent away his daughter in great pomp. The messengers brought her to Sāvatthi, and said that this maiden was the true-born daughter of Mahānāma. The king was pleased, and caused the whole city to be decorated, and placed her upon a pile of treasure, and by a ceremonial sprinkling made her his chief queen. She was dear to the king, and beloved.

In a short time the queen conceived, and the king caused the proper treatment to be used; and at the end of ten months, she brought forth a son whose colour was a golden brown. On the day of his naming, the king sent a message to his grandmother, saying, "A son has been born to Vāsabhakhattiyā, daughter of the Sakya king; what shall his name be?" Now the courtier who was charged with this message was slightly deaf; but he went and told the king's grandmother. When she heard it, she said, "Even when Vāsabhakhattiyā had never borne a son, she was more than all the world; and now she will be the king's darling[4]." The deaf man did not hear the word "darling" aright, but thought she said "Viḍūḍabha;" so back he went to the king, and told him that he was to name the prince Viḍūḍabha. This, the king thought, must be some ancient family name, and so named him Viḍūḍabha.

After this the prince grew up treated as a prince should be.

When he was at the age of seven years, having observed how the other princes received presents of toy elephants and horses and other toys from the family of their mothers' fathers, the lad said to his mother, "Mother, the

[1] Headquarters of the Sakya clan, and Buddha's birthplace.

[2] A Sakya prince: see Hardy, *Manual*, 227.

[3] *Khattiya*. [4] *Vallabhā*.

rest of them get presents from their mothers' family, but no one sends me anything. Are you an orphan?" Then she replied, "My boy, your grandsires are the Sakya kings, but they live a long way off, and that is why they send you nothing." Again when he was sixteen, he said, "Mother, I want to see your father's family." "Don't speak of it, child," she said. "What will you do when you get there?" But though she put him off, he asked her again and again. At last his mother said, [147] "Well, go then." So the lad got his father's consent, and set out with a number of followers. Vāsabhakhattiyā sent on a letter before him to this effect: "I am living here happily; let not my masters tell him anything of the secret." But the Sakyas, on hearing of the coming of Viḍūḍabha, sent off all their young children into the country. "It is impossible," said they, "to receive him with respect."

When the Prince arrived at Kapilavatthu, the Sakyas had assembled in the royal rest-house. The Prince approached the rest-house, and waited. Then they said to him, "This is your mother's father, this is her brother," pointing them out. He walked from one to the other, saluting them. But although he bowed to them till his back ached, not one of them vouchsafed a greeting; so he asked, "Why is it that none of you greet me?" The Sakyas replied, "My dear, the youngest princes are all in the country;" then they entertained him grandly.

After a few days' stay, he set out for home with all his retinue. Just then a slave woman washed the seat which he had used in the rest-house with milk-water, saying insultingly, "Here's the seat where sat the son of Vāsabhakhattiyā, the slave girl!" A man who had left his spear behind was just fetching it, when he overheard the abuse of Prince Viḍūḍabha. He asked what it meant. He was told that Vāsabhakhattiyā was born of a slave to Mahānāma the Sakya. This he told to the soldiers: a great uproar arose, all shouting—"Vāsabhakhattiyā is a slave woman's daughter, so they say!" The Prince heard it. "Yes," thought he, "let them pour milk-water over the seat I sat in, to wash it! When I am king, I will wash the place with their hearts' blood!"

When he returned to Sāvatthi, the courtiers told the whole matter to the king. The king was enraged against the Sakyas for giving him a slave's daughter to wife. He cut off all allowances made to Vāsabhakhattiyā and her son, and gave them only what is proper to be given to slave men and women.

Some few days later the Master came to the palace, and took a seat. The king approached him, and with a greeting said, "Sir, I am told that your clansmen gave me a slave's daughter to wife. I have cut off their allowances, mother and son, and grant them only what slaves would get." Said the Master, "The Sakyas have done wrong, O great king! [148] If they gave any one, they ought to have given a girl of their own blood. But, O king, this I say: Vāsabhakhattiyā is a king's daughter, and in the house of a noble king she has received the ceremonial sprinkling; Viḍūḍabha too was begotten by a noble king. Wise men of old have said, what matters the mother's birth? The birth of the father is the measure: and to a poor wife, a picker of sticks, they gave the position of queen consort; and the son born of her obtained the sovereignty of Benares, twelve leagues in extent, and became King Kaṭṭha-vāhana, the Wood-carrier:" whereupon he told him the story of the Kaṭṭhahāri Birth[1].

When the king heard this speech he was pleased; and saying to himself, "The father's birth is the measure of the man," he again gave mother and son the treatment suited to them.

Now the king's commander-in-chief was a man named Bandhula. His wife, Mallikā, was barren, and he sent her away to Kusināra, telling her to return to her own family. "I will go," said she, "when I have saluted the Master." She went to Jetavana, and greeting the Tathāgata stood waiting on one side. "Where are you going?" he asked. She replied, "My husband has sent me home, Sir." "Why?" asked the Master. "I am barren, Sir, I have no son." "If that is all," said he, "there is no reason why you should go. Return." She was much pleased, and saluting the Master went home again. Her husband

[1] No. 7.

asked her why she had come back. She answered, "The Dasabala sent me back, my lord." "Then," said the commander-in-chief, "the Tathāgata must have seen good reason." The woman soon after conceived, and when her cravings began, told him of it. "What is it you want?" he asked. "My lord," said she, "I desire to go and bathe and drink the water of the tank in Vesāli City where the families of the kings get water for the ceremonial sprinkling." The commander-in-chief promised to try. Seizing his bow, strong as a thousand bows, he put his wife in a chariot, and left Sāvatthi, and drove his chariot to Vesālī.

Now at this time there lived close to the gate a Licchavi named Mahāli[1], who had been educated by the same teacher as the king of Kosala's general, Bandhula. This man was blind, and used to advise the Licchavis on all matters temporal and spiritual. Hearing the clatter of the chariot as it went over the threshold, he said, "The noise of the chariot of Bandhula the Mallian! [149] This day there will be fear for the Licchavis!" By the tank there was set a strong guard, within and without; above it was spread an iron net; not even a bird could find room to get through. But the general, dismounting from his car, put the guards to flight with the blows of his sword, and burst through the iron network, and in the tank bathed his wife and gave her to drink of the water; then after bathing himself, he set Mallikā in the chariot, and left the town, and went back by the way he came.

The guards went and told all to the Licchavis. Then were the kings of the Licchavis angry; and five hundred of them, mounted in five hundred chariots, departed to capture Bandhula the Mallian. They informed Mahāli of it, and he said, "Go not! for he will slay you all" But they said, "Nay, but we will go." "Then if you come to a place where a wheel has sunk up to the nave, you must return. If you return not then, return back from that place when you hear the noise of a thunderbolt. If then you turn not, turn back from that place where you shall see a hole in front of your chariots. Go no further!" But they did not turn back according to his word, but pursued on and on. Mallikā espied them and said, "There are chariots in sight, my lord." "Then tell me," said he, "when they all look like one chariot." When they all in a line looked like one, she said, "My lord, I see as it were the head of one chariot." "Take the reins, then," said he, and gave the reins into her hand: he stood upright in the chariot, and strung his bow. The chariot-wheel sank into the earth nave-deep. The Licchavis came to the place, and saw it, but turned not back. The other went on a little further, and twanged the bow string; then came a noise as the noise of a thunderbolt, yet even then they turned not, but pursued on and on. Bandhula stood up in the chariot and sped a shaft, and it cleft the heads of all the five hundred chariots, and passed right through the five hundred kings in the place where the girdle is fastened, and then buried itself in the earth. They not perceiving that they were wounded pursued still, shouting, "Stop, holloa, stop!" Bandhula stopt his chariot, and said, "You are dead men, and I cannot fight with the dead." "What!" said they, "dead, such as we now are?" "Loose the girdle of the first man," said Bandhula. [150] They loosed his girdle, and at the instant the girdle was loosed, he fell dead. Then he said to them, "You are all of you in the same condition: go to your homes, and set in order what should be ordered, and give your directions to your wives and families, and then doff your armour." They did so, and then all of them gave up the ghost[2].

And Bandhula conveyed Mallikā to Sāvatthi. She bore twin sons sixteen times in succession, and they were all mighty men and heroes, and became perfected in all manner of accomplishments. Each one of them had a thousand

[1] Called Mahā-licchavi in *Dhammapada* (p. 219).

[2] This is a variation of a well-known incident. A headsman slices off a man's head so skilfully, that the victim does not know it is done. The victim then takes a pinch of snuff, sneezes, and his head falls off. Another form is: Two men dispute, and one swings his sword round. They go on talking, and by and bye the other gets up to depart, and falls in two parts.

men to attend him, and when they went with their father to wait on the king, they alone filled the courtyard of the palace to overflowing.

One day some men who had been defeated in court on a false charge, seeing Bandhula approach, raised a great outcry, and informed him that the judges of the court had supported a false charge. So Bandhula went into the court, and judged the case, and gave each man his own. The crowd uttered loud shouts of applause. The king asked what it meant, and on hearing was much pleased; all those officers he sent away, and gave Bandhula charge of the judgement court, and thenceforward he judged aright. Then the former judges became poor, because they no longer received bribes, and they slandered Bandhula in the king's ear, accusing him of aiming at the kingdom himself. The king listened to their words, and could not control his suspicions. "But," he reflected, "if he be slain here, I shall be blamed." He suborned certain men to harry the frontier districts; then sending for Bandhula, he said, "The borders are in a blaze; go with your sons and capture the brigands." With him he also sent other men sufficient, mighty men of war, with instructions to kill him and his two-and-thirty sons, and cut off their heads, and bring them back.

While he was yet on the way, the hired brigands got wind of the general's coming, and took to flight. He settled the people of that district in their homes, and quieted the province, and set out for home. Then when he was not far from the city, those warriors cut off his head and the heads of his sons.

On that day Mallikā had sent an invitation to the two chief disciples along with five hundred of the Brethren. Early in the forenoon a letter was brought to her, with news that her husband and sons had lost their heads. [151] When she heard this, without a word to a soul, she tucked the letter in her dress, and waited upon the company of the Brethren. Her attendants had given rice to the Brethren, when bringing in a bowl of ghee they happened to break the bowl just in front of the Elders. Then the Captain of the Faith said, "Pots are made to be broken; do not trouble about it." The lady produced her letter from the fold of her dress, saying, "Here I have a letter informing me that my husband and his two-and-thirty sons have been beheaded. If I do not trouble about that, am I likely to trouble when a bowl is broken?" The Captain of the Faith now began, "Unseen, unknown[1]," and so forth, then rising from his seat uttered a discourse, and went home. She summoned her two-and-thirty daughters-in-law, and to them said, "Your husbands, though innocent, have reaped the fruit of their former deeds. Do not you grieve, nor commit a sin of the soul worse even than the king's." This was her advice. The king's spies hearing this speech brought word to him that they were not angry. Then the king was distrest, and went to her dwelling, and craving pardon of Mallikā and her sons' wives, offered a boon. She replied, "Be it accepted." She set out the funeral feast, and bathed, and then went before the king. "My lord," said she, "you granted me a boon. I want nothing but this, that you permit my two-and-thirty daughters-in-law and me to go back to our own homes." The king consented. Each of her two-and-thirty sons' wives she sent away to her home, and herself returned to the home of her family in the city of Kusināra. And the king gave the post of commander-in-chief to one Dīgha-kārāyana, sister's son to the general Bandhula. But he went about picking faults in the king and saying, "He murdered my uncle."

Ever after the murder of the innocent Bandhula the king was devoured by remorse, and had no peace of mind, felt no joy in being king. At that time the Master dwelt near a country town of the Sakyas, named Uḷumpa. Thither went the king, pitched a camp not far from the park, and with a few attendants went to the monastery to salute the Master. The five symbols of royalty[2] he handed to Kārāyana, and alone entered the Perfumed Chamber. All that followed must be described as in the Dhammacetiya Sutta. When he

[1] *Sutta-Nipāta* 574: "Unseen, unknown, is the life of men here below:" and so forth, for twenty stanzas. This is the *Sallasutta*.

[2] See above, p. 80 note.

entered the Perfumed Chamber, Kārāyana took those symbols of royalty, [152] and made Viḍūḍabha king; and leaving behind for the king one horse and a serving woman, he went to Sāvatthi.

After a pleasant conversation with the Master, the king on his return saw no army. He enquired of the woman, and learnt what had been done. Then set out for the city of Rājagaha, resolved to take his nephew with him[1], and capture Viḍūḍabha. It was late when he came to the city, and the gates were shut: and lying down in a shed, exhausted by exposure to wind and sun, he died there.

When the night began to grow brighter, the woman began to wail, "My lord, the king of Kosala is past help!" The sound was heard, and news came to the king. He performed the obsequies of his uncle with great magnificence.

Viḍūḍabha once firmly established on the throne remembered that grudge of his, and determined to destroy the Sakyas one and all; to which end he set out with a large army. That day at dawn the Master, looking forth over the world, saw destruction threatening his kin. "I must help my kindred," thought he. In the forenoon he went in search of alms, then after returning from his meal lay down lion-like in his Perfumed Chamber, and in the evening-time, having past through the air to a spot near Kapilavatthu, sat beneath a tree that gave scanty shade. Hard by that place, a huge and shady banyan tree stood on the boundary of Viḍūḍabha's realms. Viḍūḍabha seeing the Master approached and saluting him, said, "Why, Sir, are you sitting under so thin a tree in all this heat? Sit beneath this shady banyan, Sir." He replied, "Let be, O king! the shade of my kindred keeps me cool."—"The Master," thought the other, "must have come here to protect his clansmen." So he saluted the Master, and returned again to Sāvatthi. And the Master rising went to Jetavana. A second time the king called to mind his grudge against the Sakyas, a second time he set forth, and again saw the Master seated in the same place, then again returned. A fourth time he set out; and the Master, scanning the former deeds of the Sakyas, perceived that nothing could do away with the effect of their evildoing, in casting poison into the river; so he did not go thither the fourth time. Then king Viḍūḍabha slew all the Sakyas, beginning with babes at the breast, and with their hearts' blood washed the bench, and returned.

On the day after the Master had gone out for the third time and returned, he, [153] having gone his rounds for alms, and his meal over, was resting in his Perfumed Chamber, the Brethren gathered from all directions into the Hall of Truth, and seating themselves, began to tell of the virtues of the Great Being: "Sirs, the Master but showed himself, and turned the king back, and set free his kinsmen from fear of death. A helpful friend is the Master to his clan!" The Master entered, and asked what they talked of as they sat there. They told him. Then he said, "Not now only, Brethren, does the Tathāgata act for the benefit of his kinsmen; he did the same long ago." With these words, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta ruled as king in Benares, and observed the Ten Royal Virtues, he thought to himself: "All over India the kings live in palaces supported by many a column. There is no marvel, then, in a palace supported by many columns; but what if I make a palace with one column only to support it? Then I shall be the chiefest king of all kings!" So he summoned his builders, and told them to build him a magnificent palace supported on one column. "Very good," said they, and away they went into the forest.

There they beheld many a tree, straight and great, worthy to be the

[1] The quotation should begin at *bhāgineyyaṁ*, since the king was alone.

single column of such a palace. "Here are these trees," said they, "but the road is rough, and we can never transport them; we will go ask the king about it." When they did so, the king said, "By hook or by crook you must bring them, and that quickly." But they answered, "Neither by hook nor by crook can the thing be done." "Then," said the king, "search for a tree in my park."

The builders went to the park, and there they espied a lordly sal tree, straight and well grown, worshipt by village and town, and to it the royal family also were wont to pay tribute and worship; and they told the king. Said the king, "In my park ye have found me a tree: good—go and cut it down." "So be it," said they, and repaired to the park, with their hands full of perfumed garlands and the like; then hanging upon it a five-spray garland[1], and encircling it with a string, fastening to it a nosegay of flowers, and kindling a lamp, they did worship, explaining, [154] "On the seventh day from now we shall cut down this tree: it is the king's command so to cut it down. Let the deities who dwell in this tree go elsewhither, and not unto us be the blame."

The god who dwelt in the tree hearing this, thought to himself: "These builders are determined to cut down this tree, and to destroy my place of dwelling. Now my life only lasts as long as this my abiding place. And all the young sal trees that stand around this, where dwell the deities my kinsfolk, and they are many, will be destroyed. My own destruction does not touch me so near as the destruction of my children: therefore I must protect their lives." Accordingly at the hour of midnight, adorned in divine splendour, he entered into the magnificent chamber of the king, and filling the whole chamber with a bright radiance, stood weeping beside the king's pillow. At sight of him the king, overcome by terror, uttered the first stanza:

"Who art thou, standing high in air, with heavenly vesture swathed:
Whence come thy fears, why flow the tears in which thine eyes are bathed?"

On hearing which the king of the gods repeated two stanzas:

"Within thy realm, O King, they know me as the Lucky Tree:
For sixty thousand years I stood, and all have worshipt me.

"Though many a town and house they made, and many a king's dwelling,
Yet me they never did molest, to me no harm did bring:
Then even as they did worship pay, so worship thou, O King!"

[155] Then the king repeated two stanzas:

"But such another mighty trunk I never yet did see,
So fine a kind in girth and height, so thick and strong a tree.

"A lovely palace I will build, one column for support:
There I will place thee to abide—thy life shall not be short."

[1] See note in vol. ii. p. 72.

On hearing this the king of the gods repeated two stanzas:

"Since thou art bent to tear my body from me, cut me small,
And cut me piecemeal limb from limb, O King, or not at all.

[156] "Cut first the top, the middle next, then last the root of me:
And if thou cut me so, O King, death will not painful be."

Then the king repeated two stanzas:

"First hands and feet, then nose and ears, while yet the victim lives,
And last of all the head let fall—a painful death this gives.

"O Lucky Tree! O woodland king! what pleasure couldst thou feel,
Why, for what reason dost thou wish to be cut up piecemeal?"

Then the Lucky Tree answered by repeating two stanzas:

"The reason (and a reason 'tis full noble) why piecemeal
I would be cut, O mighty king! come listen while I tell.

"My kith and kin all prospering round me well-sheltered grow:
These I should crush by one huge fall,—and great would be their woe."

[157] The king, hearing this, was much pleased: "'Tis a worthy god this," thought he, "he does not wish that his kinsfolk should lose their dwelling-place because he loses his; he acts for his kinsfolk's good." And he repeated the remaining stanza:

"O Lucky Tree! O woodland king! thy thoughts must noble be:
Thou wouldst befriend thy kindred, so from fear I set thee free."

The king of the gods, having discoursed to this king, then departed. And the king being established according to his admonition, gave gifts and did other good deeds, till he went to fill the hosts of heaven.

The Master having ended this discourse said: "Thus it is, Brethren, that the Tathāgata acts so as to do good to his kith and kin;" and then he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king, the followers of the Buddha were the deities which were embodied in the young saplings of the sal tree, and I was myself Lucky Tree, the king of the gods."

No. 466.

SAMUDDA-VĀṆIJA-JĀTAKA[1].

[158] "*Others sow,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about Devadatta, when he had gone down into Hell, taking with him five hundred families.

[1] The introductory story is given in *Dhammapada*, p. 147 ff.

Now Devadatta, when the Chief Disciples[1] had gone away, taking his followers with them[2], being unable to swallow his pain, spat up hot blood from his mouth, and departed; then tormented by great agony, as he remembered the virtues of the Tathāgata, he said to himself, "I for nine months have thought evil of the Tathāgata, but in the Master's heart is never a sinful thought for me; in the eighty chief elders is no malice towards me; by my own deeds that I have done I am become all forlorn, and I am renounced by the Master, by the great Elders, by Elder Rāhula chief of my family[3], and by all the royal clans of the Sakyas. I will go to the Master, and reconcile myself with him." So beckoning to his followers, he caused himself to be carried in a litter, and travelling always by night made his way to the city of Kosala.

Ānanda the Elder told the Master, saying, "Devadatta is coming, they say, to make his peace with you."—"Ānanda, Devadatta shall not see me." Again when he had arrived at the city of Sāvatthi, the Elder told it to the Master; and the Blessed One replied as before. When he was at the gate of Jetavana, and moving towards the Jetavana lake, his sin came to a head: a fever arose in his body, and desiring to bathe and drink, he commanded them to let him out of the litter, that he might drink. No sooner had he alighted, and stood upon the ground, than before he could refresh himself the great earth gaped, a flame arose from the nethermost hell of Avīci and surrounded him. Then he knew that his deeds of sin had come to a head, and remembering the virtues of the Tathāgata, he repeated this stanza[4]:

"With these my bones to that supremest Being,
Marked with an hundred lucky marks, all-seeing,
God, more than God, who man's bull-spirit tames,
With all my soul to Buddha I am fleeing!"

But in the very act of taking refuge, he was doomed to the Hell Avīci. And there were five hundred families of his attendants, which families following him reviled the Dasabala, and abused him, and in the Avīci hell were born, they also. Thus he went to Avīci, taking with him five hundred families.

So one day they were talking in the Hall of Truth: "Brother, the sinful Devadatta, [159] through greed of gain, set his anger causelessly against the Supreme Buddha, and with no regard for the terrors of the future, with five hundred families was doomed to hell." The Master entering asked of what they were speaking: they told him. Said he, "Brethren, Devadatta being greedy of gain and honour had no eye for the terrors of the future; and in former times, as now, regarding not the terrors of the future, he with his followers through greed of present happiness came to utter ruin." So saying, he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, there stood near Benares a great town of carpenters, containing a thousand families. The carpenters from this town used to profess that they would make a bed, or a chair, or a house, and after receiving a large advance from men's hands, they proved able to make nothing whatever. The people used to upbraid every carpenter they met with, and interfered

1 Sāriputta and Moggallāna.
2 Cf. Hardy, *Buddhism*, p. 328.
3 Devadatta was brother-in-law of the Buddha.
4 *Dhammapada*, p. 148.

with them. So those debtors were so much harassed that they could live there no longer. "Let us go into some foreign land," said they, "and find some place or other to dwell in;" so to the forest they went. They cut down trees, they built a mighty ship, and launched her in the river, and took her away from that town, and at a distance of some three-quarters of a league[1] they laid her up. Then in the middle of the night they returned to the town to fetch their families, whom they conveyed on board ship, and then proceeded in due course to the ocean. There they sailed at the wind's will, until they reached an island that lay in the midst of the sea. Now in that island grew wild all manner of plants and wild fruit-trees, rice, sugar-cane, banana, mango, rose-apple, jack, cocoanut, and what not. There was another man who had been shipwrecked and had taken possession of that island before them, and lived therein, eating the rice and enjoying the sugar-cane and all the rest, by which he had grown stout and sturdy; naked he went, and his hair and beard were grown long. The carpenters thought, "If yonder island is haunted of demons, we shall all perish; so we will explore it." Then seven brave men [160] and strong, arming them with the five kinds of weapons[2], disembarked and explored that island.

At that moment the castaway had just broken his fast, and drunk of the juice of the sugar-cane, and in high contentment was lying on his back in a lovely spot, cool in the shade on some sand which glistered like silver plate; and he was thinking, "No such happiness as this have they who dwell in India, that plough and sow; better to me is this island than India!" He sang for joy, and was at the height of bliss.

The Master, to explain how this castaway sang for joy and bliss, repeated the first stanza:

"Others sow and others plough,
Living by the sweat o' the brow;
In my realm they have no share:
India? this is better far!"

The scouts who were exploring the isle caught the sound of his singing, and said, "It seems the voice of man that we hear; let us make acquaintance with him." Following the sound, they came upon the man, but his aspect horrified them. "'Tis a goblin!" they cried, and put arrow to bow. When the man saw them, he was in fear of being wounded, so he called out—"I am no goblin, sirs, but a man: spare my

[1] See vol. ii. p. 147, note.
[2] Sword, spear, bow, shield, axe.

life!"—"What!" said they, "do men go all naked and defenceless like you?" and asked him again and again, only to receive the same answer, that he was a man. At last they approached him, and all began to talk pleasantly together, and the new-comers asked how he came thither. The other told them the truth of it. "As a reward for your good deeds you have come hither," said he, "this is a first-rate island. No need here to work with your hands for a living; of rice and sugar-cane, and all the rest, there is no end here, and all growing wild; you may live here without anxiety." "Is there nothing else," they asked, [161] "to hinder our living here?" "No fear is there but this: the isle is haunted by demons, and the demons would be incensed to see the excretions of your bodies; so when you would relieve yourselves, dig a hole in the sand and hide it there. That is the only danger; there is no other; only always be careful on this point."

Then they took up their abode in the place.

But among these thousand families there were two master workmen, one at the head of each five hundred of them; and one of these was foolish and greedy of the best food, the other wise and not bent on getting the best of everything.

In course of time as they continued to dwell there, all grew stout and sturdy. Then they thought, "We have not been merry men this long time[1]: we will make some toddy from the juice of the sugar-cane." So they caused the strong drink to be made, and being drunken, sang, danced, sported, then in thoughtlessness relieved themselves here, there, and everywhere without hiding it, so that they made the island foul and disgusting. The deities were incensed because these men made their playing-place all foul. "Shall we bring the sea over it," they deliberated, "and cleanse the island?—This is the dark fortnight: now our gathering is broken up. Well, on the fifteenth day from now, at the first of the full moon, at the time of the moon's rising, we will bring up the sea and make an end of them all." Thus they fixed the day. At this a righteous deity who was one of them thought, "I would not that these should perish before my eyes." So in his compassion, at the time when the men were sitting at their doors in pleasant converse, after their evening meal, he made the whole island one blaze of light, and adorned in all splendour stayed poised in the air towards the north, and spoke to them thus: "O ye carpenters! the deities are wroth with you. Dwell no longer in this place, for in half a month from this time, the

[1] There seems to be something wrong with the text: as it stands, the meaning is: "For a long time these have not been heroes." But the word *sūro* is used idiomatically, *sūro hutvā* 'as bold as brass,' i. 262. 30, ii. 119. 22. It might well be used of 'Dutch courage.'—Or perhaps *surā* (brandy) in some form may lurk here.

deities will bring up the sea, [162] and destroy you one and all. Therefore flee from this place." And he repeated the second stanza:

"In thrice five days the moon will rise to view:
Then from the sea a mighty flood is due
This mighty island to o'erwhelm: then haste,
Elsewhere take shelter, that it hurt not you."

With this advice, he returned to his own place. He gone, another comrade of his, a cruel god, thought, "Perhaps they will follow his advice and escape; I will prevent their going, and bring them all to utter destruction." So adorned in divine splendour, he made a great blaze of light over the whole place, and approaching them, remained poised in the air towards the south, as he asked, "Has there been a god here?" "There has," was the reply. "What did he tell you?" They answered, "Thus and thus, my lord." He then said, "This god does not wish you to live here, and in anger speaks. Go not elsewhither, but stay even here." And with these words, he repeated two stanzas:

"To me by many signs it is made clear,
That mighty ocean flood of which you hear
Shall never this great island overwhelm:
Then take your pleasure, grieve not, never fear.

"Here you have lit upon a wide abode,
Full of all things to eat, of drink and food;
I see no danger for you: come, enjoy
Unto all generations this your good."

[163] Having thus in these two stanzas offered to relieve their anxiety, he departed. When he was gone, the foolish carpenter lifted up his voice, and paying no heed to the saying of the righteous deity, he cried, "Let your honours listen to me!" and addressed all the carpenters in the fifth stanza:

"That god, who from the southern quarter clear
Cries out, All safe! from him the truth we hear;
Fear or fear not, the northern knows no whit:
Why grieve, then? take your pleasure—never fear!"

On hearing him, the five hundred carpenters who were greedy of good things inclined to the counsel of the foolish carpenter. But then the wise carpenter refused to hearken to his saying, and addressing the carpenters repeated four stanzas:

"While these two goblins gainst each other cry,
One calling fear, and one security,
Come hear my rede, lest soon and out of hand
Ye all together perish utterly.

"Let us join all to build a mighty bark,
A vessel stout, and place within this ark
All fittings: if this southern spoke the truth,
And the other said but folly, off the mark

"This vessel for us good at need shall be;
Nor will we leave this isle incontinent;
But if the northern god spake truthfully,
The southern did but foolishness present—
[164] Then in the ship we all embark together,
And where our safety lies, all hie us thither.

"Take not for best or worst what first you hear;
But whoso lets all pass within the ear,
And then deliberating takes the mean,
That man to safest harbourage will steer[1]."

After this, he again said: "Come now, let us follow the words of both the deities. Let us build a ship, and then if the words of the first be true, into that ship we will climb and depart; but if the words of the other be true, we will put the ship out of the way, and dwell here." When he had thus spoken, said the foolish carpenter: [165] "Go to! you see a crocodile in a teacup! you are too-too slow! The first god spake in anger against us, the second in affection. If we leave this choicest of isles, whither shall we go? But if you needs must go, take your tail with you, and make your ship: we want no ship, we!"

The wise man with those that followed him, built a ship, and put all the fittings aboard, and he and the whole company stood in the ship. Then on the day of the full moon, at the time of moon-rising, up from the ocean a wave arose, and knee-deep it swept over the whole island. The wise man, when he observed the rising of the wave, cast loose the ship. Those of the foolish carpenter's party, five hundred families they were, sat still, saying to one another, "A wave has arisen, to sweep over the island, but it will be no deeper." Then the ocean-wave rose waist-deep, man-deep, deep as a palm-tree, as seven palm-trees, and over the whole island it rolled. The wise man, fertile in resource, not snared by greed of good things, departed in safety; but the foolish carpenter, greedy of good things, not regarding the fear of the future, with five hundred families was destroyed.

The other three stanzas, full of instruction, illustrating this matter, are stanzas of the Perfect Wisdom:

"As through mid-ocean, by the deeds they did,
The traders scaped away in happiness:
So wise men, comprehending what lies hid
Within the future, will no jot transgress.

"Fools in their folly, eaten up with greed
Who future dangers do not comprehend,
Sink overwhelmed, in face of present need,
As these in middest-ocean found their end.

[1] This metaphor is not in the Pali.

[166] "Accomplish then the deed before the need,
Let not lack hurt me of the needful thing.
Who timely do the necessary deed
Come time, come never into suffering."

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said: "Not now for the first time, Brethren, but formerly also, has Devadatta been ensnared by pleasures of the present, and without a look to the future, has come to destruction with all his companions." So saying, he identified the Birth: "At that time, Devadatta was the foolish carpenter, Kokālika was the unrighteous deity that stood in the southern region, Sāriputta was the deity who stood in the northern part, and I was myself the wise carpenter."

No. 467.

KĀMA-JĀTAKA[1].

[167] "*He that desires,*" *etc.* This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about a certain brahmin.

A brahmin, so they say, who dwelt at Sāvatthi, was felling trees on the bank of the Aciravatī, in order to cultivate the land. The Master perceiving his destiny[2], when he visited Sāvatthi for alms, went out of his road to talk sweetly with him. "What are you doing, brahmin?" he asked. "O Gotama," said the man, "I am cutting a space free for cultivation." "Very good," he replied, "go on with your work, brahmin." In the same manner the Master came and talked with him when the felled trunks were all away, and the man was clearing his acre, and again at plowing time, and at making the little embanked squares for water[3]. Now on the day of sowing, the brahmin said, "To-day, O Gotama, is my plowing festival[4]. When this corn is ripe, I will give alms in plenty to the Order, with the Buddha at their head." The Master accepted his offer, and went away. On another day he came, and saw the brahmin watching the corn. "What are you doing, brahmin?" asked he. "Watching the corn, O Gotama!" "Very good, brahmin," said the Master, and away he went. Then the brahmin thought, "How often Gotama the ascetic comes this way! Without doubt he wants food. Well, food I will give him." On the day when this thought came into his mind, when he went home, there he found the Master come also. Thereat arose in the brahmin a wondrous great confidence.

By and bye, when ripe was the corn, the brahmin resolved, to-morrow he would reap the field. But while he lay in bed, in the upper reaches of the Aciravatī the rain poured in bucketsful: down came a flood, and carried the whole crop away to the sea, so that not one stalk was left. When the flood

[1] See No. 228 (ii. p. 149 of this translation).

[2] *I.e.* his capacity in the spiritual life.

[3] Refer to the following passage in *Vedāntaparibhāshā*: 'yathā tadāgodakaṃ kulyātmanā *kedārān* praviçya tadvadeva catuṣkoṇādyākāraṃ bhavati.' (For this note I am indebted to Prof. Cowell.) See also Sleeman, *Rambles &c.* ii. 178.

[4] There was a great yearly ceremony of this kind, at which the King held the plough; see Hardy's *Manual of Buddhism*, p. 150.

subsided, and the brahmin beheld the destruction of his crops, he had not the strength to stand: pressing his hand to his heart (for he was overcome with great sorrow) he went weeping home, and lay down lamenting. In the morning the Master saw this brahmin overwhelmed with his woe, and thought he, "I will be the brahmin's support." So next day, after his alms-round in Sāvatthi, on his return from receipt of food he sent the Brethren back to their monastery, and himself with the junior who attended him visited the man's house. [168] When the brahmin heard of his coming, he took heart, thinking—"My friend must be come for a kindly talk." He offered him a seat; the Master entering sat upon the seat indicated, and asked, "Why are you downhearted, brahmin? what has happened to displease you?" "O Gotama!" said the man, "from the time that I cut down the trees on the bank of the Aciravatī, you know what I have been doing. I have been going about, and promising gifts to you when that crop should be ripe: now a flood has carried off the whole crop, away to the sea, nothing is left at all! Grain has been destroyed to the amount of a hundred waggon-loads, and so I am deep in grief!"—"Why, will what is lost come back for grieving?"—"No, Gotama, that will it not."—"If that is so, why grieve? The wealth of beings in this world, or their corn, when they have it, they have it, and when it is gone, why, gone it is. No composite thing but is subject to destruction; do not brood over it." Thus comforting him, the Master repeated the Kāma[1] Scripture as appropriate to his case. At the conclusion of the Kāma, the mourning brahmin was established in the Fruit of the First Path. The Master having eased him of his pain, arose from his seat, and returned to the monastery.

All the town heard how the Master had found such a brahmin pierced with the pangs of grief, had consoled him and established him in the Fruit of the First Path. The Brethren talked of it in the Hall of Truth: "Hear, Sirs! The Dasabala made friends with a brahmin, grew intimate, took his opportunity to declare the Law to him, when pierced with the pangs of grief, eased him of pain, established him in the Fruit of the First Path!" The Master came in, and asked, "What speak ye of, Brethren, as ye sit here together?" They told him. He replied, "This is not the first time, Brethren, I have cured his grief, but I did the same long, long ago:" and with these words he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, Brahmadatta king of Benares had two sons. To the elder he gave the viceroyalty, the younger he made commander-in-chief. Afterwards when Brahmadatta was dead, the courtiers were for making the elder son king by the ceremonial sprinkling. But he said, "I care nought for a kingdom: let my younger brother have it." They begged and besought him, but he would none of it; and the younger was sprinkled to be king. The elder cared not for the viceroyalty, or any such thing; and when they begged him to remain, and feed on the fat of the land, "Nay," quoth he, "I have nothing to do in this city," [169] and he departed from Benares. To the frontier he went; and dwelt with a rich merchant's family, working with his own hands. These after a while, learning that he was a king's son, would not allow him to work, but waited upon him as a prince should be attended.

Now after a time the king's officers came to that village, for taking a survey of the fields. Then the merchant came to the prince, and said,

[1] *Kāmasuttaṁ*: in *Sutta-Nipāta*, IV. i. (p. 146). See first stanza below.

"My lord, we support you; will you send a letter to your younger brother, and procure for us remission of taxes?" To this he agreed, and wrote as follows: "I am living with the family of such a merchant; I pray you remit their taxes for my sake." The king consented, and so did. Thereupon all the villagers, and the people of the country side, came to him, and said, "Get our taxes remitted, and we will pay taxes to you." For them too he sent his petition, and got the taxes remitted. After that the people paid their taxes to him. Then his receipts and honour were great; and with this greatness grew his covetousness also. So by degrees he asked for all the district, he asked for the office of viceroy, and the younger brother gave it all. Then as his greed kept growing, he was not content even with viceroyalty, and determined to seize the kingdom; to which end he set out with a host of people, and taking up a position outside the city, sent a letter to his younger brother—"Give me the kingdom, or fight for it."

The younger brother thought: "This fool refused once kingdom, and viceroyalty, and all; and now says he, I will take it by battle! If I slay him in battle, it will be my shame; what care I for being king?" So he sent a message, "I have no wish to fight: you may have the kingdom." The other accepted it, and made his younger brother viceroy.

Thenceforward he ruled the kingdom. But so greedy was he, that one kingdom could not content him, but he craved for two kingdoms, then for three, [170] and yet saw no end to his greed.

At that time Sakka, king of the Gods, looked abroad: "Who are they," thought he, "carefully tend their parents? who give alms and do good? who are in the power of greed?" He perceived that this man was subject to greed: "Yon fool," thought he, "is not satisfied with being king of Benares. Well, I will teach him a lesson." So in the guise of a young brahmin, he stood at the door of the palace, and sent in word, that at the door stood a clever young man. He was admitted, and wished victory to the king; then the king said, "Why have you come?" "Mighty King!" he answered, "I have a thing to say to you, but I desire privacy." By power of Sakka, at that very instant the people retired. Then said the young man, "O great king! I know three cities, prosperous, thronged with men, strong in troops and horses: of these by my own power I will obtain the lordship, and deliver it to you. But you must make no delaying, and go at once." The king being full of covetise gave his consent. (But by Sakka's power he was prevented from asking, "Who are you? whence come? and what are you to receive?") So much Sakka said, and then returned to the abode of the Thirty-three.

Then the king summoned his courtiers, and thus addressed them[1].

[1] The quotation of the youth's words begins at *tini*.

"A youth has been here, promising to capture and give me the lordship of three kingdoms! Go, look for him! Send the drum a-beating about the city, assemble the army, make no delay, for I am about to take three kingdoms!" "O great king!" they said, "did you offer hospitality to the young man, or did you ask where he dwelt?" "No, no, I offered him no hospitality, I did not ask where he dwelt: go, and look for him!" They searched, but found him not; they informed the king, they could not in the whole city find the young man. On hearing this the king became gloomy. "The lordship over three cities is lost," he thought again and again: "I am shorn of great glory. Doubtless the young man went away angry with me, that I gave him no money for his expenses, nor a place to dwell in." [171] Then in his body, full of greed, a burning arose; as the body burnt, his bowels were moved to a bloody flux; as the food went in, so it came out; physicians could not cure him, the king was exhausted. His illness was bruited abroad all through the city.

At that time, the Bodhisatta had returned to his parents in Benares from Takkasilā, after mastering all branches of learning. He hearing the news about the king, proceeded to the palace door, with intent to cure him, and sent in a message, that a young man was there ready to cure the king. The king said, "Great and most renowned physicians, known far and near, are not able to cure me: what can a young lad do? Pay his expenses, and let him depart." The young man made answer, "I want no fee for my physic, but I will cure him; let him simply and solely pay me the price of my remedy." When the king heard this, he agreed, and admitted him. The young man saluted the king, "Fear nothing, O king!" said he; "I will cure you; do but tell me the origin of your disorder." The king answered in wrath, "What is that to you? make up your medicine." "O great king," quoth he, "it is the way of physicians, first to learn whence the disease arises, then to make a remedy to suit." "Well, well, my son," said the king, and proceeded to tell the origin of the disease, beginning where that young man had come, and made his promise, that he would take and give to him the lordship over three cities. "Thus, my son, the disease arose from greed; now cure it if you can." "What, O king!" quoth he, "can you capture those cities by grieving?"—"Why no, my son."—"Since that is so, why grieve, O great king? Every thing, animate or inanimate, must pass away, and leave all behind, even its own body. [172] Even should you obtain rule over four cities, you could not at one time eat four plates of food, recline on four couches, wear four sets of robes. You ought not to be the slave of desire; for desire, when it increases, allows no release from the four states of suffering." Thus having admonished him, the Great Being declared the Law in the following stanzas:

"He that desires a thing, and then this his desire fulfilment blesses,
Sure a glad-hearted man is he, because his wish he now possesses[1].

"He that desires a thing, and then this his desire fulfilment blesses,
Desires throng on him more and more, as thirst in time of heat oppresses.

"As in the hornéd kine, the horn with their growth larger grows:
So, in a foolish undiscerning man, that nothing knows,
While grows the man, the more and more grows thirst, and craving grows

"Give all the rice and corn on earth, slave-men, and kine, and horse,
Tis not enough for one: this know, and keep a righteous course.

"A king that should subdue the whole world wide,
The whole wide world up to the ocean bound,
With this side of the sea unsatisfied
Would crave what might beyond the sea be found.

"Brood on desires within the heart—content will ne'er arise.
Who turns from these, and the true cure descries,
He is content, whom wisdom satisfies.

"Best to be full of wisdom: these no lust can set afire;
Never the man with wisdom filled is slave unto desire.

"Crush your desires, and little want, not greedy all to win:
He that is like the sea is not burnt by desire within,
But like a cobbler, cuts the shoe according to the skin.

[173] "For each desire that is let go a happiness is won:
He that all happiness would have, must with all lust have done."

[174] But as the Bodhisatta was repeating these stanzas, his mind being concentrated on the king's white sunshade, there arose in him the mystic rapture attained through white light[2]. The king on his part became whole and well; he arose in joy from his seat, and addressed him thus: "When all those physicians could not heal me, a wise youth has made me whole by the medicine of his wisdom!" And he then repeated the tenth stanza:

[175] "Eight[3] verses have you uttered, worth a thousand pieces each:
Take, O great brahmin! take the sum, for sweet is this your speech."

At which the Great Being repeated the eleventh:

"For thousands, hundreds, million times a million[4], nought care I:
As the last verse I uttered, in my heart desire did die."

More and yet more delighted, the king recited the last stanza in praise of the Great Being:

"Wise and good is indeed this youth, all the lore of all worlds knowing:
All desire in very truth is mother of misery by his showing."

[1] *Sutta-Nipāta*, IV. 1 (p. 146), verse 766.

[2] This is one of the ten kinds of *Kasiṇa*, or ways in which the devotee may fall into the mystic trance. See Childers, *s.v.*

[3] 'Beginning with the second, those which explain the misery of desire are eight,' quoth the Scholiast. The first stanza, it will be remembered, is a quotation from *Sutta-Nipāta*, and possibly may have been added later.

[4] The number *nahutaṁ* is 1 followed by 28 ciphers.

"Great king!" said the Bodhisatta, "be circumspect, and walk in righteousness." Thus admonishing the king, he passed through the air to Himalaya, and living the life of a recluse, while life lasted, cultivated the Excellences, and became destined for the world of Brahma.

This discourse ended, the Master said, "Thus, Brethren, in former days as now, I made this brahmin whole:" so saying, he identified the Birth: "At that time this brahmin was the king, and I was the wise young man."

No. 468.

JANASANDHA-JĀTAKA.

[176] "*Thus spake,*" *etc.* This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, for the instruction of the King of Kosala.

At one time, they say the king, intoxicated with power, and devoted to the pleasures of sin, held no court of justice, and grew remiss in attending upon the Buddha. One day he remembered the Dasabala; thought he, "I must visit him." So after breaking his fast, he ascended his magnificent chariot, and proceeding to the monastery, greeted him and took a seat. "How is it, great King," asked the Bodhisatta, "that you have not showed yourself for so long?" "O, sir," replied the king, "I have been so busy, that there has been no opportunity of waiting upon you." "Great King," quoth he, "not meet is it to neglect such as I am, who can give admonition, Supreme Buddhas, dwelling too in a monastery in front. A king ought to rule vigilant in all kingly duties, to his subjects like mother or father, forsaking all evil courses, never omitting the ten virtues of a king. When a king is righteous, those who surround him are righteous also. No marvel were it, in truth, if under my instruction you were to rule in righteousness; but wise men of old, even when there was no teacher to instruct them, by their own understanding established in the threefold practice of well-doing, declared the Law to a great multitude of people, and with all their attendants went to swell the hosts of heaven." With these words, at his request, the Master told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as son of his Queen Consort. They gave him the name of Prince Janasandha. Now when he came of age, and had returned from Takkasilā, where he had been educated in all accomplishments, the king gave a general pardon to all prisoners, and gave him the viceroyalty. Afterwards when his father died, he became king, and then he caused to be built six almonries: at the four gates of the city, in the

midst of it, and at the palace gate. There day by day he used to distribute six hundred thousand pieces of money, and stirred up all India with his almsgiving: the prison doors he opened for good and all, the places of execution he destroyed, all the world he protected with the four sorts of beneficence[1], [177] he kept the five virtues, observed the holy fast-day, and ruled in righteousness. From time to time he would gather together his subjects, and declare the Law to them: "Give alms, practise virtue, righteously follow your business and calling, educate yourselves in the days of your youth, gain wealth, do not behave like a village cheat or a dog, be not harsh nor cruel, do your duty in caring for mother and for father, in family life honour your elders." Thus he confirmed multitudes of people in good living.

Once on the holy day, fifteenth of the fortnight, having undertaken to keep the holy day, he thought to himself, "I will declare the Law to the multitudes, for the continual increase of good and blessing to them, and to make them vigilant in their life." Then he caused the drum to beat, and beginning with the women of his own household, gathered together all the people of the city. In the courtyard of his palace he sat, on a splendid couch set apart, beneath a pavilion adorned with jewels, and declared the Law in these words: "O people of the city! to you I will declare the practices that will cause you suffering, and those which will not. Be vigilant, and hear with care and attention."

The Master opened his mouth, a precious jewel among mouths, full of truth, and with a voice sweet as honey explained this address of the king of Kosala:

"Thus spake King Janasandha: Ten things in truth there be,
Which if a man omit to do, he suffers presently.

"Not to have got nor gathered store in time, the heart torments;
To think he sought no wealth before he afterwards repents.

"How hard is life for men untaught! he thinks, repenting sore
That learning, which he now might use, he would not learn before.

"A slanderer once, dishonest once, a backbiter unkind,
Cruel, and harsh was I: good cause for sorrow now I find.

[178] "A slayer was I, merciless, and to no creature gave,
Contemptible: for this (quoth he) much sorrow now I have.

"When I had many wives (thinks he) to whom I owed their due,
I left them for another's wife; which now I dearly rue.

"When plenteous store of food and drink there was, he sorrows sore,
To think he never gave a gift in the old time before.

"He grieves to think that when he could, he would not care and tend
Mother and father, now grown old, their youth now at an end[2].

[1] Liberality, Affability, Impartiality, Good Rule.
[2] Compare *Sutta-Nipāta*, 98, 124.

"To have slighted teacher, monitor, or father, who would try
To gratify his every wish, causes deep misery.

"To have treated brahmins with neglect, ascetics many a one
Holy, and learned, in the past, makes him repent anon.

"Sweet is austerity performed, a good man honoured well:
That he did no such thing before 'tis sad to have to tell.

"Who these ten things in wisdom brings to full accomplishment,
And to all men his duty does, will never need repent."

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[180] Thus twice in the month did the Great Being discourse in the same way to the multitude. And the multitude, established in his admonition, fulfilled these ten things, and became destined for heaven.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "Thus, O great king, wise men of old, untaught and from their own intelligence, declared the Law, and established multitudes in the way to heaven." With these words, he identified the Birth: "At that time the Buddha's followers were the people, and I was myself King Janasandha."

No. 469.

MAHĀ-KAṆHA-JĀTAKA.

"*A black, black hound,*" *etc.* This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about living for the benefit of the world.

One day, they say, the Brethren as they sat in the Hall of Truth, were talking together. "Sirs," one would say, "the Master, ever practising friendship towards the multitudes of the people, has forsaken an agreeable abode, and lives just for the good of the world. He has attained supreme wisdom, yet of his own accord takes bowl and robe, and goes on a journey of eighteen leagues or more. For the Five Elders[1] he set a-rolling the Wheel of the Law; on the fifth day of the half-month he recited the Anattalakkhaṇa Scriptures, and bestowed sainthood upon them all; he went to Uruveḷa[2], and to the ascetics with matted hair he showed miracles three thousand and half a thousand, and persuaded them to join the Order; at Gayāsīsa[3] he recited the Discourse upon Fire, and bestowed sainthood upon a thousand of these ascetics;

[1] The five who accompanied Buddha when he began his life as an ascetic: Añña-koṇḍañña, Bhaddiya, Vappa, Assaji, Mahānāma. See Hardy, *Manual*, p. 165.

[2] Hardy, p. 188. He there preached to the fire-worshippers.

[3] Now Brahmāyoni, a mountain near Gayā. See Hardy, p. 191.

to Mahākassapa[1], when he had gone forward three miles to meet him, after three discourses he gave the higher Orders; all alone, after the noon-day meal, he went a journey of forty-five leagues, and then established in the Fruit of the Third Path Pukkusa (a youth of very good birth); to meet Mahākappina[1] he went forward a space of two thousand leagues, and bestowed sainthood upon him; alone, in the afternoon he went a journey of thirty leagues, and established in sainthood that cruel and harsh man Aṅgulimāla[2]; thirty leagues also he traversed, and established Āḷavaka[3] in the Fruit of the First Path, and saved the prince; in the Heaven of the Thirty-Three he dwelt three months, and taught full comprehension of the Law to eight hundred millions of deities[4]; to Brahma's world he went, and destroyed the false doctrine of Baka Brahma[5], and bestowed sainthood on ten thousand Brahmas; every year he goes on pilgrimage in three districts, and to such men as are capable of receiving, he gives the Refuges, the Virtues, and the fruits of the different stages; [181] he even acts for the good of snakes and garuḷa birds and the like, in many ways." In such words they praised the goodness and worth of the Dasabala's life for the good of the world. The Master came in, and asked what they talked of as they sat there? They told him. "And no wonder, Brethren," said he. "I who now in my perfect wisdom would live for the world's good, even I in the past, in the days of passion, lived for the good of the world." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, in the days of the Supreme Buddha Kassapa, there reigned a king named Usīnara. It was a long time after the Supreme Buddha Kassapa had declared the Four Truths, and liberated multitudes of people from bondage, and had been translated to swell the number of those who dwell in Nirvana; and the religion had fallen into decay. The Brethren gained their livelihood in the twenty-one unlawful ways[6]; they associated with the Sisters, and sons and daughters were born to them; Brethren forsook the duties of the Brotherhood, and Sisters forsook the duties of Sisters, lay Brethren and Sisters the duties of such, brahmins did no longer the duties of a brahmin: men for the most part followed the ten paths of evil-doing, and as they died thus filled the hosts of all states of suffering.

Then Sakka, observing that no new deities came into being, looked abroad upon the world; and then he perceived how men were born into states of suffering, and that the religion of the Buddha had decayed. "What shall I do, now?" he wondered.—"Ah, I have it!" thought he: "I will scare and terrify mankind; and when I see they are terrified,

[1] See J. P. T. S. 1888, p. 67.

[2] Hardy, p. 249.

[3] This was a tree-demon, who claimed sacrifice of one victim every day. The King's own son was to be eaten, when Buddha saved him. Hardy, p. 261.

[4] Hardy, p. 298.

[5] The beings who dwelt in the three worlds of Brahma were called '*brahma*.' The story alluded to here is given in No. 405 (iii. 219 of this translation); Hardy, *Manual*, p. 336.

[6] Cp. ii. p. 57 of this translation.

I will console them, I will declare the Law, I will restore religion which has decayed, I will make it last for another thousand years!" With this resolve, he made the god Mātali[1] into the shape of a huge black hound, of pure breed, having four tusks as big as a plantain, horrible, with a hideous shape and a fat belly, as of a woman ready to be delivered of a child; him fastening with five-fold chain, [182] and putting on him a red wreath, he led by a cord. Himself he put on a pair of yellow garments, and bound his hair behind his head, and donned a red wreath; taking a huge bow, fitted with bowstring of the colour of coral, and twirling in his fingers a javelin tipt with adamant, he assumed the aspect of a forester, and descended at a spot one league away from the city. "The world is doomed to destruction, is doomed to destruction!" he called out thrice with a loud sound, so that he terrified the people; and when he reached the entering in of the city, he repeated the cry. The people on seeing the hound were frightened, and hasted into the city, and told the king what had happened. The king speedily caused the city gates to be closed. But Sakka overleapt the wall, eighteen cubits in height, and with his hound stood within the city. The people in terror ran away into the houses, and made the doors fast. Big Blackie gave chase to every man he saw, and scared them, and finally entered into the king's palace. The people who in their fright had taken refuge in the courtyard, ran into the palace, and shut to the door. And as for the king, he with the ladies of his household went up on the terrace. Big Blackie raised his forefeet, and putting them in at the window roared a great roar! The sound of his roaring reached from hell to the highest heaven: the whole universe was one great roar. The three great roars that were the loudest ever heard in India are these: the cry of king Puṇṇaka in the Puṇṇaka[2] Birth, the cry of the snake-king Sudassana in the Bhūridatta Birth[3], and this roar in the Mahā-Kaṇha Birth, or the story of Big Blackie[4]. The people were terrified and horrified, and not a man of them could say a word to Sakka.

The king plucked up heart, and approaching the window, cried out to Sakka—"Ho, huntsman! [183] why did your hound roar?" Quoth he, "The hound is hungry." "Well," said the king, "I will order some food to be given him." So he told them to give him his own food, and the food of all his household. The hound seemed to make but one mouthful of the whole, then roared again. Again the king put his question. "My hound is still hungry," was the reply. Then he had all the food of

[1] His charioteer.

[2] No such title occurs in this collection.

[3] No. 543 (vi. 157).

[4] Four sounds are given as proverbial by Hardy, *Manual*, p. 263; two of which are the first and third of these.

his elephants and horses and so forth brought and given to him. This also he finished off all at once; and then the king had all the food in the city given him. He swallowed this in like manner, and roared again. Said the king, "This is no hound. Beyond all doubt he is a goblin. I will ask him wherefore he is come." So terrified with fear, he asked his question by repeating the first stanza:

"A black, black hound, with five cords bound, with fangs all white of hue,
Majestic, awful—mighty one! what makes he here with you?"

On hearing this, Sakka repeated the second stanza:

"Not to hunt game the Black Hound came, but he shall be of use
To punish men, Usīnara, when I shall let him loose."

Then said the king, "What, huntsman! will the hound devour the flesh of all men, [184] or of your enemies only?" "Only my enemies, great king." "And who are your enemies?" "Those, O king, who love unrighteousness, and walk wickedly." "Describe them to us," he asked. And the king of the gods described them in the stanzas:

"When the false Brethren, bowl in hand, in one robe clad, shall choose
Tonsured the plough to follow, then the Black Hound I will loose.

"When Sisters of the Order shall in single robe be found,
Tonsured, yet walking in the world, I will let loose the Hound.

"What time ascetics, usurers, protruding the upper lip,
Foul-toothed and filthy-haired shall be—the Black Hound I'll let slip.

"When brahmins, skilled in sacred books and holy rites, shall use
Their skill to sacrifice for pelf, the Black Hound shall go loose.

"Whoso his parents now grown old, their youth now come to an end,
Would not maintain, although he might[1], gainst him the Hound I'll send.

"Who to his parents now grown old, their youth now come to an end,
Cries, Fools are ye! gainst such as he the Black Hound I will send.

"When men go after others' wives, of teacher, or of friend,
Sister of father, uncle's wife, the Black Hound I will send.

"When shield on shoulder, sword in hand, full-armed as highway men
They take the road to kill and rob, I'll loose the Black Hound then.

"When widows' sons, with skin groomed white, in skill all useless found,
Strong-armed, shall quarrel and shall fight, then I will loose the Hound.

"When men with hearts of evil full, false and deceitful men,
Walk in and out the world about, I'll loose the Black Hound then."

[186] When he had thus spoken, "These," said he, "are my enemies, O king!" and he made as though he would let the hound leap forth and devour all those who did the deeds of enemies. But as all the multitude was terror-struck, he held in the hound by the leash, and seemed as

[1] Thus far the two verses occur in *Sutta-Nipāta*, 98 and 124.

it were to fix him to the spot; then putting off the disguise of a hunter, by his power he rose and poised himself in the air, all blazing as it appeared, and said: "O great king, I am Sakka king of the gods! Seeing that the world was about to be destroyed, I came hither. Now indeed men as they die are filling the states of suffering, because their deeds are evil, and heaven is become empty. From henceforth I will know how to deal with the wicked, but do you be vigilant." Then having in four stanzas well worth remembering declared the Law, and established the people in the virtues of liberality, he strengthened the waning power of religion so that it lasted for yet another thousand years, and then with Mātali returned to his own place.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he added: "Thus, Brethren, in former times as now I have lived for the good of the world;" and then he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was Mātali, and I was Sakka."

No. 470.

KOSIYA-JĀTAKA.

The Kosiya Birth will be given under the Sudhābhojana Birth[1].

No. 471.

MEṆḌAKA-JĀTAKA.

The Problem of Meṇḍaka will be given under the Ummagga Birth[2].

[1] No. 535, vol. v, p. 382 (Pali).
[2] No. 546, vol. vi, p. 329 (Pali).

No. 472.

MAHĀ-PADUMA-JĀTAKA[1].

[187] "*No king should,*" *etc.* This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about Ciñcamāṇavikā[2].

When the Dasabala first attained supreme wisdom, after disciples had multiplied, and innumerable gods and men had been born into heavenly states, and the seeds of goodness had been cast abroad, great honour was shown him, and great gifts given. The heretics were like fireflies after sunrise; no honours and no gifts had they; in the street they stood, and cried out to the people, "What, is the ascetic Gotama the Buddha? We are Buddhas also! Does that gift only bring great fruit, which is given to him? That which is given to us also has great fruit for you! Give to us also, work for us!" But cry as they would, no honour nor gifts they got. Then they came together in secret, and consulted: "How can we cast a stain upon Gotama the ascetic in the face of men, and put an end to his honour and his gifts?"

Now there was at that time in Sāvatthi a certain Sister, named Ciñcamāṇavikā; passing fair she was, full of all grace, a very sylph; rays of brilliancy shone forth from her body. Some one uttered a counsel of cruelty thus: "By the help of Ciñcamāṇavikā we will cast a stain upon the ascetic Gotama, and put an end to his honour and the gifts he receives." "Yes," they all agreed, "that is the way to do it."

She came to the monastery of the heretics, and greeted them, and stood still. The heretics said nothing to her. She said, "What blemish is there in me? Three times I have greeted you!" She said again, "Sirs, what blemish is in me? why do you not speak to me?" They replied, "Know you not, Sister, that Gotama the ascetic is going about and doing us harm, cutting off all the honour and liberality that was shown us?"—"I did not know it, Sirs; but what can I do?"—"If you wish us well, Sister, by your own doing bring a stain upon the ascetic Gotama, and put an end to his honour and the gifts he receives." She replied, "Very good, Sirs, leave that to me; do not trouble about it." With these words she departed.

After that, she used all a woman's skill in deceit. When the people of Sāvatthi had heard the Law, and were coming away from Jetavana, she used to go towards Jetavana, clad in a robe dyed with cochineal, and with fragrant garlands in her hands. [188] When any one asked her, "Whither away at this hour?" she would reply "What have you to do with my goings and comings?" She spent the night in the heretics' monastery, which was close by Jetavana: and when early in the morning, the lay associates of the order came forth from the city to pay their morning salutation, she would meet them as though she had spent the night in Jetavana, going towards the city. If any one asked where she had stayed, she would answer, "What are my stayings and lodgings to you?" But after some six weeks, she replied, "I spent the night in Jetavana, with Gotama the ascetic, in one fragrant cell." Then the unconverted began to wonder, could this be true, or not. After three or four months, she bound bandages about her belly, and made it appear as though she were with child, and wrapt a red robe around her. Then she declared that she was with child by the ascetic Gotama, and made blind fools believe. After eight or nine months, she fastened about her pieces of wood in a bundle, and over all her

[1] The introductory story, with a brief abstract of the other, is given in *Dhammapada*, p. 238 ff.

[2] Who falsely accused the Buddha of incontinence: Hardy, *Manual*, p. 275.

red robe; hands, feet, and back she caused to be beaten with the jawbone of an ox, so as to produce swellings; and made as though all her senses were wearied. One evening, when the Tathāgata was sitting on the splendid seat of preaching, and was preaching the Law, she went among the congregation, and standing in front of the Tathāgata, said—"O great ascetic! You preach indeed to great multitudes; sweet is your voice, and soft is the lip that covers your teeth; but you have got me with child, and my time is near; yet you assign me no chamber for the childbirth, you give me no ghee nor oil; what you will not do yourself, you do not ask another of the lay associates to do, the king of Kosala, or Anāthapiṇḍika, or Visākhā the great lay Sister. Why do you not tell one of them to do what is to be done for me? You know how to take your pleasure, but you do not know how to care for that which shall be born!" So she reviled the Tathāgata in the midst of the congregation, as one might try to besmirch the moon's face with a handful of filth. The Tathāgata stopt his discourse, and crying like a lion in clarion tones, he said, "Sister, whether that which you have said be true or false, you know and I know only." "Yes, truly," said she, "this happened through something that you and I only know of."

Just at that moment, Sakka's throne became hot. Reflecting, he perceived the reason: "Ciñcamānavikā is accusing the Tathāgata of what is not true." Determined to clear up this matter, he came thither with four gods in his company. The gods took on them the shape of mice, [189] and all at once gnawed through the cords that bound the bundle of wood: a wind-puff blew up the robe she wore, and the bundle of wood was disclosed and fell at her feet: the toes of both her feet were cut off[1]. The people cried out—"A witch is accusing the Supreme Buddha!" They spat on her head, and drove her forth from Jetavana with staves and clods in their hands. And as she passed beyond the range of the Tathāgata's vision, the great earth yawned and showed a huge cleft, flames came up from the lowest hell, and she, enveloped in it as it were with a garment[2] which her friends should wrap about her, fell to the lowest hell and there was born again. The honour and receipts of the other heretics ceased, those of the Dasabala grew more abundantly.

Next day they were conversing in the Hall of Truth: "Brother, Ciñcamāṇavikā falsely accused the Supreme Buddha, great in virtue, worthy of all gifts! and she came to dire destruction." The Master entered, and asked what they talked of, sitting there together. They told him. Said he, "Not now only, Brethren, has this woman falsely accused me, and come to dire destruction, but it was the same before." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time[3], when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of his chief queen; and for that his all-blessed countenance was like to a lotus full-blown, Paduma-Kumāra they named him, which is to say, the Lotus Prince. When he grew

[1] That this is the meaning is clear from the passive in the *Dhammapada* version, *chijjiṁsu*, p. 340.

[2] The meaning of this phrase is doubtful: in vol. ii. pp. 28 and 120, it is rendered 'royal woollen garment': it may mean 'wedding-garment' given to the bride by the bridegroom's friends (Grierson's *Bihar Peasant Life*, § 1322).

[3] This theme, which resembles the story of Joseph and the wife of Potiphar, or Phaedra and Hippolytus, is common in various forms in India. One example is the *Legend of Puran Mal* (MS. written by Râm Gharîb Sharmâ, Châturvaidya, and collected by Mr W. Crooke). Another is the *Legend of Rup and Basant*, or *Sit and Basant* (MS.). In both of these the Queen falls in love with her step-son.

up he was educated in all arts and accomplishments. Then his mother departed this life; the king took another consort, and appointed his son viceroy.

After this the king, being about to set forth to quell a rising on the frontier, said to his consort, "Do you, lady, stay here, while I go forth to quell the frontier insurrection." But she replied, "No, my lord, here I will not remain, but I will go with you." Then he showed her the danger which lay on the field of battle, adding to it this: "Stay then here without vexation until my return, and I will give charge to Prince Paduma, that he be careful in all that should be done for you, and then I will go." So thus he did, and departed.

When he had scattered his enemies, and pacified the country, he returned, and pitched his camp without the city. The Bodhisatta learning of his father's return, [190] adorned the city, and setting a watch over the royal palace, went forth alone to meet his father. The Queen observing the beauty of his appearance, became enamoured of him. In taking leave of her, the Bodhisatta said, "Can I do anything for you, mother?" "Mother, do you call me?" quoth she. She rose up and seized his hands, saying, "Lie on my couch!" "Why?" he asked. "Just until the king comes," she said, "let us both enjoy the bliss of love!" "Mother, my mother you are, and you have a husband living. Such a thing was never before heard of, that a woman, a matron, should break the moral law in the way of fleshly lust. How can I do such a deed of pollution with you?" Twice and thrice she besought him, and when he would not, said she, "Then you refuse to do as I ask?"—"Indeed I do refuse."—"Then I will speak to the king, and cause you to be beheaded." "Do as you will," answered the Great Being; and he left her ashamed. Then in great terror she thought: "If he tell the king first, there is no life for me! I must get speech of him first myself." Accordingly leaving her food untouched she donned a soiled robe[1], and made nail-scratches upon her body; giving orders to her attendants, that what time the king should ask of the queen's whereabouts, he should be told she was ill, she lay down making a pretence of illness.

Now the king made solemn procession about the city right-wise, and went up into his dwelling. When he saw her not, he asked, "Where is the queen?" "She is ill," they said. He entered the state chamber, and asked her, "What is amiss with you, lady?" She made as though she heard nothing. Twice and yet thrice he asked, and then she answered, "O great king, why do you ask? Be silent: women that have a husband must be even as I am." "Who has annoyed you?" said he. [191] "Tell me quickly, and I will have him beheaded."—"Whom did you leave be-

[1] Reading, *lāmakavattham*.

hind you in this city, when you went away?"—"Prince Paduma." "And he," she went on, "came into my room, and I said, My son, do not so, I am your mother: but say what I would, he cried, None is king here but I, and I will take you to my dwelling, and enjoy your love; then he seized me by the hair of my head, and plucked it out again and again, and as I would not yield to his will, he wounded and beat me, and departed." The king made no investigation, but furious as a serpent, commanded his men, "Go and bind Prince Paduma, and bring him to me!" They went to his house, swarming as it were through the city, and bound him and beat him, bound his hands fast behind his back, put about his neck the garland of red flowers[1], making him a condemned criminal, and led him thither, beating him the while. It was clear to him that this was the queen's doing, and as he went along he cried out, "Ho fellows, I am not one that has offended against the king! I am innocent." All the city was a-bubble with the news: "They say the king is going to execute Prince Paduma at the bidding of a woman!" They flocked together, they fell at the prince's feet, lamenting with a great noise, "You have not deserved this, my lord!"

At last they brought him before the king. At sight of him, the king could not restrain what was in his heart, and cried out, "This fellow is no king, but he plays the king finely! My son he is, yet he has insulted the queen. Away with him, down with him over the thieves' cliff, make an end of him!" But the prince said to his father, "No such crime lies at my door, father. Do not kill me on a woman's word." The king would not listen to him. Then all those of the royal seraglio, in number sixteen thousand, raised a great lamentation, saying, "Dear Paduma, mighty Prince, this dealing you have never deserved!" [192] And all the warrior chiefs and great magnates of the land, and all the attendant courtiers cried, "My lord! the prince is a man of goodness and virtuous life, observes the traditions of his race, heir to the kingdom! Do not slay him at a woman's word, without a hearing! A king's duty it is to act with all circumspection." So saying, they repeated seven stanzas:

"No king should punish an offence, and hear no pleas at all,
Not throughly sifting it himself in all points, great and small[2].

"The warrior chief who punishes a fault before he tries,
Is like a man born blind, who eats his food all bones and flies.

"Who punishes the guiltless, and lets go the guilty, knows
No more than one who blind upon a rugged highway goes.

[1] This was the *vajjhamālā*, put on the head or neck of a criminal condemned to death. In the Toy Cart, Act x, one being led forth to execution wears a wreath of *Karavīra* flowers. The Pali has *Kaṇavera*, which is not known as a flower: this may be a corrupt form of the Sanskrit word.

[2] These lines occur in *Dhammapada*, p. 341.

"He who all this examines well, in things both great and small,
And so administers, deserves to be the head of all.

"He that would set himself on high must not all-gentle be
Nor all-severe: but both these things practise in company.

"Contempt the all-gentle wins, and he that's all-severe, has wrath:
So of the pair be well aware, and keep a middle path.

"Much can the angry man, O king, and much the knave can say:
And therefore for a woman's sake thy son thou must not slay."

[193] But for all they could say in many ways the courtiers could not win him to do their bidding. The Bodhisatta also, for all his beseeching, could not persuade him to listen: nay, the king said, blind fool—"Away! down with him over the thieves' cliff!" repeating the eighth stanza:

"One side the whole world stands, my queen on the other all alone;
Yet her I cleave to: cast him down the cliff, and get you gone!"

At these words, not one among the sixteen thousand women could remain unmoved, while all the populace stretched out their hands, and tore their hair, with lamentations. The king said, [194] "Let these but try to prevent the throwing of this fellow over the cliff!" and amidst his followers, though the crowd wailed around, he caused the prince to be seized, and cast down the precipice over heels head-first.

Then the deity that dwelt in the hill, by power of his own kindliness, comforted the prince, saying, "Fear not, Paduma!" and in both hands he caught him, pressed him to his heart, sent a divine thrill through him, set him in the abode of the serpents of the eight ranges[1], within the hood of the king of the serpents. The serpent king received the Bodhisatta into the abode of the serpents, and gave him the half of his own glory and state. There for one year he dwelt. Then he said, "I would go back to the ways of men." "Whither?" they asked. "To Himalaya, where I will live a religious life." The serpent king gave his consent; taking him, he conveyed him to the place where men go to and fro, and gave him the requisites of the religious, and went back to his own place.

So he proceeded to Himalaya, and embraced the religious life, and cultivated the faculty of ecstatic bliss; there he abode, feeding upon fruits and roots of the woodland.

Now a certain wood-ranger, who dwelt in Benares, came to that place, and recognised the Great Being. "Are you not," he asked, "the great Prince Paduma, my lord?" "Yes, Sir," he replied. The other saluted him, and there for some days he remained. Then he returned to Benares, and said to the king; "Your son, my lord, has embraced the religious life in the region of Himalaya, and lives in a hut of leaves. I have been staying with him, and thence I come." "Have you seen him with your

[1] See Wilson's *Vishṇu Purāna*, ii. p. 123.

own eyes?" asked the king. "Yes, my lord." The king with a great host went thither, and on the outskirts of the forest he pitched his camp; then with his courtiers around him, went to salute the Great Being, who sat at the door of his hut of leaves, in all the glory of his golden form, and sat on one side; the courtiers also greeted him, and spoke pleasantly to him, and sat on one side. The Bodhisatta on his part invited the king to share his wild fruits, and talked pleasantly with him. Then said the king, "My son, [195] by me you were cast down a deep precipice, and how is it you are yet alive?" Asking which, he repeated the ninth stanza:

"As into hell-mouth, you were cast over a beetling hill,
No succour—many palm-trees deep: how are you living still?"

These are the remaining stanzas, and of the five, taken alternately, three were spoken by the Bodhisatta, and two by the king.

"A Serpent mighty, full of force, born on that mountain land,
Caught me within his coils; and so here safe from death I stand."

"Lo! I will take you back, O prince, to my own home again:
And there—what is the wood to you?—with blessing you shall reign."

"As who a hook has swallowèd, and draws it forth all blood,
Drawn forth, is happy: so I see in me this bliss and good."

"Why speak you thus about a hook, why speak you thus of gore,
Why speak about the drawing out? come tell me, I implore."

"Lust is the hook: fine elephants and horse by blood I show;
These by renouncing I have drawn; this, chieftain, you must know."

[196] "Thus, O great king, to be king is nothing to me; but do you see to it, that you break not the Ten Royal Virtues, but forsake evil-doing, and rule in righteousness." In those words the Great Being admonished the king. He with weeping and wailing departed, and on the way to his city he asked his courtiers: "On whose account was it that I made a breach with a son so virtuous?" they replied, "The queen's." Her the king caused to be seized, and cast headlong over the thieves' cliff, and entering his city ruled in righteousness.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "Thus, Brethren, this woman maligned me in days of yore, and came to dire destruction;" and then identified the Birth by repeating the last stanza:

"Lady Ciñcā was my mother,
Devadatta was my father,
I was then the Prince their son:
Sāriputta was the spirit,
And the good snake, I declare it,
Was Ananda. I have done."

No. 473.

MITTĀMITTA-JĀTAKA.

"*How should the wise,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about an upright courtier of the king of Kosala.

This man, they say, was most useful to the king, and then the king bestowed on him great honour. The other courtiers being unable to stomach him, accused him to the king of having done things to the king's hurt. The king made enquiry about him, and finding in him no fault, thought, "I see no fault in the man; how can I know whether he be my friend or foe?" Then he thought, "No one, save the Tathāgata, [197] will be able to decide this question; I will go and ask him." So after he had broken his fast he visited the Master, and said, "How can one tell, Sir, of any man, whether he be friend or foe?" Then the Master replied, "Wise men of old, O king, have pondered this problem, and have questioned the wise about it, and following their advice, have discovered the truth, and renouncing their enemies have paid attention to their friends." This said, at his request, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was a courtier who advised him on things spiritual and things temporal. At that time, the rest slandered a certain courtier who was upright. The king seeing no fault in him, asked the Great Being, "Now in what can one tell friend or foe?" repeating the first stanza:

"How should the wise and prudent strive, how may discernment know,
What deeds declare to eye or ear the man that is a foe?"

Then the Great Being repeated these five stanzas to explain the marks of an enemy:

"He smiles not when you see him, no welcome will he show,
He will not turn his eyes that way, and answers you with No.[1]

"Your enemies he honours, he cares not for your friends,
Those who would praise your worth, he stays, your slanderers commends.

"No secret tells he to you, your secret he betrays,
Speaks never well of what you do, your wisdom will not praise.

"He joys not at your welfare, but at your evil fame:
Should he receive some dainty, he thinks not of your name,
Nor pities you, nor cries aloud—O, had my friend the same!

"These are the sixteen tokens by which a foe you see
These if a wise man sees or hears he knows his enemy[2]."

[198] "How should the wise and prudent strive, what will discernment lend,
What deeds declare to eye and ear the man that is a friend?"

[1] This couplet has occurred already in vol. ii. p. 92, of the translation.

[2] This also occurs above, vol. ii. p. 92, of this translation (two words differ).

The other, thus questioned in these lines, recited the remaining stanzas:

"The absent he remembers; returned, he will rejoice:
Then in the height of his delight he greets you with his voice.

"Your foes he never honours, he loves to serve your friends,
Those who would slander you, he stays; who praise you, he commends.

"He tells his secrets to you, your secret ne'er betrays,
Speaks ever well of all you do, your wisdom loves to praise.

"He joys to hear your welfare, not in your evil fame:
Should he receive some dainty, he straight thinks on your name,
And pities you, and cries aloud—O had my friend the same!

"These are the sixteen tokens in friends established well,
Which if a wise man sees or hears he can a true friend tell."

[199] The king, delighted at the speech of the Great Being, gave him the highest honour.

The Master, having ended this discourse, said, "Thus, great king, this question arose in days of yore, even as now, and wise men said their say; by these two-and-thirty signs may friend or foe be known." With those words, he identified the Birth: "At that time, Ānanda was the king, and I myself was the wise courtier."

BOOK XIII. TERASA-NIPĀTA.

No. 474.

AMBA-JĀTAKA.

[200] "*Young student, when,*" *etc.* This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about Devadatta. Devadatta repudiated his teacher, saying, "I will be Buddha myself, and Gotama the ascetic is no teacher or monitor of mine!" So, aroused from his mystic meditation, he made a breach in the Order. Then step by step he proceeded to Sāvatthi, and outside Jetavana, the earth yawned, and he went down into the hell Avīci.

Then they were all talking of it in the Hall of Truth:—"Brother, Devadatta deserted his Teacher, and came to dire destruction, being born to another life in the deep hell Avīci!" The Master, entering, asked what they spoke of, and they told him. Said he,—"Not now only, but in former days, as now, Devadatta deserted his teacher, and came to dire destruction." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was King of Benares, his chaplain's family was destroyed by malarial fever[1]. One son only broke through the wall[2] and escaped. He came to Takkasilā, and under a world-renowned teacher learnt all the arts and accomplishments. Then he bade his teacher farewell, and departed, with the intent to travel in different regions; and on his travels he arrived at a frontier village. Near to this was a great village of low-caste Caṇḍālas. Then the Bodhisatta abode in this village, a learned sage. A charm he knew which could make fruit to be gathered out of due season. Early of a morning he would take his carrying pole, forth from that village he would go, until he reached a mango tree which grew in the forest; and standing seven foot off, he would recite that charm, [201] and throw a handful of water so as to strike on that tree. In a twinkling down fall the sere

[1] See No. 178, and note on p. 55 of vol. ii. of this translation.

[2] See l.c. note 2.

leaves, sprout forth the new, flowers blow and flowers fall, the mango fruits swell out: but one moment—they are ripe, they are sweet and luscious, they grow like fruit divine, they drop from the tree! The Great Being chooses and eats such as he will, then fills the baskets hung from his pole, goes home and sells the fruit, and so finds a living for wife and child.

Now the young brahmin saw the Great Being offer ripe mangoes for sale out of season. "Without doubt," thought he, "it must be by virtue of some charm that these are grown. This man can teach me a charm which has no price." He watched to see the manner in which the Great Being procured his fruit, and found it out exactly. Then he went to the Great Being's house at the time when he was not yet returned from the forest, and making as though he knew nothing, asked the wise man's wife, "Where is the Teacher?" Quoth she, "Gone to the woods." He stood waiting until he saw him come, then went to him, and taking the pole and baskets from him, carried them into the house and there set them. The Great Being looked at him, and said to his wife, "Lady, this youth has come to get the charm; but no charm will stay with him, for no good man is he." But the youth was thinking, "I will get the charm by being my teacher's servant;" and so from that time he did all that was to be done in the house: brought wood, pounded the rice, did the cooking, brought all that was needed for washing the face, washed the feet.

One day when the Great Being said to him, "My son, bring me a stool to support my feet," the youth, seeing no other way, kept the Great Teacher's feet on his own thigh all night. When at a later season the Great Being's wife brought forth a son, he did all the service that has to be done at a childbirth. The wife said one day to the Great Being:—"Husband, this lad, well-born though he is, for the charm's sake performs menial service for us. Let him have the charm, whether it stays with him or no." To this he agreed. [202] He taught him the charm, and spoke after this fashion: "My son, 'tis a priceless charm; and you will get great gain and honour thereby. But when the king, or his great minister, shall ask you who was your teacher, do not conceal my name; for if you are ashamed that a low-caste man taught you the charm, and say your teacher was a great magnate of the brahmins, you will have no fruit of the charm." "Why should I hide your name?" quoth the lad. "Whenever I am asked, I shall say it is you." Then he saluted his teacher, and from the low-caste village he departed, pondering on the charm, and in due time came to Benares. There he sold mangoes, and gained much wealth.

Now on a day the keeper of the park presented to the king a mango which he had bought from him. The king, having eaten it, asked whence

he procured so fine a fruit. "My lord," was the answer, "there is a young man who brings mangoes out of season, and sells them: from him I procured it." "Tell him," says the king, "from henceforth to bring the mangoes hither to me." This the man did; and from that time the young man took his mangoes to the king's household. The king, inviting him to enter his service, he became a servant of the king; and gaining great wealth, by degrees he grew into the king's confidence.

One day the king asked him, and said:—"Young man, where do you get these mangoes out of season, so sweet and fragrant and of fine colour? Does some serpent or garuḷa give them to you, or a god, or is this the power of magic?" "No one gives them to me, O mighty king!" replied the young man, "but I have a priceless charm, and this is the power of the charm." "Well, what do you say to showing me the power of the charm one of these days?" "By all means, my lord, and so I will," quoth he. Next day the king went with him into the park, and asked to be shown this charm. The young man was willing, and approaching a mango tree, stood at a distance of seven foot from it, and repeated the charm, throwing water against the tree. On the instant the mango tree had fruit in the manner above described: [203] a shower of mangoes fell, a very storm; the company showed great delight, waving their kerchiefs; the king ate of the fruit, and gave him a great reward, and said, "Young man, who taught you this charm so marvellous?" Now thought the young man, If I say a low-caste caṇḍāla taught me, I shall be put to shame, and they will flout at me; I know the charm by heart, and now I can never lose it; well, I will say it was a world-renowned teacher. So he lied, and said, "I learnt it at Takkasilā, from a teacher renowned the wide world over." As he said the words, denying his teacher, that very instant the charm was gone. But the king, greatly pleased, returned with him into the city.

On another day the king desired mangoes to eat; and going into the park, and taking his seat upon a stone bench, which was used on state occasions, he bade the youth get him mangoes. The youth, willing enough, went up to a mango tree, and standing at a distance of seven foot from the tree, set about repeating the charm; but the charm would not come. Then he knew that he had lost it, and stood there ashamed. But the king thought, "Formerly this fellow gave me mangoes even in the midst of a crowd, and like a heavy shower the fruit rained down. Now there he stands like a stock: what can the reason be?" Which he enquired by repeating the first stanza:

"Young student, when I asked it you of late,
You brought me mango fruit both small and great:
Now no fruit, brahmin, on the tree appears,
Though the same charm you still reiterate!"

When he heard this, the young man thought to himself, if he should say this day no fruit was to be had, the king would be wroth; wherefore he thought to deceive him with a lie, and repeated the second stanza:

"The hour and moment suit not: so wait I
Fit junction of the planets in the sky.
[204] The due conjunction and the moment come,
Then will I bring you mangoes plenteously."

"What is this?" the king wondered. "The fellow said nothing of planetary conjunctions before!" To resolve which questions, he repeated two stanzas:

"You said no word of times and seasons, nor
Of planetary junctions heretofore:
But mangoes, fragrant, delicate in taste,
Of colour fine, you brought in plenteous store.

"Aforetime, brahmin, you produced so well
Fruit on the tree by muttering of your spell:
To-day you cannot, mutter as you may.
What means this conduct, I would have you tell?"

Hearing this, the youth thought, "There is no deceiving the king with lies. If, when the truth is told, he punishes me, let him punish me: but the truth I will tell." Then he recited two stanzas:

"A low-caste man my teacher was, who taught
Duly and well the charm, and how it wrought:
Saying, 'If you are asked my name and birth,
Hide nothing, or the charm will come to nought.'

"Asked by the Lord of Men, though well I knew,
Yet in deceit I said what was not true;
'A brahmin's spells,' I lying said; and now,
Charm lost, my folly bitterly I rue."

[205] This heard, the king thought within himself, "The sinful man to take no care of such a treasure! When one has a treasure so priceless, what has birth to do with it?" And in anger he repeated the following stanzas:

"Nimb, castor oil, or plassey tree[1], whatever be the tree
Where he who seeks finds honeycombs, 'tis best of trees, thinks he.

"Be it Khattiya, Brahmin, Vessa, he from whom a man learns right—
Sudda, Caṇḍāla, Pukkusa—seems chiefest in his sight[2]."

[1] Butea Frondosa. As Plassey was named from this tree, it is perhaps admissible as a name of the tree.

[2] These are the names of six castes: Kshatriya, Brāhman, Vaiçya, Çūdra, the four castes familiar in Sanskrit books, together with two Caṇḍāla and Pukkaça, both mixed castes and much despised. More about these castes, and the Buddhist system as contrasted with the Brahminical, may be seen in R. Fick's *Sociale Gliederung im N.-Ö.*

"Punish the worthless churl, or even slay,
Hence hale him by the throat without delay,
Who having gained a treasure with great toil,
Throws it with overweening pride away!"

The king's men so did, saying, "Go back to your teacher, and win his forgiveness; then, if you can learn the charm once more, you may come hither again, but if not, never more may you set eyes on this country." Thus they banished him.

The man was all forlorn. "There is no refuge for me," he thought, "except my teacher. To him I will go, and win his pardon, and learn the charm again." So lamenting he went on his way to that village. [206] The Great Being perceived him coming, and pointed him out to his wife, saying, "See, lady, there comes that scoundrel again, with his charm lost and gone!" The man approached the Great Being, and greeted him, and sat on one side. "Why are you here?" asked the other. "O my teacher!" the man said, "I uttered a lie, and denied my teacher, and I am utterly ruined and undone!" Then he recited his transgression in a stanza, asking again for the charms:

"Oft he who thinks the level ground is lying at his foot,
Falls in a pool, pit, precipice, trips on a rotten root;
Another treads what seems a cord, a jet-black snake to find;
Another steps into the fire because his eyes are blind:
So I have sinned, and lost my spell; but you, O teacher wise,
Forgive! and let me once again find favour in your eyes!"

Then his teacher replied, "What say you, my son? Give but a sign to the blind, he goes me clear of pools and what not; but I told it to you once, and what do you want here now?" Then he repeated the following stanzas:

"To you in right due manner I did tell,
You in due manner rightly learnt the spell,
Full willingly its nature I explained:
Ne'er had it left you, had you acted well.

[207] "Who with much toil, O fool! hath learnt a spell
Full hard for those who now in this world dwell,
Then, foolish one! a living gained at last,
Throws all away, because he lies will tell,

"To such a fool, unwise, of lying fain,
Ungrateful, who can not himself restrain,—
Spells, quotha! mighty spells we give not him:
Go hence away, and ask me not again!"

Indien zu Buddha's Zeit, Kiel, 1897. Fick denies that the Suddas were ever a real caste (p. 202). For *Caṇḍāla*, see p. 203; for *Pukkusa*, p. 206; both, in his opinion, non-Aryan subject races, serfs almost. The order of the list in our verse should be noticed. The Jātaka gives the Khattiyas, or Warriors, precedence over the Brahmins.

Thus dismissed by his teacher, the man thought, "What is life to me?" and plunging into the woods, died forlorn.

The Master having made an end of this discourse, said, "Not now only, Brother, has Devadatta denied his teacher, and come to dire destruction;" and so saying, he identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the ungrateful man, Ānanda was the king, and I was the low caste man."

No. 475.

PHANDANA-JĀTAKA.

"*O man, who stand,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told on the bank of the river Rohiṇī, about a family quarrel. The circumstances will be described at large under the Kuṇāla[1] Birth. On this occasion the Master addressed himself to the kinsmen, O king, and said:

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, there stood without the city a village of carpenters. In it was a brahmin carpenter, who gained his livelihood by bringing wood from the forest, and making carts.

At that time there was a great plassey[2] tree in the region of Himalaya. [208] A black Lion used to go and lie at its root when a-hunting for food. One day a wind smote the tree, and a dry branch fell, and came down upon his shoulder. The blow gave him pain, and speedily in fear he uprose, and sprang away; then turning, he looked on the path he came by, and seeing nothing, thought, "There is no other lion or tiger, nor any in pursuit. Well, methinks, the deity of yon tree cannot away with my lying there. I will find out if so it be." So thinking, he grew angry out of season, and struck the tree, and cried—"Not a leaf on your tree I eat, not a branch I break; you can put up with other creatures abiding here, and you cannot put up with me! What is wrong with me? Wait

[1] No. 536.

[2] The *phandana* (स्पन्दन) is a tree of the same kind as the *palāśa*, 'butea frondosa.'

a few days, and I will tear you out root and branch, I will get you chopt up chipmeal!" Thus he upbraided the deity of the tree, and then away he went in search of a man.

At that time the brahmin carpenter aforesaid with two or three other men, had come in a waggon to that neighbourhood to get wood for his trade of cartwright. He left his waggon in a certain spot, and then adze and hatchet in hand went searching for trees. He happened to come near this plassey tree. The Lion seeing him went and stood under the tree, for, thought he, "to-day I must see the back of my enemy!" But the wright looking this way and that fled from the neighbourhood of the tree. "I will speak to him before he gets quite away," thought the Lion, and repeated the first stanza:

"O man, who stand with axe in hand, within this woodland haunt,
Come tell me true, I ask of you, what tree is it you want?"

"Lo, a miracle!" quoth the man, on hearing this address, "I swear, I never yet saw beast that could talk like a man. [209] Of course he will know what kinds of wood are good for the cartwright. I'll ask him." Thus thinking, he repeated the second stanza:

"Up hill, down dale, along the plain, a king you range the wood:
Come tell me true, I ask of you—what tree for wheels is good?"

The Lion listened, and said to himself, "Now I shall gain my heart's desire!" then he repeated the third stanza:

"Not sál, acacia, not mare's-ear[1], much less a shrub[2] is good;
There is a tree they call plassey, and there's your best wheel-wood."

The man was pleased to hear this, and thought, "A happy day it was brought me into the woodland. Here's a creature in the shape of a beast to tell me what wood is good for the wheelwright! Hey, but that's fine!" So he questioned the Lion in the fourth stanza:

"What is the fashion of the leaves, what sort the trunk to see,
Come tell me true, I ask of you, that I may know that tree?"

In reply the Lion repeated two stanzas:

"This is the tree whose branch you see droop, bend, but never break;
This is the plassey, on whose roots my standing-place I take.

"For spoke or felloe, pole of car, or wheel, or any part,
This plassey tree will do for thee in making of a cart."

After this declaration, the Lion moved aside, joy in his heart. The wright began to fell the tree. Then the tree-deity thought, "I never dropt anything on that beast; he fell in a rage out of season, and now he

[1] Vatica Robusta: so called from the shape of its leaves.

[2] *dhavo:* Grislea Tomentosa.

is for destroying my home, and I too shall be destroyed. [210] I must find some way of destroying his majesty." So assuming the shape of a woodman, he came up to the wright, and said to him, "Ho man! a fine tree you have there! what will you do with it when it is down?"—"Make a cart wheel."—"What! has any one told you that tree is good for a cart?" "Yes, a black Lion."—"Very good, well said black Lion. You can make a fine cart out of that tree, says he. But I tell you that if you flay off the skin from a black lion's neck, and put it around the outer edge of the wheel, like a sheath of iron, just a strip four fingers wide, the wheel will be very strong, and you will gain a great deal by it."—"But where can I get the skin of a black lion?"—"How stupid you are! The tree stands fast in the forest, and won't run away. You go and find the lion who told you about this tree, and ask him in what part of the tree you are to cut, and bring him here. Then while he suspects nothing, and points out this place or that, wait till he sticks his jaw out, and smite him as he speaks with your sharpest axe, kill him, take the skin, eat the best of the flesh, and fell the tree at your leisure." Thus he indulged his wrath.

To explain this matter, the Master repeated the following stanzas:

"Thus did at once the plassey tree his will and wish make clear:
'I too a message have to tell: O Bhāradvāja, hear!

"'From shoulder of the king of beasts cut off four inches wide,
And put it round the wheel, for so more strong it will abide.'

"So in a trice the plassey tree, indulging in his ire,
On lions born and those unborn brought down destruction dire."

The cartwright hearing the tree-deity's directions, cried out, "Ah, this is a lucky day for me!" He killed the Lion, cut down the tree, and away he went.

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[211] The Master explained the matter by reciting:

"Thus plassey tree contends with beast[1], and beast with tree contends,
So each with mutual dispute to death the other sends.

"So among men, where'er a feud or quarrel doth arise,
They, as the beast and tree did now, cut capers peacock-wise[2].

"This tell I you, that well is you what time ye are at one:
Be of one mind, and quarrel not, as beast and tree have done.

[1] The word is *iso*, 'lord,' i.e. lion, king of beasts. So above.

[2] The scholiast explains that men expose themselves in a quarrel, as peacocks expose their privy parts. This is perhaps an allusion to No. 32.

"Learn peace with all men; this the wise all praise; and who is fain
Of peace and righteousness, he sure will final peace attain."

When they heard the discourse of the king, they were reconciled.

The Master, having brought this discourse to an end, identified the Birth: "At that time, I was the deity who lived in that wood, and saw the whole business."

No. 476.

JAVANA-HAṀSA-JĀTAKA.

"*Come, Goose*," *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana about the Daḷhadhamma Suttanta or the Parable of the Strong Men. The Blessed One said: "Suppose, Brethren, four archers to stand at the four points of the compass, strong men, well trained and of great skill, perfect in archery; and then let a man come and say, 'If these four archers, strong, well trained, and of great skill, perfect in archery [212] shoot forth arrows from four points, I will catch those arrows as they are shot, and before they touch the ground': would you not agree, sure enough, that he must be a very swift man and the perfection of swiftness? Well, Brethren, great as the swiftness of such a man might be, great as the swiftness of sun and moon, there is something swifter: great, I say, Brethren, as the swiftness of such a man might be, great as the swiftness of the sun and moon, and though the gods outfly sun or moon in swiftness, there is something swifter than the gods: great, Brethren, as the swiftness of that man (and so forth), yet more swiftly than the gods can go, the elements which make up life do decay. Therefore, Brethren, this ye must learn, to be careful; verily I say unto you, this ye must learn." Two days after this teaching, they were talking about it in the Hall of Truth: "Brethren, the Master in his own peculiar province as Buddha, illustrating the nature of what makes up life, showed it to be transient and weak, and smote with extreme terror Brethren and unconverted alike. Oh, the might of a Buddha!" The Master entering asked what they talked of. They told him; and he said, "It is no marvel, Brethren, if I in my omniscience alarm the Brethren by my teaching, and show how transient are life's elements. Even I, when without natural cause[1] I was conceived by a Goose, showed forth the transient nature of the elements of life, and by my teaching alarmed the whole court of a king, together with the king of Benares himself." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Great Being was born as a swift Goose, which lived in Mount Cittakūṭa in a

[1] A mode of coming into existence all of a sudden, without the natural processes.

flock of ninety thousand other such Geese. One day, having along with his flock eaten the wild rice that grew in a certain pool in the plains of India, he flew through the air (and it was as though a golden mat were spread from end to end of the city of Benares), and he flew slowly as in sport to Cittakūṭa. Now the king of Benares saw him; and said to his courtiers, "Yon bird must be a king, as I am." He took a fancy to the bird, and taking with him garlands, perfumes and unguents, went looking for the Great Being; and with him he caused to go all manner of musick. When the Great Being saw him doing honour in this way, he asked the other Geese, [213] "When a king would do such honour to me, what does he want?" "He wants to make friends with you, my lord." "Well, let me be friends with the king," quoth he; and he made friends with the king, and then returned.

One day after this, when the king was in his park, and went to Lake Anotatta, the bird flew to the king, having water on one wing and powder of sandalwood on the other; with the water he sprinkled the king, and cast the powder upon him, then while the company looked on, away he flew with his flock to Cittakūṭa. From that time the king used to long for the Great Being; he would linger, watching the way by which he came, and thinking—"To-day my comrade will come."

Now the two youngest Geese belonging to the flock of the Great Being, made up their minds to fly a race with the sun; so they asked leave of the Great Being, to try a race with the sun. "My lads," quoth he, "the sun's speed is swift, and you will never be able to race with him. You will perish in the course, so do not go." A second time they asked, and a third time; but the Bodhisatta withstood them up to the third time of asking. But they stood to it, not knowing their own strength, and were resolved without telling the king to fly with the sun. So before sunrise they had taken their places on the peak of the Mount Yugandhara[1]. The Great Being missed them, and asked whither they had gone. When he heard what had happened, he thought, "They will never be able to fly with the sun, but will perish in the course. I will save their lives." So he too went to the peak of Yugandhara, and sat beside them. When the sun's round showed over the horizon, the young Geese rose, and darted forward along with the sun; the Great Being flew forward with them. The youngest flew on into the forenoon, then grew faint; in the joints of his wings he felt as if a fire had been kindled. Then he made a signal to the Great Being: "Brother, I can't do it!" "Fear not," said the Great Being, "I will save you;" and taking him on his outspread wings, he soothed him, and conveyed him to Mount Cittakūṭa, and placed him in the midst of the Geese. Then he flew off, and catching up the sun, went

[1] One of the seven great ranges that surround Mount Meru.

on side by side with the other. Until near midday [214] the other flew with the sun, and then he grew faint and felt as though a fire had been kindled in the joints of his wings. Making a sign to the Great Being, he cried, "Brother, I cannot do it!" Him too the Great Being comforted in the same way, and taking him on his outspread wings, bore him to Cittakūṭa. At that moment the sun was plumb overhead. The Great Being thought, "To-day I will test the sun's strength;" and darting back with one swoop, he perched on Yugandhara. Then rising with one swoop he overtook the sun, and flying now in front, now behind, thought to himself, "For me to fly with the sun is profitless, born of mere folly: what is he to me? Away I will to Benares, and there tell my comrade the king a message of righteousness and truth." Then turning, ere yet the sun had moved from the middle of the sky, he traversed the whole world from end to end; then slackening speed, traversed from end to end the whole of India, and came at last to Benares. The whole city, twelve leagues in compass, was as it were under the bird's shadow[1], there was not a crack or crevice; then as by degrees the speed slackened, holes and crevices appeared in the sky. The Great Being went slower, and came down from the air, and alighted in front of a window. "My comrade is come!" cried the king in great joy; and getting a golden seat for the bird to perch on, said, "Come in, friend, and sit here," and recited the first stanza:

"Come, noble Goose, come sit you here; dear is your sight to me;
Now you are master of the place; choose anything you see."

The Great Being perched on the golden seat. The king anointed him under the wings with unguents a hundred times refined, nay, a thousand times, gave him sweet rice and sugared water in a golden dish, and talked with him in a voice of honey—[215] "Good friend, you have come alone; whence come you now?" The bird told him the whole matter at large. Then the king said to him: "Friend, show me too your swiftness against the sun."—"O mighty king, that swiftness cannot be shown."—"Then show me something like it."—"Very good, O king, I will show you something like it. Summon your archers who can shoot swift as lightning." The king sent for them. The Great Being chose four of these, and with them went down from the palace into the courtyard. There he caused to be set up in the ground a stone column, and about his own neck a bell to be bound. He then perched on the top of the stone pillar, and placing the four archers looking away from the pillar towards the four points, said, "O king, let these four men shoot four arrows at the same moment in four

[1] The meaning is, the bird circled so fast over it as to give the appearance of a canopy. So on p. 133 of the 'golden mat.'

different directions, and I will catch these arrows before they touch the ground, and lay them at the men's feet. You will know when I am gone for the arrows by the tinkling of this bell, but I shall not be seen." Then all at one moment the men shot the four arrows; he caught them and laid them at the men's feet, and was seen to be sitting upon the pillar. "Did you see my speed, O king?" he asked; then went on—"that speed, O great king, is not my swiftest nor my middle speed, 'tis my slowest of the slow: and this will show you how swift I am." Then the king asked him, "Well, friend, is there any speed swifter than yours?" "There is, my friend. Swifter than my swiftest a hundredfold, a thousandfold, nay a hundred thousandfold, is the decay of the elements of life in living beings: so they crumble away, so they are destroyed." Thus he made clear, how the world of form crumbles away, being destroyed moment by moment. The king hearing this was in fear of death, could not keep his senses, but fell in a faint. The multitude were in despair, they sprinkled the king's face with water, and brought him round. Then the Great Being said to him, "O great king, fear not; [216] but remember death. Walk in righteousness, give alms and do good, be careful." Then the king answered and said, "My lord, without a wise teacher like you I cannot live, do not return[1] to mount Cittakūṭa, but stay here, instruct me, be my teacher to teach me!" and he put this request in two stanzas:

"By hearing of the loved one love is fed,
By sight the craving for the lost falls dead:
Since sight and hearing makes men lief and dear,
With sight of you let me be favourèd.

"Dear is your voice, and dearer far your presence when I see:
Then since I love the sight of you, O Goose, come dwell with me!"

The Bodhisatta said:

"Ever would I dwell with thee, in the honour thus conferred;
But thou mightst say in wine one day—'Broil me that royal Bird!'"

[217] "No," said the king, "then I will never touch wine or strong drink," and he made this promise in the following stanza:

"Accursed be both food and drink I should love more than thee;
And I will taste no drop nor sup while thou shalt stay with me!"

After this the Bodhisatta recited six stanzas:

"The cry of jackals or of birds is understood with ease;
Yea, but the word of men, O king, is darker far than these!

"A man may think, 'this is my friend, my comrade, of my kin,'
But friendship goes, and often hate and enmity begin[2].

[1] Reading *agantvā* in line 4.
[2] These two couplets occur again in No. 478 (p. 141).

"Who has your heart, is near to you, with you, where'er he be;
But who dwells with you, and your heart estranged, afar is he.

"Who in your house of kindly heart shall be
Is kindly still though far across the sea:
Who in your house shall hostile be of heart,
Hostile he is though ocean-wide apart.

"Thy foes, O lord of chariots! though near thee, are afar:
But, fosterer of thy realm! the good in heart close linkèd are.

"Who stay too long, find oftentimes that friend is changed to foe;
Then ere I lose your friendship, I will take my leave, and go."

[218] Then the king said to him:

"Though I with folded hands beseech, you will not give me ear;
You spare no word for us, to whom your service would be dear:
I crave one favour: come again and pay a visit here."

Then the Bodhisatta said:

"If nothing comes to snap our life, O king! if you and I
Still live, O fosterer of thy folk! perhaps I'll hither fly,
And we may see each other yet, as days and nights go by."

With this address to the king, the Great Being departed to Cittakūṭa.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said: "Thus, Brethren, long ago, even when I was born as one of the animals, I showed the frailty of all life's elements, and declared the Truth." So saying, he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king, Moggallāna was the youngest bird, Sāriputta was the second, the Buddha's followers were all Geese of the flock, and I myself was the swift Goose."

No. 477.

CULLA-NĀRADA-JĀTAKA.

[219] "*No wood is chopt,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told, while dwelling at Jetavana, about the allurements of a coarse girl.

There was then, we learn, a girl of about sixteen, daughter of a citizen of Sāvatthi, such as might bring good luck to a man, yet no man chose her. So her mother thought to herself: "This my daughter is of full age, yet no one chooses her. I will use her as a bait for a fish, and make one of those Sākiya ascetics come back to the world, and live upon him." At the time there was a young man of good birth living in Sāvatthi, who had given his heart to religion and joined the Brotherhood. But from the time when he had received full Orders he had lost all desire for learning, and lived devoted to the adornment of his

person. The lay Sister used to prepare in her house rice gruel, and other food hard or soft, and standing at the door, as the Brethren walked along the streets, looked out for some one who could be tempted by the craving for delicacies. Streaming by went a crowd of men who kept the Tepiṭaka, Abhidhamma, and Vinaya; but among them she saw none ready to rise to her bait. Among the figures with bowl and robe, preachers of the Truth with honey-sweet voice, moving like fleecy scud before the wind, she saw not one. But at last she perceived a man approaching, the outer corners of his eyes anointed, hair hanging down, wearing an under-robe of fine cloth, and an outer robe shaken and cleansed, bearing a bowl coloured like some precious gem, and a sunshade after his own heart, a man who let his senses have their own way, his body much bronzed. "Here is a man I can catch!" thought she; and greeting him, she took his bowl, and invited him into the house. She found him a seat, and provided rice gruel and all the rest; then after the meal, begged him to make that house his resort in future. So he used to visit the house after that, and in course of time became intimate.

One day, the lay Sister said in his hearing, "In this household we are happy enough, only I have no son or son-in-law capable of keeping it up." The man heard it, and wondering what reason she could have for so saying, in a little while was as it were pierced to the heart. She said to her daughter, "Tempt this man, and get him into your power." So the girl after that time decked herself and adorned herself, and tempted him with all women's tricks and wiles. [220] (You must understand that a 'coarse' girl does not mean one whose body is fat, but be she fat or be she thin, by power of the five sensual passions she is called 'coarse.') Then the man, being young and under the power of passion, thought in his heart, "I cannot now hold to the Buddha's religion"; and he went to the monastery, and laying down bowl and robe, said to his spiritual teachers, "I am discontented." Then they conducted him to the Master, and said, "Sir, this Brother is discontented." "Is this true which they say," asked he, "that you are discontented, Brother?" "Yes, Sir, true it is." "Then what made you so?" "A coarse girl, Sir." "Brother," said he, "long, long ago, when you were living in the forest, this same girl was a hindrance to your holiness, and did you great harm; then why are you again discontented on her account?" Then at the request of the Brethren he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a brahmin family of great wealth, and after his education was finished managed the estate. Then his wife brought forth a son, and died. He thought, "As in my beloved wife, so in me death shall not be ashamed[1]; what is a home to me? I will become an ascetic." So forsaking his lusts, he went with his son to Himalaya; and there with him entered upon the ascetic life, developed the mystic Trance and transcendent Knowledge, and dwelt in the woods, supporting life on fruits and roots.

At that time the borderers raided the countryside; and having assailed a town, and taken prisoners, laden with spoil they returned to the border. Amongst them was a maiden, beautiful, but endowed with all a hypocrite's cunning. This girl thought to herself, "These men, when they have carried us off home, will use us as slaves; I must find some

[1] I.e. it shall master me too one day.

way to escape." So she said, "My lord, I wish to retire; let me go and stay away for a moment." Thus she deceived the robbers, and fled.

Now the Bodhisatta had gone out to fetch fruits and the like[1], leaving his son in the hut. While he was away, this girl, as she wandered about in the forest, came to the hut, in the morning; [221] and tempting the son of the ascetic with desire of love, destroyed his virtue, and got him under her power. She said to him, "Why dwell here in the forest? Come, let us go to a village and make a home for ourselves. There it is easy to enjoy all the pleasures and passions of sense." He consented, and said, "My father is now out in the woods looking for wild fruits. When we have seen him, we will both go away together." Then the girl thought, "This young innocent knows nothing; but his father must have become an ascetic in his old age. When he comes in, he will want to know what I do here, and beat me, and drag me out by the feet, and throw me into the forest. I will get clear away before he comes." So she said to the lad, "I will go first, and you may follow"; then pointing out the landmarks, she departed. After she had gone, the lad became sorrowful, and did none of his duties as he was used; but wrapt himself up head and all, and lay down within the hut, fretting.

When the Great Being came in with his wild fruits, he observed the girl's footmark. "That is a woman's footprint," thought he; "my son's virtue must have been lost." Then he entered the hut, and laid down the wild fruit, and put the question to his son by repeating the first stanza:

"No wood is chopt, and you have brought no water from the pool,
No fire is kindled: why do you lie mooning like a fool?"

Hearing his father's voice, the lad rose, and greeted him; and with all respect made known that he could not endure a forest life, repeating a couple of stanzas:

"I cannot live in forests: this, O Kassapa, I swear;
Hard is the woodland life, and back to men[2] I would repair.

"Teach me, O brahmin, when I leave, that wheresoe'er I go,
The customs of the countryside I may most fully know."

[222] "Very good, my son," said the Great Being, "I will tell you the customs of the country." And he repeated this couple of stanzas:

"If 'tis your mind to leave behind the woodland fruits and roots
And dwell in cities, hear me teach the way which that life suits:

'Keep clear of every precipice, from poison keep afar,
Sit never in the mud, and walk with care where serpents are.'"

[1] Cf. No. 435, Vol. iii.
[2] Literally 'the Kingdom.'

The ascetic's son, not understanding this pithy counsel, asked :

"What has your precipice to do with the religious way,
Your mud, your poison, and your snake? Come tell me this, I pray."

The other explained—

"There is a liquor in the world, my son, that men call wine,
Fragrant, delicious, honey-sweet, and cheap, of flavour fine:
This, Nārada, for holy men is poison, say the wise.

"And women in the world can set fools' wits a whirling round,
They catch young hearts, as hurricanes catch cotton from the ground:
The precipice I mean is this before the good man lies.

"High honours shown by other men, respect and fame and gain,
This is the mud, O Nārada, which holy men may stain.

"Great monarchs with their retinue have in that world dwelling,
And they are great, O Nārada, and each a mighty king:

[223] "Before the feet of sovereign lords and monarchs walk not thou,
For, Nārada, these are the snakes of whom I spake just now.

"The house thou comest to for food, when men sit down to meat,
If thou see good within that house, there take thy fill, and eat.

"When by another entertained with food or drink, this do:
Eat not too much, nor drink too much, and fleshly lusts eschew.

"From gossip, drink, lewd company, and shops of goldsmith's ware,
Keep thou afar as those who by the uneven pathway fare."

As his father went on talking and talking, the lad came to his senses, and said, "Enough of the world for me, dear father!" [224] Then his father instructed him how to develop kindliness and other good feelings. The son followed his father's instruction, and ere long caused the ecstasy of mystic meditation to spring up within him. And both of them, father and son, without a break in the trance, were born again in the world of Brahma.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "At that time this coarse girl was the young woman, the discontented Brother was the ascetic's son, and I was the father."

No. 478.

DŪTA-JĀTAKA.

"*O plunged in thought*," *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about praise of his own wisdom. In the Hall of Truth they were gossiping: "See, Brothers, the Dasabala's skill in resource! He showed that young

gentleman Nanda[1] the host of nymphs, and gave him sainthood; he gave a cloth to his little foot-page[2], and bestowed sainthood on him along with the four branches of mystic science[3]; to the blacksmith he showed a lotus, and gave him sainthood; with what diverse expedients he instructs living beings!" The Master entering asked what they sat talking of; they told him. Said he, "It is not the first time that the Tathāgata has been skilled in resource, and clever to know what will have the desired effect; clever he was before." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the country was without gold; for the king oppressed the country and so got treasure. At that time the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family of a certain village in Kāsi. When he came of age, he went to Takkasilā, saying, "I will get money to pay my teacher afterwards, by soliciting alms honourably." He acquired learning, and when his education was done, he said, "I will use all diligence, my teacher, to bring you the money due for your teaching." Then taking leave of him, he departed, and traversing the land sought alms. When he had honourably and fairly got a few ounces[4] of gold, he set out to hand them over to his teacher; and on the way went aboard a boat in order to cross the Ganges. As the boat swayed to and fro on the water, the gold fell in. Then he thought, "This is a country hard to get gold in; [225] if I go seeking again for money to pay my teacher withal, there will be long delay. What if I sit fasting on the bank of the Ganges? The king will by and bye come to learn of my sitting here, and he will send some of his courtiers, but I will have nothing to say to them. Then the king himself will come, and by that means I shall get my teacher's fee from him." So he wrapt about him his upper robe, and putting outside the sacrificial thread, sat on the bank of the Ganges, like a statue of gold upon the silver sand. The passing crowds, seeing him sit there and take no food, asked him why he sat. But he had never a word for one of them. Next day the villagers of the suburb got wind of his sitting there, and they too came and asked, but he told them no more; the villagers seeing his exhausted condition went away lamenting. On the third day came people from the city, on the fourth came the city grandees, on the fifth those about the king, on the sixth day the king sent his ministers; but to none of them would the man speak.

[1] Buddha's half-brother. For the allusion see No. 182, Saṃgāvācara Jātaka, and Hardy, *Manual*, p. 204; Warren, *Buddhism in Translations*, 269 ff.

[2] Reading *cullupaṭṭhākassa*.

[3] Of *attha-*, *dhamma-*, *nirutti-*, *paṭibhāna-*. For explanation of these obscure terms the reader is referred to Childers, p. 366; and Warren, *Buddhism in Translations*, Index s. v. 'Analytical Sciences.'

[4] 'Seven *nikkha's*.' *Nikkho* is a variable weight, equal to 250 *phalas*, which we may call grains.

On the seventh day the king in alarm came to the man, and asked an explanation, reciting the first stanza:

"O plunged in thought on Ganges' bank, why spoke you not again
In answer to my messages? Will you conceal your pain?"

When this he heard, the Great Being replied, "O great king! the sorrow must be told to him that is able to take it away, and to no other:" and he repeated seven stanzas:

"O fostering lord of Kāsi land! if sorrow be your lot,
Tell not that sorrow to a soul if he can help it not.

"But whosoever can relieve one part of it by right,
To him let all his wish declare each sorrow-stricken wight.

"The cry of jackals or of birds is understood with ease;
Yea, but the word of men, O King, is darker far than these[1].

[226]"A man may think, 'This is my friend, my comrade, of my kin':
But friendship goes, and often hate and enmity begin![1]

"He who not being asked and asked again
Out of due season will declare his pain,
Surely displeases those who are his friends,
And they who wish him well lament amain.

"Knowing fit time for speaking how to find,
Knowing a wise man of a kindred mind,
The wise to such a one his woe declares,
In gentle words with meaning hid behind.

"But should he see that nothing can amend
His hardships, and that telling them will tend
To no good issue, let the wise alone
Endure, reserved and shamefast to the end."

[227] Thus did the Great Being discourse in these seven stanzas to teach the king; and then repeated four others to show his search for money to pay the teacher withal:

"O King! whole kingdoms I have scoured, the cities of each king,
Each town or village, craving alms, my teacher's fee to bring.

"Householder, courtier, man of wealth, brahmin—at every door
Seeking, a little gold I gained, an ounce or two, no more.
Now that is lost, O mighty king! and so I grieve full sore.

"No power had your messengers to free me from my pain:—
I weigh'd them well, O mighty king! so I did not explain.

"But thou hast power, O mighty king! to free me from my pain,
For I have weighed your merit well; to you I do explain."

When the king read his utterance, he replied, "Trouble not, brahmin, for I will give you your teacher's fee;" and he restored him two-fold.

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[1] These two couplets occur above in No. 476 (p. 135).

To make this clear the Master repeated the last stanza:

"The fostering lord of Kāsi land did to this man restore
(In fullest trust) of gold refined twice what he had before."

When the Great Being had thus delivered himself, he proceeded to pay his teacher's fee; and the king in like manner abode by his advice, giving alms and doing good, and ruled in righteousness. So did they both finally pass away according to their deeds.

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[228] When the Master had ended this discourse, he said: "So, Brethren, it is not now only that the Tathāgata is fertile in resource, but he was always the same." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king, Sāriputta the teacher, and I was the young man."

No. 479.

KĀLIṄGA-BODHI-JĀTAKA[1].

"*King Kāliṅga,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana about worship of the bo-tree performed by Elder Ānanda.

When the Tathāgata had set forth on pilgrimage, for the purpose of gathering in those who were ripe for conversion, the citizens of Sāvatthi proceeded to Jetavana, their hands full of garlands and fragrant wreaths, and finding no other place to show their reverence, laid them by the gateway of the perfumed chamber and went off. This caused great rejoicings. But Anāthapiṇḍika got to hear of it; and on the return of the Tathāgata visited Elder Ānanda and said to him,—"This monastery, Sir, is left unprovided while the Tathāgata goes on pilgrimage, and there is no place for the people to do reverence by offering fragrant wreaths and garlands. Will you be so kind, Sir, as to tell the Tathāgata of this matter, and learn from him whether or no it is possible to find a place for this purpose." The other, nothing loth, did so, asking, "How many shrines are there?"—"Three, Ānanda."—"Which are they?"—"Shrines for a relic of the body, a relic of use or wear, a relic of memorial[2]."—"Can a shrine be made, Sir, during your life?"—"No, Ānanda, not a body-shrine; that kind is made when a Buddha enters Nirvāna. A shrine of memorial is improper because the connection depends on the imagination only. But the great bo-tree used by the Buddhas is fit for a shrine, be they alive or be they dead."—"Sir, while you are away on pilgrimage the great monastery of Jetavana

[1] See Hardy, *Eastern Monachism*, pp. 213—4.

[2] See Hardy, *Eastern Monachism*, 216 f. The last class is said to be images of the Buddha.

is unprotected, and the people have no place where they can show their reverence. Shall I plant a seed of the great bo-tree before the gateway of Jetavana?"—"By all means so do, Ānanda, and that shall be as it were an abiding place for me."

The Elder told this to Anāthapiṇḍika, and Visākhā, and the king. Then at the gateway of Jetavana he cleared out a pit for the bo to stand in, and said to the chief Elder, Moggallāna, "I want to plant a bo-tree in front of Jetavana. Will you get me a fruit of the great bo-tree?" The Elder, well willing, passed through the air to the platform under the bo-tree. [229] He placed in his robe a fruit that was dropping[1] from its stalk but had not reached the ground, brought it back, and delivered it to Ānanda. The Elder informed the King of Kosala that he was to plant the bo-tree that day. So in the evening time came the King with a great concourse, bringing all things necessary; then came also Anāthapiṇḍika and Visākhā and a crowd of the faithful besides.

In the place where the bo-tree was to be planted the Elder had placed a golden jar, and in the bottom of it was a hole; all was filled with earth moistened with fragrant water. He said, "O king, plant this seed of the bo-tree," giving it to the king. But the king, thinking that his kingdom was not to be in his hands for ever, and that Anāthapiṇḍika ought to plant it, passed the seed to Anāthapiṇḍika, the great merchant. Then Anāthapiṇḍika stirred up the fragrant soil and dropt it in. The instant it dropt from his hand, before the very eyes of all, up sprang as broad as a plough-head a bo-sapling, fifty cubits tall; on the four sides and upwards shot forth five great branches of fifty cubits in length, like the trunk. So stood the tree, a very lord of the forest already; a mighty miracle! The king poured round the tree jars of gold and of silver, in number eight hundred, filled with scented water, beauteous with a great quantity of blue water-lilies. Ay, and caused to be set there a long line of vessels all full, and a seat he had made of the seven precious things, golden dust he had sprinkled about it, a wall was built round the precincts, he erected a gate chamber of the seven precious things. Great was the honour paid to it.

The Elder approaching the Tathāgata, said to him, "Sir, for the people's good, accomplish under the bo-tree which I have planted that height of Attainment to which you attained under the great bo-tree." "What is this you say, Ānanda?" replied he. "There is no other place can support me, if I sit there and attain to that which I attained in the enclosure of the great bo-tree." "Sir," said Ānanda, "I pray you for the good of the people, to use this tree for the rapture of Attainment, in so far as this spot of ground can support the weight." The Master used it during one night for the rapture of Attainment.

The Elder informed the king, and all the rest, and called it by the name of the Bo Festival. And this tree, having been planted by Ānanda, was known by the name of Ānanda's Bo-Tree.

At that time they began to talk of it in the Hall of Truth. "Brother, while yet the Tathāgata lived, the venerable Ānanda caused a bo-tree to be planted, (230) and great reverence to be paid to it. Oh, how great is the Elder's power!" The Master entering asked what they were talking of. They told him. He said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Ānanda led captive mankind in the four great continents, with all the surrounding throngs, and caused a vast quantity of scented wreaths to be brought, and made a bo-festival in the precinct of the great bo-tree." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Kāliṅga, and in the city of Dantapura, reigned a king named Kāliṅga. He had two sons, named

[1] Reading *parigalantam*.

Mahā-Kāliṅga and Culla-Kāliṅga, Kāliṅga the Greater and the Less. Now fortune-tellers had foretold that the eldest son would reign after his father's death; but that the youngest would live as an ascetic, and live by alms, yet his son would be an universal monarch.

Time passed by, and on his father's death the eldest son became king, the youngest viceroy. The youngest, ever thinking that a son born of him was to be an universal monarch, grew arrogant on that account. This the king could not brook, so sent a messenger to arrest Kāliṅga the Less. The man came and said, "Prince, the king wishes to have you arrested, so save your life." The prince showed the courtier charged with this mission his own signet ring, a fine rug, and his sword: these three. Then he said, "By these tokens[1] you shall know my son, and make him king." With these words, he sped away into the forest. There he built him a hut in a pleasant place, and lived as an ascetic upon the bank of a river.

Now in the kingdom of Madda, and in the city of Sāgala, a daughter was born to the King of Madda. Of the girl, as of the prince, fortune-tellers foretold that she should live as an ascetic, but her son was to be an universal monarch. The Kings of India, hearing this rumour, came together with one accord, and surrounded the city. The king thought to himself, "Now, if I give my daughter to one, all the other kings will be enraged. I will try to save her." So with wife and daughter he fled disguised away into the forest; and after building him a hut some distance up the river, above the hut of Prince Kāliṅga, [231] he lived there as an ascetic, eating what he could pick up.

The parents, wishing to save their daughter, left her behind in the hut, and went out to gather wild fruits. While they were gone she gathered flowers of all kinds, and made them into a flower-wreath. Now on the bank of the Ganges there is a mango tree with beautiful flowers, which forms a kind of natural ladder. Upon this she climbed, and playing managed to drop the wreath of flowers into the water[2].

One day, as Prince Kāliṅga was coming out of the river after a bath, this flower-wreath caught in his hair.

He looked at it, and said, "Some woman made this, and no full-grown woman but a tender young girl. I must make search for her." So deeply in love he journeyed up the Ganges, until he heard her singing in a sweet voice, as she sat in the mango tree. He approached the foot of the tree,

[1] The tokens are a familiar feature of folk-tales. We may compare the story of Theseus, with his father's sword and sandals: *Pausanias*, i. 27. 8.

[2] Another familiar episode in folk-tales, but of Protean form. It is commonly a hair of the lady's head that falls. See Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, i. 241 (India), 251 (Egypt); *North Indian Notes and Queries*, ii. 704; Lal Behari Day, *Folk Tales of Bengal*, No. 4.

and seeing her, said, "What are you, fair lady?" "I am human, Sir," she replied. "Come down, then," quoth he. "Sir, I cannot; I am of the warrior caste[1]." "So am I also, lady: come down!" "No, no, Sir, that I cannot do. Saying will not make a warrior; if you are so, tell me the secrets of that mystery." Then they repeated to each other these guild secrets. And the princess came down, and they had connexion one with the other.

When her parents returned she told them about this son of the King of Kāliṅga, and how he came into the forest, in all detail. They consented to give her to him. While they lived together in happy union, the princess conceived, and after ten months brought forth a son with the signs of good luck and virtue; and they named him Kāliṅga. He grew up, and learnt all arts and accomplishments from his father and grandfather.

At length his father knew from conjunctions of the stars that his brother was dead. So he called his son, and said, "My son, you must not spend your life in the forest. Your father's brother, Kāliṅga the Greater, is dead; you must go to Dantapura, and receive your hereditary kingdom." [232] Then he gave him the things he had brought away with him, signet, rug, and sword, saying, "My son, in the city of Dantapura, in such a street, lives a courtier who is my very good servant. Descend into his house and enter his bedchamber, and show him these three things and tell him you are my son. He will place you upon the throne."

The lad bade farewell to his parents and grandparents; and by power of his own virtue he passed through the air, and descending into the house of that courtier entered his bedchamber. "Who are you?" asked the other. "The son of Kāliṅga the Less," said he, disclosing the three tokens. The courtier told it to the palace, and all those of the court decorated the city and spread the umbrella of royalty over his head. Then the chaplain, who was named Kāliṅga-bhāradvāja, taught him the ten ceremonies which an universal monarch has to perform, and he fulfilled those duties. Then on the fifteenth day, the fast-day, came to him from Cakkadaha the precious Wheel of Empire, from the Uposátha stock the precious Elephant, from the royal Valāha breed the precious Horse, from Vepulla the precious Jewel; and the precious wife, retinue, and prince made their appearance[2]. Then he achieved sovereignty in the whole terrestrial sphere.

One day, surrounded by a company which covered six-and-thirty leagues, and mounted upon an elephant all white, tall as a peak of Mount

[1] *Khattiyā.*

[2] For an account of the *Cakkavatti*, and the miracles at his appearing, consult Hardy's *Manual*, 126 ff. See also Rhys Davids on the *Questions of Milinda*, vol. i. p. 57 (he renders the last two *treasurer* and *adviser*), and *Buddhist Suttas*, p. 257.

Kelāsa, in great pomp and splendour he went to visit his parents. But beyond the circuit[1] around the great bo-tree, the throne of victory of all the Buddhas, which has become the very navel of the earth, beyond this the elephant was unable to pass: again and again the king urged him on, but pass he could not.

Explaining this, the Master recited the first stanza:

"King Kāliṅga, lord supreme,
 Ruled the earth by law and right,
To the bo-tree once he came
 On an elephant of might."

Hereupon the king's chaplain, who was travelling with the king, thought to himself, "In the air is no hindrance; why cannot the king make his elephant go on? [233] I will go, and see." Then descending from the air, he beheld the throne of victory of all Buddhas, the navel of the earth, that circuit around the great bo-tree. At that time, it is said, for the space of a royal *karīsa*[2] was never a blade of grass, not so big as a hare's whisker; it seemed as it were a smooth-spread sand-bright like a silver plate; but on all sides were grass, creepers, mighty trees like the lords of the forest, as though standing in reverent wise all about with their faces turned towards the throne of the bo-tree. When the brahmin beheld this spot of earth, "This," thought he, "is the place where all the Buddhas have crushed all the desires of the flesh; and beyond this none can pass, no not if he were Sakka himself." Then approaching the king, he told him the quality of the bo-tree circuit, and bade him descend.

By way of explaining this the Master recited these stanzas following:

"This Kāliṅga-bhāradvāja told his king, the ascetic's son,
 As he rolled the wheel of empire, guiding him, obeisance done:

"'This the place the poets sing of; here, O mighty king, alight!
 Here attained to perfect wisdom perfect Buddhas, shining bright.

"'In the world, tradition has it, this one spot is hallowed ground,
 Where in attitude of reverence herbs and creepers stand around[3].

"'Come, descend and do obeisance; since as far as the ocean bound
 In the fertile earth all-fostering this one spot is hallowed ground.

[1] The word is used both of the seat under the tree and of the raised terrace built around it.

[2] Or should it be a *karisa* round the king?

[3] The scholiast says of this *maṇḍo*: 'As the age continues, at first it continues the same, then with the waning of the age wanes again and grows less.'

"'All the elephants thou ownest thorobred by dam and sire,
Hither drive them, they will surely come thus far, but come no nigher.

"'He is thorobred you ride on; drive the creature as you will,
He can go not one step further: here the elephant stands still.'

"Spake the soothsayer, heard Kāliṅga; then the King to him, quoth he,
Driving deep the goad into him—'Be this truth, we soon shall see.'

"Pierced, the creature trumpets loudly, shrill as any heron cries,
Moved, then fell upon his haunches neath the weight, and could not rise."

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[234] Pierced and pierced again by the king, this elephant could not endure the pain, and so died; but the king knew not he was dead, and sat there still on his back. Then Kāliṅgabhāradvāja said, "O great king! your elephant is dead; pass on to another."

To explain this matter, the Master recited the tenth stanza:

"When Kāliṅga-bhāradvāja saw the elephant was dead,
He in fear and trepidation then to king Kāliṅga said:
'Seek another, mighty monarch: this thy elephant is dead'."

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[235] By the virtue and magical power of the king, another beast of the Uposatha breed appeared and offered his back. The king sat on his back. At that moment the dead elephant fell upon the earth.

To explain this matter, the Master repeated another stanza:

"This heard, Kāliṅga in dismay
Mounted another, and straightway
Upon the earth the corpse sank down,
And the soothsayer's word for very truth was shown."

Thereupon the king came down from the air, and beholding the precinct of the bo-tree, and the miracle that was done, he praised Bhāradvāja, saying—

"To Kāliṅga-bhāradvāja king Kāliṅga thus did say:
'All thou know'st and understandest, and thou seest all alway.'"

Now the brahmin would not accept this praise; but standing in his own humble place, he extolled the Buddhas, and praised them.

To explain this, the Master repeated these stanzas:

"But the brahmin straight denied it, and thus spake unto the king:
'I know sooth of marks and tokens: but the Buddhas, every thing.

"'Though all-knowing and all-seeing, yet in marks they have no skill:
They know all, but know by insight: I a man of books am still.'"

The king, hearing the virtues of the Buddhas, was delighted in heart; and he caused all the dwellers in the world to bring fragrant wreaths in plenty, and for seven days he made them do worship at the circuit of the Great Bo-tree.

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[236] By way of explanation, the Master recited a couple of stanzas:

"Thus worshipt he the great bo-tree[1] with much melodious sound
Of music, and with fragrant wreaths: a wall he set around,

"and after that the king went on his way—

"Brought flowers in sixty thousand carts an offering to be;
Thus king Kāliṅga worshipped the Circuit of the Tree."

Having in this manner done worship to the Great Bo-tree, he visited his parents, and took them back with him again to Dantapura; where he gave alms and did good deeds, until he was born again in the Heaven of the Thirty-Three.

The Master, having finished this discourse, said: "It is not now the first time, Brethren, that Ānanda did worship the bo-tree, but aforetime also;" and then he identified the Birth:—"At that time Ānanda was Kāliṅga, and I myself was Kāliṅga-bhāradvāja."

No. 480.

AKITTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Sakka, the lord of beings,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about a generous donor who lived in Sāvatthi. This man, so it is said, invited the Master, and for seven days gave many gifts to the company which followed with him; on the last day he presented the company of the Saints with all things necessary for them. Then said the

[1] Reading *taṁ bodhiṁ*.

Master, rendering thanks to him, "Lay Brother, great is thy generosity: a thing most difficult thou hast done. This custom of giving is the custom of wise men of old. Gifts must be given, be ye in the world, be ye in retirement from the world; the wise men of old, even when they had left the world and dwelt in the woodland, when they had to eat but *Kāra*[1] leaves sprinkled with water, without salt or spice [237], yet gave to all beggars that passed by to serve their need, and themselves lived on their own joy and blessedness." The man answered, "Sir, this giving of all necessary things to the company is clear enough, but what you say is not clear. Will you not explain it to us?" Then the Master at his request told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the family of a Brahmin magnate, whose fortune amounted to eighty crores. They named him Akitti. When the time came he was able to walk, a sister was born, and they gave her the name Yasavatī. The Great Being proceeded at the age of sixteen years to Benares, where he completed his education and then returned. After that his mother and father died. He had performed all that behoves for the spirits of the dead, and was inspecting his treasure[2]: "So and so," ran the catalogue, "laid up so much and died, such another so much." Hearing this he was disturbed in his mind, and thought, "This treasure is here for all to see, but they that gathered it are no more seen: they have all gone and left the treasure behind them, but when I pass away I will take it with me." So sending for his sister, he said, "Take charge of this treasure." "What is your own intent?" she asked. He replied, "To become an ascetic." "Dear one," she answered, "I will not take on my head that which you have spewed out of your mouth; I will have none of it, but I also will become an ascetic." Then having asked leave of the king, he caused the drum to beat all about the city, and proclamation to be made: "Oyez! Let all those who wish for money repair to the wise man's house!" For seven days he distributed great store of alms, and yet the treasure did not come to an end. Then he thought to himself, "The elements of my being waste away, and what do I want with this treasure-game? Let those who desire it, take." Then he opened wide the doors of the house, saying, "'Tis a gift; let the people take it." So leaving the house with all its gold and precious metal, with his kinsfolk weeping around, he and his sister departed. And the gate of Benares by which they went was called Akitti's Gate, and the landing-stage by which they went down to the river, this also was called the Quay of Akitti.

Three leagues he traversed, and there in a pleasant spot made a hut of leaves and branches, and with his sister lived in it as an ascetic [238].

[1] *Canthium parviflorum.*

[2] Cf. vol. iii. p. 39 (no. 313).

After the time of his retiring from the world, many others also did the same, villagers, townsfolk, citizens of the royal city; great was the company of them, great the gifts and the honour they received; it was like to the arising of a Buddha. Then the Great Being thought within himself, "Here is great honour and store of alms, here is a great company, yea passing great, but I ought to dwell alone." So at a time when no man expected, without even warning his sister, alone he departed, and by and by came to the kingdom Damiḷa[1], where dwelling in a park over against Kāvīrapaṭṭana, he cultivated a mystic ecstasy and the supernatural Faculties. There also he received much honour and great store of gifts. This liked him not, and he forsook it, and passing through the air descended at the isle of Kāra, which is over against the island of Nāga[2]. At that time, Kāradīpa was named Ahidīpa, the Isle of Snakes. There he built him an hermitage beside a great kāra-tree, and dwelt in it. But that he dwelt there no man knew.

Now his sister went searching for her brother, and in due course came to the kingdom of Damiḷa, saw him not, yet dwelt in the very place where he dwelt, but could not induce the mystic ecstasy. The Great Being was so contented that he went no whither, but at the time of fruit fed upon the fruit of that tree, and at time of putting forth of leaves fed on its leaves sprinkled with water. By the fire of his virtue Sakka's marble throne became hot. "Who would bring me down from my place?" thought Sakka, and considering, he beheld the wise man. "Why is it," thought he, "yon ascetic guards his virtue? Is it that he aspires to Sakka-hood, or for some other cause? I will test him. The man lives in misery, eats kāra-leaves sprinkled with water: if he desires to become Sakka, he will give me his own sodden leaves; but if not, then he will not give them." Then in the guise of a brahmin he went to the Bodhisatta.

The Bodhisatta sat at the door of his leaf-hut, having sodden the leaves and laid them down: "When they are cool," thought he, "I will eat them." At that moment Sakka stood before him, craving an alms. When the Great Being beheld him, he was glad at heart; "A blessing for me," he thought, "I see a beggar; this day I shall attain the desire of my heart [239], and I shall give an alms." When the food was ready, he took it in his bowl at once, and advancing towards Sakka, said to him, "This is my gift: be it the means of my gaining omniscience!" Then without leaving any for himself, he laid the food in the other's bowl. The brahmin took it, and moving a short way off disappeared. But the Great Being, having given his gift, cooked no more again, but sat still in joy and blessedness. Next day he cooked again, and sat as before at

[1] The Malabar coast or Northern Ceylon.

[2] Near Ceylon, or part of it.

the entering in of the hut. Again Sakka came in the semblance of a brahmin, and again the Great Being gave him the meal, and continued in joy and blessedness. On the third day again he gave as before, saying, "See what a blessing for me! A few kāra-leaves have begotten great merit for me." Thus in heartfelt joy, weak as he was for want of food for three days, he came out of his hut at noontide and sat in the door, reflecting upon the gift which he had given. And Sakka thought: "This brahmin fasting for three days, weak as he is, yet gives to me, and takes joy in his giving. There is no other meaning in his thoughts; I do not understand what it is he desires and why he gives these gifts, so I must ask him, and find out his meaning, and learn the cause of his giving." Accordingly he waited till past midday, and in great glory and magnificence came to the Great Being blazing like the young sun; and standing before him, put to him the question: "Ho, ascetic! why do you practise the ascetic life in this forest, surrounded by the salt sea, with hot winds beating upon you?"

To make clear this matter, the Master repeated the first stanza:

"Sakka, the lord of beings, saw Akitti honouréd:
'Why, O great Brahmin, do you rest here in the heat?' he said."

When the Great Being heard this, and perceived that it was Sakka, he answered and said to him, "Those Attainments I do not crave; but craving for omniscience I live the life of a recluse." To make this clear, he recited the second stanza:

[240] "Re-birth, the body's breaking up, death, error—all is pain:
Therefore, O Sakka Vāsava! I here in peace remain."

Hearing these words, Sakka was pleased in his heart, and thought—"He is dissatisfied with all kinds of being, and for Nirvāṇa's sake dwells in the forest. I will offer him a boon." Then he invited him to choose a boon in the words of the third stanza:

"Fair spoken, Kassapa, well put, most excellently said:
Choose now a boon—as bids your heart, so let the choice be made[1]."

The Great Being repeated the fourth stanza, choosing his boon:

"Sakka, the lord of beings all, has offered me a boon[2],
Son, wife or treasure, grain in store, content not tho' possessed:
I pray no lust for such as these may harbour in my breast."

[1] This couplet has already been given: see p. 7, above.

[2] See p. 7.

Then Sakka, much pleased, offered yet other boons, and the Great Being accepted them, each in turn repeating a stanza as follows:

"Fair spoken, Kassapa, well put, most excellently said:
Choose now a boon—as bids your heart, so let the choice be made."

"Sakka, the lord of beings all, has offered me a boon.
Lands, goods, and gold, slaves, horse, and kine, grow old and pass away:
May I be not like them, nor be this fault in me, I pray."

"Fair spoken," etc.

"Sakka, the lord of all the world, has offered me a boon.
May I not see or hear a fool, nor no such dwell with me,
Nor hold no converse with a fool, nor like his company."

[241] "What has a fool e'er done to you, O Kassapa, declare!
Come tell me why fools' company is more than you can bear?"

"The fool does wickedly, binds loads on him that none should bear,
Ill-doing is his good, and he is wroth when spoken fair,
Knows not right conduct; this is why I would have no fool there."

"Fair spoken, Kassapa," etc.

"Sakka, the lord of beings all, has offered me a boon.
Be it mine the wise to see and hear, and may he dwell with me,
May I hold converse with the wise, and love his company."

"What has the wise man done to you, O Kassapa, declare!
Why do you wish that where you are, the wise man should be there?'

"The wise does well, no burden binds on him that none should bear,
Well-doing is his good, nor is he wroth when spoken fair,
Knows well right conduct; this is why 'tis well he should be there."

"Fair spoken, Kassapa," etc.

"Sakka, the lord of beings all, has offered me a boon.
May I be free from lusts, and when the sun begins to shine
May holy mendicants appear, and grant me food divine;

"May this not dwindle as I give, nor I repent the deed,
But be my heart in giving glad: this choose I for my meed."

"Fair spoken, Kassapa, well put, most excellently said:
Choose now a boon—as bids your heart, so let the choice be made."

"Sakka, the lord of beings all, to me a boon he gave:—
O Sakka, visit me no more: this boon is all I crave."

"But many men and women too of those who live aright
Desire to see me: can there be a danger in the sight?"

"Such is thy aspect all divine, such glory and delight,
This seen, I may forget my vows: this danger has the sight."

[242] "Well, Sir," said Sakka, "I will never visit you more"; and so saluting him, and craving his pardon, Sakka departed. The Great Being then dwelt all his life long, cultivating the Excellences, and was born again in the world of Brahma.

The Master, having completed this discourse, identified the Birth: "At that time Anuruddha was Sakka, and I myself was the wise Akitti."

No. 481.

TAKKĀRIYA-JĀTAKA[1].

"I spoke," etc. This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about Kokālika.

During one rainy season the two Chief Disciples[2], desiring to leave the multitude and to dwell apart, took leave of the Master, and went into the kingdom where Kokālika was. They repaired to the house of Kokālika, and thus said to him: "Brother Kokālika [243], since for us it is delightful to dwell with you, and for you to dwell with us, we would abide here three months." "How," quoth the other, "will it be delightful for you to dwell with me?" They answered, "If you tell not a soul that the two Chief Disciples are dwelling here, we shall be happy, and that will be our delight in dwelling with you." "And how is it delightful for me to dwell with you?" "We will declare the Law to you three months in your house, and we will discourse to you, and that will be your delight in dwelling with us." "Dwell here, Brethren," quoth he, "so long as you will:" and he allotted a pleasant residence to them. There they dwelt in the fruition of the Attainments, and no man knew of their dwelling in that place.

When they had thus past the rains they said to him, "Brother, now we have dwelt with you, and we will go to visit the Master," and asked his leave to go. He agreed, and went with them on the rounds for alms in a village over against the place where they were. After their meal the Elders departed from the village. Kokālika leaving them, turned back and said to the people, "Lay Brethren, you are like brute animals. Here the two Chief Disciples have been dwelling for three months in the monastery opposite, and you knew nothing of it: now they are gone." "Why did you not tell us, Sir?" the people asked. Then they took ghee and oil and simples, raiment and clothes, and approached the Elders, saluting them and saying, "Pardon us, Sirs; we knew not you were the Chief Disciples, we have learnt it but to-day by the words of the reverend Brother Kokālika. Pray have compassion on us, and receive these simples and clothes." Kokālika went after the Elders with them, for he thought, "Frugal the Elders are, and content with little; they will not accept these things, and then they will be given to me." But the Elders, because the gift was offered at the instigation of a Brother, neither accepted the things themselves nor had them given to Kokālika. The lay folk then said, "Sirs, if you will not accept these, come hither once again to bless us." The Elders promised, and proceeded to the Master's presence.

Now Kokālika was angry, because the Elders neither accepted those things themselves, nor had them given to him. The Elders, however, having remained a short while with the Master, chose out each five hundred Brethren as their following, and with these thousand Brethren went on pilgrimage seeking alms, as far as Kokālika's country. The lay folk came out to meet them, and led them to the same monastery, and showed them great honour day by day.

[244] Great was the store given them of clothes and of simples. Those Brethren who went out with the Elders dividing the garments gave of them to all the Brethren which had come, but to Kokālika gave none, neither did the Elders give him any. Kokālika getting no clothes began to abuse and revile the

[1] See L. Feer in *Journal Asiatique*, ix. Ser., xi. 189 ff. Compare also *Zeitschr. der deutsch. morg. Gesellschaft*, xlvii. 86, on *αἲξ μάχαιραν*.

[2] Sāriputta and Moggallāna.

Elders: "Sāriputta and Moggallāna are full of sinful desire; they would not accept before what was offered them, but these things they do accept. There is no satisfying them, they have no regard for another." But the Elders, perceiving that the man was harbouring evil on their account, set out with their followers to depart; nor would they return, not though the people begged them to stay yet a few days longer. Then a young Brother said: "Where shall the Elders stay, laymen? Your own particular Elder does not wish them to stay here." Then the people went to Kokālika, and said, "Sir, we are told you do not wish the Elders to stay here. Go to! Either appease them and bring them back, or away with you and live elsewhere!" In fear of the people this man went and made his request to the Elders. "Go back, Brother," answered the Elders, "we will not return." So he being unable to prevail upon them returned to the monastery. Then the lay brethren asked him whether the Elders had returned. "I could not persuade them to return," said he. "Why not, Brother?" they asked. And then they began to think it must be, no good Brethren would dwell there because the man lived in sin; they must get rid of him. "Sir," they said, "do not stay here; we have nothing here for you."

Thus dishonoured by them, he took bowl and robe and went to Jetavana. After saluting the Master, he said, "Sir, Sāriputta and Moggallāna are full of sinful desire, they are in the power of sinful desires!" The Master replied, "Say not so, Kokālika; let your heart, Kokālika, be in charity with Sāriputta and Moggallāna; learn that they are good Brethren." Kokālika said, "You believe in your two Chief Disciples, Sir; I have seen it with my own eyes; they have sinful desires, they have secrets within them, they are wicked men." So he said thrice (though the Master would have stayed him), then rose from his seat, and departed. Even as he went on his way there arose over all his body boils of the size of a mustard seed, grew and grew to the size of a ripe seed of the vilva tree[1], burst, ran blood all over him. Groaning he fell by the gate of Jetavana, maddened with pain. A great cry arose, and reached even to Brahma's world—"Kokālika has reviled the two Chief Disciples!" Then his spiritual teacher, the Brahmā angel, Tudu by name, [245] learning the fact, came with the intent of appeasing the Elders, and said while poised in the air, "Kokālika, a cruel thing this you have done; make your peace with the Chief Disciples." "Who are you, brother?" the man asked. "Tudu Brahmā is my name," said he. "Have you not been declared by the Blessed One," said the man, "one of those who return not[2]? That word means that such come not back to this earth. You will become a goblin upon a dunghill!" Thus he upbraided the great Brahmā angel. And as he could not persuade the man to do as he advised, he replied to him, "May you be tormented according to your own word." Then he returned to his abode of bliss. And Kokālika dying was born again in the Lotus Hell[3]. That he had been born there the great and mighty Brahmā Lord[4] told to the Tathāgata, and the Master told it to the Brethren. In the Hall of Truth the Brethren talked of the man's wickedness: "Brother, they say Kokālika reviled Sāriputta and Moggallāna, and by the words of his own mouth came to the Lotus Hell." The Master came in, and said he, "What speak ye of, Brethren, as ye sit here?" They told him. Then he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Kokālika was destroyed by his own word, and out of his own mouth was condemned to misery; it was the same before." And he told them a story of the past.

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[1] *Aegle Marmelos.*

[2] *Anāgāmi*, those of the Third Path, who return not to be reborn on earth.

[3] Not in Hardy's list of the chief Hells (*Manual*, p. 26); but there were 136 of them. Burnouf gives it, *Introd.* p. 201.

[4] *Sahampati;* the meaning of the first part is unknown; he is the chief of the Brahma Heaven, of which Tudu is an angel.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, his chaplain was tawny-brown[1] and had lost all his teeth. His wife committed sin with another brahmin. This man was just like the other[2]. The chaplain tried times and again to restrain his wife, but could not. Then he thought, "This my enemy I cannot kill with my own hands, but I must devise some plan to kill him."

So he came before the king, and said: "O king, your city is the chiefest city of all India, and you are the chiefest king: but chief king though you are, your southern gate is unlucky, and ill put together." "Well now, my teacher, what is to be done?" "You must bring good luck into it and set it right." "What is to be done?" "We must pull down the old door, get new and lucky timbers, do sacrifice to the beings that guard the city, and set up the new on a lucky conjunction of the stars." "So do, then," said the king.

At that time, the Bodhisatta was a young man named Takkāriya, [246] who was studying under this man.

Now the chaplain caused the old gate to be pulled down, and the new was made ready; which done, he went and said to the king, "The gate is ready, my lord: to-morrow is an auspicious conjunction; before the morrow is over, we must do sacrifice and set up the new gate." "Well, my teacher, and what is necessary for the rite?" "My lord, a great gate is possessed and guarded by great spirits. A brahmin, tawny-brown and toothless, of pure blood on both sides, must be killed; his flesh and blood must be offered in worship, and his body laid beneath, and the gate raised upon it. This will bring luck to you and your city[3]." "Very well, my teacher, have such a brahmin slain, and set up the gate upon him."

The chaplain was delighted. "To-morrow," said he, "I shall see the back of my enemy!" Full of energy he returned to his home, but could not keep a still tongue in his head, and said quickly to his wife, "Ah, you foul hag, whom will you have now to take your pleasure with? To-morrow I shall kill your leman and make sacrifice of him!" "Why will you kill an innocent man?" "The king has commanded me to slay and sacrifice a tawny-brown brahmin, and to set up the city gate upon him.

[1] *Piṅgalo* is not a proper name; see p. 246. 6 (Pāli).

[2] A full stop should be placed at *va*. As printed, this sentence is unintelligible.

[3] Human sacrifice at the founding of a building, or the like, must have been common in ancient times, so persistent are the traditions about it. For India, see Crooke, *Intr. to Pop. Rel. and F.-L. of N. India*, p. 237 and Index. When the Hooghly Bridge was built in Calcutta, I remember how it was commonly said by the natives that the builders had immured many young children in the foundations. For Greece it is attested by modern folk-songs such as the Bridge of Arta (Passow, *Carm. Pop. Gr.* no. 512), and one which I lately wrote down in Cos from oral tradition (published in *Folk-Lore* for 1899). The sacrifice is meant to propitiate the spirits disturbed by the digging. See Robertson Smith, *Religion of the Semites*, p. 158.

Your leman is tawny-brown, and I mean to slay him for the sacrifice." She sent her paramour a message, saying, "They say the king wishes to slay a tawny-brown brahmin in sacrifice; if you would save your life, flee away in time, and with you all they who are like you." So the man did: the news spread abroad in the city, and all those in the whole city who were tawny-brown fled away.

The chaplain, nothing aware of his enemy's flight, went early next morning to the king, and said, "My lord, in such a place is a tawny-brown brahmin to be found; have him taken." The king sent some men for him, but they saw none, and returning informed the king that he was fled away. "Search elsewhere," said the king. [247] All over the city they searched, but found none. "Search quickly!" said the king. "My lord," they replied, "except your chaplain there is no such other." "A chaplain," quoth he, "cannot be killed." "What do you say, my lord? According to the chaplain, if the gate is not set up to-day, the city will be in danger. When the chaplain explained the matter, he said that if we let this day go by, the auspicious moment will not come again until the end of a year. The city without a gate for a year, what a chance for our enemies! Let us kill some one, and sacrifice by the aid of some other wise brahmin, and set up the gate." "But is there another wise brahmin like my teacher?" "There is, my lord, his pupil, a young man named Takkāriya; make him your chaplain and do the lucky ceremony." The king sent for him, and did honour to him, and made him chaplain, and commanded to do as had been said. The young man went to the gate with a great crowd following. In the king's name they bound and brought the chaplain. The Great Being caused a pit to be dug in the place where the gate was to be set up, and a tent to be placed over it, and with his teacher entered into the tent. The teacher beholding the pit, and seeing no escape, said to the Great Being, "My aim had succeeded. Fool that I was, I could not keep a still tongue, but hastily told that wicked woman. I have slain myself with my own weapon." Then he recited the first stanza:

"I spoke in folly, as a frog might call
Upon a snake i' the forest: so I fall
Into this pit, Takkāriyā[1]. How true,
Words spoken out of season one must rue!"

[248] Then the other addressing him, recited this stanza:

"The man who out of season speaks, will go
Like this to ruin, lamentation, woe:
Here you should blame yourself, now you must have
This delvèd pit, my teacher, for your grave."

To these words he added yet this: "O teacher, not thou only, but

[1] The name here is feminine, as the scholiast notes without explanation.

many another likewise, has come to misery because he set not a watch upon his words." So saying, he told him a story of the past to prove it.

Once upon a time, they say, there lived a courtesan in Benares named Kālī, and she had a brother named Tuṇḍila. In one day Kālī would earn a thousand pieces of money. Now Tuṇḍila was a debauchee, a drunkard, a gambler; she gave him money, and whatever he got he wasted. Do what she would to restrain him, restrain him she could not. One day he was beaten at hazard, and lost the very clothes he was clad in. Wrapping about him a rag of loin-cloth, he repaired to his sister's house. But command had been given by her to her serving-maids, [249] that if Tuṇḍila should come, they were to give him nothing, but to take him by the throat and cast him out. And so they did: he stood by the threshold, and made his moan. Now a certain rich merchant's son, who used constantly to give Kālī a thousand pieces of money, on that day happened to see him, and says he, "Why are you weeping, Tuṇḍila?" "Master," said he, "I have been beaten at the dice, and came to my sister; and the serving-maids took me by the throat and cast me out." "Well, stay here," quoth the other, "and I will speak to your sister." He entered the house, and said, "Your brother stands waiting, clad in a rag of loin-cloth. Why do you not give him something to wear?" "Indeed," she replied, "I will give nothing. If you are fond of him, give it yourself." Now in that house of ill fame the fashion was this: out of every thousand pieces of money received, five hundred were for the woman, five hundred were the price of clothes, perfumes and garlands; the men who visited that house received garments to clothe themselves in, and stayed the night there, then on the next day they put off the garments they had received, and put on those they had brought, and went their ways. On this occasion the merchant's son put on the garments provided for him, and gave his own clothes to Tuṇḍila. He put them on, and with loud shouts hastened to the tavern. But Kālī ordered her women that when the young man should depart next day, they should take away his clothes. Accordingly, when he came forth, they ran up from this side and that, like so many robbers, and took the clothes from him, and stript him naked, saying, "Now, young sir, be off!" Thus they got rid of him. Away he went naked: the people made sport of him, and he was ashamed, and lamented, saying, "It is my own doing, because I could not keep watch over my lips!" To make this clear, the Great Being recited the third stanza:

"Why ask of Tuṇḍila how he should fare
At Kālikā his sister's hands? now see!
My clothes are gone, naked am I and bare;
'Tis monstrous like what happened late to thee."

[250] Another person relates this story. By carelessness of the goat-

herds, two rams fell a-fighting on a pasture at Benares. As they were hard at it, a certain fork-tail thought to himself, "These two will crack their polls and perish; I must restrain them." So he tried to restrain them by calling out—"Uncle, don't fight!" Not a word he got from them: in the midst of the battle, mounting first on the back, then on the head, he besought them to stop, but could do nothing. At last he cried, "Fight, then, but kill me first!" and placed himself between the two heads. They went on butting away at each other. The bird was crushed as by a pounder, and came to destruction by his own act. To explain this other tale the Great Being repeated the fourth stanza:

"Between two fighting rams a fork-tail flew,
Though in the fray he had no part nor share.
The two rams' heads did crush him then and there.
He in his fate was monstrous like to you!"

Another. There was a tal-tree which the cowherds set great store by. The people of Benares seeing it sent a certain man up the tree to gather fruit. As he was throwing down the fruit, a black snake issuing forth from an anthill began to ascend the tree; they who stood below tried to drive him off by striking at him with sticks and other things, but could not. Then they called out to the other, "A snake is climbing the tree!" and he in terror uttered a loud cry. Those who stood below seized a stout cloth by the four corners, and bade him fall into the cloth. He let himself drop, and fell in the midst of the cloth between the four of them; swift as the wind he came, and the men could not hold him, [251] but jolled their four heads together and broke them, and so died. To explain this story the Great Being recited the fifth stanza:

"Four men, to save a fellow from his fate,
Held the four corners of a cloth below.
They all fell dead, each with a broken pate.
These men were monstrous like to you, I trow."

Others again tell this. Some goat-thieves who lived at Benares having stolen a she-goat one night, determined to make a meal in the forest: to prevent her bleating they muffled her snout and tied her up in a bamboo clump. Next day, on their way to kill her, they forgot the chopper. "Now we'll kill the goat, and cook her," said they; "bring the chopper here!" But nobody had one. "Without a chopper," said they, "we cannot eat the beast, even if we kill her: let her go! this is due to some merit of hers." So they let her go. Now it happened that a worker in bamboos, who had been there for a bundle of them, left a basket-maker's knife there hidden among the leaves, intending to use it when he came again. But the goat, thinking herself to be free, began playing about under the bamboo clump, and kicking with her hind legs made the knife drop. The thieves heard the sound of the falling knife, and on coming to

find out what it was, saw it, to their great delight; then they killed the goat, and ate her flesh[1]. Thus to explain how this she-goat was killed by her own act, the Great Being recited the sixth stanza:

"A she-goat, in a bamboo thicket bound,
Frisking about, herself a knife had found.
With that same knife they cut the creature's throat.
It strikes me you are monstrous like that goat."

[252] After recounting this, he explained, "But they who are moderate of speech, by watching their words have often been freed from the fate of death," and then told a story of fairies[2].

A hunter, we are told, who lived in Benares, being once in the region of Himalaya, by some means or other captured a brace of supernatural beings, a nymph and her husband; and them he took and presented to the king. The king had never seen such beings before. "Hunter," quoth he, "what kind of creatures are these?" Said the man, "My lord, these can sing with a honey-voice, they dance delightfully: no men are able to dance or sing as they can." The king bestowed a great reward on the hunter, and commanded the fairies to sing and dance. But they thought, "If we are not able to convey the full sense of our song, the song will be a failure, they will abuse and hurt us; and then again, those who speak much speak falsely:" so for fear of some falsehood or other they neither sang nor danced, for all the king begged them again and again. At last the king grew angry, and said, "Kill these creatures, and cook them, and serve them up to me." This command he delivered in the words of the seventh stanza:

"No gods are these nor heaven's musicianers[3],
Beasts brought by one who fain would fill his purse.
So for my supper let them cook me one,
And one for breakfast by the morrow's sun."

Then the fairy-dame thought to herself, "Now the king is angry; without doubt he will kill us. Now it is time to speak." And immediately she recited a stanza:

"A hundred thousand ditties all sung wrong
All are not worth a tithe of one good song.
To sing ill is a crime; and this is why
(Not out of folly) fairy would not try."

[1] Αἲξ τὴν μάχαιραν· παροιμία ἐπὶ τῶν κακῶς τι καθ' ἑαυτῶν ποιούντων, ἀπὸ ἱστορίας τοιαύτης· Κορίνθιοι θυσίαν τελοῦντες Ἥρᾳ ἐνιαύσιον, τῇ ὑπὸ Μηδείας ἱδρυνθείσῃ καὶ Ἀκραίᾳ καλουμένῃ, αἶγα τῇ θεῷ ἔθυον. τινὲς δὲ τῶν κομισάντων μισθωτῶν ἔκρυψαν τὴν μάχαιραν, καὶ σκηπτομένων ἐπιλελῆσθαι ἔνθα ἀπέθεντο, ἡ αἲξ τοῖς ποσὶν ἀνασκαλεύσασα ἀνέφηνε, καὶ τὴν μὲν σκῆψιν αὐτῶν διήλεγξεν, ἑαυτῇ δὲ τῆς σφαγῆς αἰτία ἐγένετο. Zenobius, *Prov. Cent.* I. 27. So Suidas.

[2] *kinnarā.*

[3] *gandhabbaputtā.*

[253] The king, pleased with the fairy, at once recited a stanza:

"She that hath spoken, let her go, that she
The Himalaya hill again may see,
But let them take and kill the other one,
And for to-morrow's breakfast have him done."

But the other fairy thought, "If I hold my tongue, surely the king will kill me; now is the time to speak;" and then he recited another stanza:

"The kine depend upon the clouds[1], and men upon the kine,
And I, O king! depend on thee, on me this wife of mine.
Let one, before he seek the hills, the other's fate divine."

When he had said this, he repeated a couple of stanzas, to make it clear, that they had been silent not from unwillingness to obey the king's word, but because they saw that speaking would be a mistake.

"O monarch! other peoples, other ways:
'Tis very hard to keep you clear of blame.
[254] The very thing which for the one wins praise,
Another finds reproof for just the same.

"Some one there is who each man foolish finds[2];
Each by imagination different still;
All different, many men and many minds,
No universal law is one man's will."

Quoth the king, "He speaks the truth; 'tis a sapient fairy;" and much pleased he recited the last stanza:

"Silent they were, the fairy and his mate:
And he who now did utter speech for fear,
Unhurt, free, happy, let him go his gait.
This is the speech brings good, as oft we hear."

Then the king placed the two fairies in a golden cage, and sending for the huntsman, made him set them free in the same place where he had caught them.

[255] The Great Being added, "See, my teacher! In this manner the fairies kept watch on their words, and by speaking at the right time were set free for their well speaking; but you by your ill speaking have come to great misery." Then after showing him this parallel, he comforted him, saying, "Fear not, my teacher; I will save your life." "Is there indeed a way," asked the other, "how you can save me?" He replied, "It is not yet the proper conjunction of the planets." He let the day go by, and in

[1] Because their food (grass etc.) depends on rain.
[2] Reading *paracitte*: "everybody is foolish in some other man's opinion." In line 2, there may be a pun on *citto* (various): "all the world becomes different through the power of thought."

the middle watch of the night brought thither a dead goat. "Go when you will, brahmin, and live," said he, then let him go and never a soul the wiser. And he did sacrifice with the flesh of the goat, and set up the gate upon it.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said: "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Kokālika was destroyed by his own words, but it was the same before;" after which he identified the Birth: "At that time Kokālika was the tawny-brown man, and I myself was the wise Takkāriya."

No. 482.

RURU-JĀTAKA.

"*I bring you tidings*," *etc.* This story the Master told while dwelling in the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta. One might say to him, "The Master is most useful to you, friend Devadatta. You received holy orders from the Tathāgata, from him you learnt the Three Baskets, you obtained gifts and honour." When such things were said, it is credibly reported he would reply, "No, friend; the Master has done me no good, not so much as a blade of grass is worth. Of myself I received holy orders, myself I learned the Three Baskets, by myself I gained gifts and honour." In the Hall of Truth the Brethren talked of all this: "Ungrateful is Devadatta, my friend, and forgets a kindness done." The Master came in, and would know what they talked of sitting there. They told him. Said he, "It is not now the first time, Brethren, that Devadatta is ungrateful, but ungrateful he was before; and in days long gone by his life was saved by me, yet he knew not the greatness of my merit." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, a great merchant who possessed a fortune of eighty crores, had a son born to him; and he gave him the name of Mahā-dhanaka, or Moneyman. But never a thing he taught him; for said he, "My son will find study a weariness of the flesh." Beyond singing and dancing, eating and feasting, the lad knew nothing. When he came of age, his parents provided him with a wife meet for him, and afterwards died. After their death, the youth surrounded by profligates, drunkards, and dicers, [256] spent all his substance with all manner of waste and profusion. Then he borrowed money, and could not repay it, and was dunned by his creditors. At last he thought, "What is my life to me? In this one existence I am as it were already changed into another being; to die is better." Whereupon he said to his creditors, "Bring your bills, and come hither. I have a

family treasure laid up and buried on the bank of the Ganges, and you shall have that." They went along with him. He made as though he were pointing out here and there the hiding place of his treasure (but all the while he intended to fall into the river and drown), and finally ran and threw himself into the Ganges. As the torrent bore him away, he cried aloud with a pitiful cry.

Now at that time the Great Being had been born as a Deer, and having abandoned the herd, was dwelling near a bend of the river all by himself, in a clump of sal trees mixt with fair-flowering mangoes: the skin of his body was of the colour of a gold plate well burnished, forefeet and hindfeet seemed as it were covered with lac, his tail like the tail of a wild ox, the horns of him were as spirals of silver, eyes had he like bright polished gems, when he turned his mouth in any direction it seemed like a ball of red cloth. About midnight he heard this sad outcry, and thought, "I hear the voice of a man. While I live let him not die! I will save his life for him." Arising from off his resting place in the bush, he went down to the river bank, and called out in a comfortable voice, "Ho man! have no fear, I will save you alive." Then he cleft the current, and swam to him, and placed him upon his back, and bore him to the bank and to his own dwelling-place; where for two or three days he fed him with wild fruits[1]. After this he said to the man, "O man, I will now convey you out of this wood, and set you in the road to Benares, and you shall go in peace. But I pray you, be not led away by greed of gain to tell the king or some great man, that in such a place is a golden deer to be found." The man promised to observe his words; and the Great Being, having received his promise, took him upon his back and carried him to the road to Benares, and went his way.

On the day when he reached Benares, the Queen Consort, whose name was Khemā, saw at morning in a dream how a deer of golden colour preached the Law to her; [257] and she thought, "If there were no such creature as this, I should not have seen him in my dream. Surely there must be such a one; I will announce it to the king."

Then she went to the king, and said, "Great king! I am anxious to hear the discourse of a golden deer. If I may, I shall live, but if not there is no living for me." The king comforted her, saying, "If such a creature exists in the world of men, you shall have it." Then he sent for the brahmins, and put the question—"Are there such things as gold-coloured deer?" "Yes, there are, my lord." The king laid upon the back of an elephant richly caparisoned a purse of a thousand pieces of money enclosed within a casket of gold: whoso should bring word of a golden deer, the king was willing to give him the purse with a thousand pieces,

[1] Read *phalāphalāni*.

the casket of gold, and that elephant withal or a better. He caused a stanza to be engraved upon a tablet of gold, and delivered this to one of his court, bidding him cry the stanza in his name among all the townsfolk. Then he recited that stanza which comes first in this Birth:

"Who brings me tidings of that deer, choicest of all the breed?
Fair women and a village choice who wins him for his meed?"

The courtier took the golden plate, and caused it to be proclaimed throughout all the city. Just then this young merchant's son was entering Benares; and on hearing the proclamation, he approached the courtier, and said, "I can bring the king news of such a deer; take me into his presence." The courtier dismounted from his elephant, and led him before the king, saying, "This man, my lord, says he can tell you tidings of the deer." Quoth the king, "Is this true, man?" He answered, "It is true, O great king! you shall give me that honour." And he recited the second stanza:

"I bring you tidings of that deer, choicest of all the breed:
Fair women and a village choice then give me for my meed."

The king was glad when he heard these words of the treacherous friend. "Come now," said he, "where is this deer to be found?" "In such a place, my lord," he replied, and declared the way they should go. With a great following he made the traitor guide him to the place, and then he said, [258] "Order the army to halt." When the army was brought to a halt, he went on, pointing with his hand, "There is the golden deer, in that place yonder:" and he repeated the third stanza:

"Within yon clump of flowering sal and mango, where the ground
Is all as red as cochineal, this deer is to be found."

When the king heard these words, he said to his courtiers, "Suffer not the deer to escape, but with all speed set a circle about the grove, the men with their weapons in hand." They did so, and made an outcry. The king with a certain number of others was standing apart, and this man also stood not far off. The Great Being heard the sound, and thought he, "It is the sound of a great host, therefore I must beware of them[1]." He rose, and spying at all the company perceived the place where the king stood. "Where the king stands," thought he, "I shall be safe, and thither I must go;" and he ran towards the king. When the king saw him coming, he said, "A creature strong as an elephant would throw down everything in its path. I will put arrow to string and frighten the beast; if he is for running I will shoot him and make him weak, that I may take him." Then stringing his bow, he stood facing the Bodhisatta.

[1] Reading *purisabhayena*, or omitting *me* (with this it would be "I must beware of that man").

To explain this matter, the Master repeated a couple of stanzas:

"Forward he went: the bow was bent, the arrow on the string[1];
When thus from far the deer called out, as he beheld the king:

"'O lord of charioteers, great king, stand still! and do not wound:
Who brought the news to you, that here this deer was to be found?'"

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[259] The king was enchanted with his honey-voice; he let fall his bow, and stood still in reverence. And the Great Being came up to the king, and talked pleasantly with him, standing on one side. All the host also dropt their weapons, and came up and surrounded the king. At that moment the Great Being asked his question of the king with a sweet voice (it was like one tinkling a golden bell): "Who brought the news to you, that here this deer was to be found?" Just then the wicked man came closer, and stood within hearing. The king pointed him out, saying, "There is he that informed me," and recited the sixth stanza:

"That sinful man, my worthy friend, that yonder stands his ground,
He brought the news to me, that here the deer was to be found."

On hearing this, the Great Being rebuked his treacherous friend, and addressing the king recited the seventh stanza:

"Upon the earth are many men, of whom the proverb's true:
'Twere better save a drowning log than such a one as you[2]."

When he heard this, the king repeated another stanza:

"Who is it you would blame in this, O deer?
Is it some man, or is it beast or bird?
[260] I am possessed with an unbounded fear
At this your human speech which late I heard."

Hereupon the Great Being replied, "O great king, I blame no beast and I blame no bird, but a man:" to explain which he repeated the ninth stanza:

"I saved him once, when like to drown
On the swift swelling tide that bore him down:
And now I am in danger through it.
Go with the wicked, and be sure you'll rue it."

The king when he heard this was wroth with the man. "What?" quoth he, "not to recognise his merit after such a good service! I will shoot him and kill him!" He then repeated the tenth stanza:

"This four-winged flyer I'll let fly,
And pierce him to the heart! So let him perish,
The evil-doer in his treachery,
Who for such kindness done no thanks did cherish!"

[1] This line is almost identical with iii. 274. 12 (p. 174, line 12 of this translation).
[2] These lines are found in vol. i. p. 326. 8 (i. 180 of this translation).

Then the Great Being thought, "I would not have him perish on my account," and uttered the eleventh stanza:

[261] "Shame on the fool, O king, indeed!
But no good men approve a killing;
Let the wretch go, and give his meed,
All that you promised him fulfilling:
And I will serve you at your need."

The king was very glad to hear this, and lauding him, uttered the next stanza:

"Surely this deer is good indeed,
To pay back ill for ill unwilling.
Let the wretch go! I give his meed,
All that I promised him fulfilling.
And you go where you will—good speed!"

At this the Great Being said, "O mighty king, men say one thing with their lips, and do another;" to expound which matter he recited two stanzas:

"The cry of jackals and of birds is understood with ease;
Yea, but the word of men, O king, is harder far than these.

"A man may think, 'This is my friend, my comrade, of my kin;'
But friendship goes, and often hate and enmity begin[1]."

When the king heard these words, he answered, "O king of the deer! do not suppose that I am one of that kind; for I will not deny the boon I have promised you, not even if I lose my kingdom for it. [262] Trust me." And he gave him choice of a boon. The Great Being accepted this boon at his hands, and chose this: That all creatures, beginning with himself, should be free from danger. This boon the king granted, and then took him back to the city of Benares, and having adorned and decorated the city, and the Great Being also, caused him to discourse to the queen his wife. The Great Being discoursed to the queen, and afterwards to the king and all his court, in a human voice sweet as honey; he admonished the king to hold fast by the Ten Virtues of Kings, and he comforted the great multitude, and then returned to the woodland, where he dwelt among a herd of deer.

The king sent a drum beating about the city, with this proclamation: "I give protection to all creatures!" From that time onwards no one durst so much as raise hand against beast or bird.

Herds of deer devoured the crops of mankind, and no one was able to drive them away. A crowd assembled in the king's courtyard, and complained.

[1] These lines have been used before: pages 135 and 141.

To make this clear, the Master repeated the following stanza:

"The country-folk and townsfolk all straight to the king they went:
'The deer are eating up our crops: this let the king prevent!'"

Hearing this, the king recited a couple of stanzas:

"Be it the people's wish or no, e'en if my kingdom cease,
I cannot wrong the deer, to whom I promised life and peace.

"The people may desert me all, my royal power may die,
The boon I gave that royal deer I never will deny."

The people listened to the king's words, and finding themselves unable to say anything, departed. This saying was spread abroad. The Great Being heard of it, and assembling all the deer, laid his bidding on them: "From this time forward you must not devour the crops of men." [263] He then sent a message to men, that each should set up a placard on his own lands. The men did so; and at that sign even to this day the deer do not devour the crops.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Devadatta has been ungrateful;" and then he identified the Birth: "At that time, Devadatta was the merchant's son, Ānanda was the king, and I myself was the deer."

No. 483.

SARABHA-MIGA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Toil on, O man,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, to explain fully a question concisely put by himself to the Commander of the Faith.

At that time the Master put a question concisely to that Elder. This is the full story, put briefly, of the descent from the world of gods. When the Reverend Piṇḍola-Bhāradvāja had by his supernatural power gained the sandal-wood bowl in the presence of the great merchant of Rājagaha[2], the Master forbade the Brethren to use their miraculous powers.

[1] Cf. *Jayaddisa Jātaka*, no. 513, vol. v.

[2] The story is told in Culla-vagga, v. 8 (*Vinaya Texts*, III. p. 78, in the *Sacred Books of the East*). The seṭṭhi had placed a sandal-wood bowl on a high pole, and challenged any holy person to get it down. Piṇḍola rose in the air by magic power and took it. For this he was blamed by the Master, as having used his great gift for an unworthy end.

Then the schismatics thought, "The ascetic Gotama has forbidden the use of miraculous power: now he will do no miracle himself." Their disciples were disturbed, and said to the schismatics, "Why didn't you take the bowl by your supernatural power?" They replied: "This is no hard thing for us, friend. But we think, Who will display before the laity his own fine and subtile powers for the sake of a paltry wooden bowl? and so we did not take it. The ascetics of the Sakya class took it, and showed their supernatural power for sheer foolish greed. Do not imagine it is any trouble to us to work miracles. Suppose we leave out of consideration the disciples of Gotama the ascetic: if we like, we too will show our supernatural powers with the ascetic Gotama himself: if the ascetic Gotama works one miracle, we will work one twice as good."

The Brethren who heard this told the Blessed One of it: "Sir, the schismatics say they will work a miracle." Said the Master, "Let them do it, Brethren; I will do the like." Bimbisāra, hearing this, went and asked the Blessed One: "Will you work a miracle, Sir?" "Yes, O king." "Was there not a command given on this matter, Sir?" "The command, O king, was given to my disciples; there is no command which can rule the Buddhas. [264] When the flowers and fruit in your park are forbidden[1] to others, the same rule does not apply to you." "Then where will you work this miracle, Sir?" "At Sāvatthi, under a knot-mango tree." "What have I to do, then?" "Nothing, Sire."

Next day, after breaking his fast, the Master went to seek alms. "Whither goes the Master?" asked the people. The Brethren answered to them, "At the gate of the city of Sāvatthi, beneath a knot-mango tree, he is to work a twofold miracle to the confounding of the schismatics." The crowd said, "This miracle will be what they call a masterpiece; we will go see it:" leaving the doors of their houses, they went along with the Master. Some of the schismatics also followed the Master, with their disciples: "We too," they said, "will work a miracle, in the place where the ascetic Gotama shall work his."

By and bye the Master arrived at Sāvatthi. The king asked him, "Is it true, Sir, you are about to work a miracle, as they say?" "Yes, it is true," he said. "When?" asked the king. "On the seventh day from now, at the full moon of the month of June." "Shall I set up a pavilion, Sir?" "Peace, great king: in the place where I shall work my miracle Sakka will set up a pavilion of jewels twelve leagues in compass." "Shall I proclaim this thing through the city, Sir?" "Proclaim it, O king." The king sent forth the Crier of the Truth on an elephant richly caparisoned, to proclaim thus: "News! the Master is about to perform a miracle, for the confounding of the schismatics, at the Gate of Sāvatthi, under a knot-mango tree, seven days from now!" Each day was this proclamation made. When the schismatics heard this news, that the miracle will be done under a knot-mango tree, they had all the mango trees near to Sāvatthi cut down, paying the owners for them.

On the night of the full moon the Crier of the Truth made proclamation, "This day[2] in the morning the miracle will take place." By the power of the gods it was as though all India was at the door and heard the proclamation; whosoever had it in his heart to go, they all beheld themselves at Sāvatthi: for twelve leagues the crowd extended.

Early in the morning the Master went on his rounds seeking alms. The king's gardener, Gaṇḍa or Knot by name, was just taking to the king a fine ripe mango fruit; thoroughly ripe, big as a bushel, when he espied the Master at the city gate. "This fruit is worthy of the Master," said he, and gave it to him. The Master took it, and sitting down then and there on one side, ate the fruit. When it was eaten, he said, "Ānanda, give the gardener this stone to plant here on the spot; [265] this shall be the knot-mango tree." The Elder did so. The gardener dug a hole in the earth, and planted it. On the

[1] Reading *vāritam*.

[2] The Eastern day is reckoned from sunset to sunset.

instant the stone burst, roots sprouted forth, up sprang a red shoot tall as a plough-pole; even as the crowd stared it grew into a mango tree of a hundred cubits, with a trunk fifty cubits and branches of fifty cubits in height; at the same time flowers bloomed, fruit ripened; the tree stood filling the sky, covered with bees, loaden with golden fruit; when the wind blew on it, sweet fruits fell; then the Brethren came up and ate of the fruit, and retired. In the evening time the king of the gods, reflecting, perceived that it was a task laid on him to make a pavilion of the seven precious things. So he sent Vissakamma, and caused him to make a pavilion of the seven precious things, twelve leagues in compass, covered all over with blue lotus. Thus the gods of ten thousand spheres were gathered together. The Master, having for the confounding of the schismatics performed a twofold miracle passing marvellous among his disciples, caused faith to spring up in multitudes, then arose and, sitting in the Buddha's seat, declared the Law. Twenty crores of beings drank of the waters of life. Then, meditating to see whither it was that former Buddhas went when they had done a miracle, and perceiving that it was to the Heaven of the Thirty-three, up he rose from the Buddha's seat, the right foot he placed on the top of Mount Yugandhara[1], and with his left strode to the peak of Sineru, he began the season of rains under the great Coral Tree[2], seated upon the yellow-stone throne; for the space of three months he discoursed upon transcendental doctrine[3] to the gods.

The people knew not the place whither the Master had gone; they looked, and said, "Let us go home," and abode in that place during the rainy season. When the lenten season was near to its end, and the feast was at hand, the great Elder Moggallāna went and announced it to the Blessed One. Thereupon the Master asked him, "Where is Sāriputta now?" "He, Sir, after the miracle which delighted him, remained with five hundred Brethren in the city of Samkassa, and is there still." "Moggallāna, on the seventh day from now I shall descend by the gate of Samkassa. Let those who desire to behold the Tathāgata assemble in the city of Samkassa." The Elder assented, went and told the people: the whole company he transported from Sāvatthi to Samkassa, a distance of thirty leagues, in the twinkling of an eye. Lent over, and the feast celebrated, the Master told king Sakka that he was about to return to the world of men. Then Sakka sent for Vissakamma, and said to him, "Make a stairway for the Dasabala to descend into the world of men." He placed the head of the stairway upon the peak of Sineru, and the foot of it by the gate of Samkassa, and between he made three descents side by side: one of gems, one of silver, and one of gold: [266] the balustrade and cornice were of the seven things of price. The Master, having performed a miracle for the world's emancipation, descended by the midmost stair made out of gems. Sakka carried the bowl and robe, Suyāma a yak's-tail fan, Brahmā Lord of all beings bore a sunshade, and the deities of ten thousand spheres did worship with divine garlands and perfumes. When the Master stood at the foot of the staircase, first Elder Sāriputta gave him greeting, afterwards the rest of the company.

Amidst this assembly the Master thought, "Moggallāna has been shown to possess supernatural power, Upāli as one who is versed in the sacred law, but the quality of high wisdom possessed by Sāriputta has not been shown. Save and except me, no other possesses wisdom so full and complete as his; I will make known the quality of his wisdom." First of all he asked a question which is put to ordinary persons, and the ordinary persons answered it. Then he asked a question within the scope of those of the First Path, and this they of the First Path answered, but the ordinary folk knew nought of it. In the same way he asked questions in turn within the scope of those of the Second and

[1] Mount Meru or Sineru, the Indian Olympus, is surrounded by seven concentric circles of hills, the innermost of which is Yugandhara.

[2] The tree named is the Erythmia Indica; a great one grew in Indra's heaven.

[3] Abhidhamma.

Third Paths, of the Saints, of the Chief Disciples; and in each case those who were below each grade in turn were unable to answer, but they who were above could answer. Then he put a question within the power of Sāriputta, and this the Elder could answer, but the others not so. The people asked, "Who is this Elder who answered the Master?" They were told, it was the Captain of the Faith, and Sāriputta was his name. "Ah, great is his wisdom!" they said. Ever afterwards the quality of the Elder's great wisdom was known to men and to gods. Then the Master said to him,

"Some have probations yet to pass, and some have reached the goal:
Their different deportments say, for thou dost know the whole[1]."

Having thus asked a question which comes within a Buddha's scope, he added, "Here is a point put with brevity, Sāriputta; what is the meaning of the matter in all its bearings?" The Elder considered the problem. Thought he, "The Master asks of the proper deportment with which the Brethren attain progress, both those who are in the lower Paths and those who are Saints?" As to the general question, he had no doubt. But then he considered, "The proper manner of deportment may be described in many ways of speaking according to the essential elements of being[2], and so forth from that beginning; now in what fashion can I hit the Master's meaning?" He was doubtful about the meaning. The Master thought, "Sāriputta has no doubt of the general question, but doubts what particular side of it I have in view. If I give no clue, he will never be able to answer, so a clue [267] I will give him." This clue he gave by saying, "See here, Sāriputta: you grant this to be true?" (mentioning some point). Sāriputta granted the point.

The hint thus given, he knew that Sāriputta had taken his meaning, and would answer fully, starting from the very elements of being. Then the question stood out clear before the Elder, as with a hundred hints, nay, a thousand; and he, at the Master's hint given, answered the question which belonged to a Buddha's scope.

The Master declared the Law to this company which covered twelve leagues of ground: thirty crores of beings drank of the waters of life.

The company was dismissed, and the Master, going on pilgrimage for alms, came by and bye to Sāvatthi. Next day, after seeking alms in Sāvatthi, he came back from his rounds, and told the Brethren of their duty, and entered his Perfumed Chamber. At evening time, the Brethren talked of the high worth of the Elder as they sat in the Hall of Truth. "Great in wisdom, Sirs, is Sāriputta; he has wisdom wide, wisdom swift, wisdom sharp, wisdom keen. The Master put a question in brief, and he answered it fully at large." The Master entering asked what they talked of as they sat there. They told him. "This is not the first time, Brethren," said he, "that he answered at large a question briefly put, but he has done so before;" and he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta lived in the forest, having been born as a stag. Now the king much delighted in hunting, and a mighty man was he: he reckoned no other man worthy of the name of man. One day as he went a-hunting he said to his courtiers, "Whoever lets a deer go by him, such and such shall be his punishment." They thought, "One may stand in the house and not find the granary[3]. When a deer is put up, by hook or by crook

[1] *Saṃkhatadhamma* seems to mean an *arahā* or *asekha*.

[2] The five *Khandhas*.

[3] Doubtless a proverb: one may miss the most obvious things.

we must drive him to the place where the king is." They made a pact among them to this effect, and posted the king at the end of the path. Then they surrounded a great covert and began to beat on the ground with cudgels and the like. The first to be put up was our stag. Thrice he went round the thicket, looking for a chance of escape: on all other sides he saw men standing without a break, arm jostling arm and bow bow; only where the king was could he see a chance. [268] With eyes glaring, he rushed at the king, dazzling him as though he cast sand in his eyes. Quickly the king saw him, shot an arrow, and missed. You must know these deer are clever to keep clear of arrows. When the shafts come straight at them, the deer stand still and let them fly; let them come from behind, the deer outfly them faster; if they fall from above, they bend the back; from the side, they swerve a little; if the shafts are aimed at the belly, they roll right over, and when they have gone by, off go the deer swift as a cloud which the wind scatters. Thus the king, when he saw this stag roll over, thought he was hit and gave the halloa. Up rose the stag, swift as the wind he was off, breaking the circle of men. The courtiers on both sides who saw the stag get away collected together, and asked, "Whose post did the stag make for?" "The king's!" "But the king is shouting, I've hit him! What has he hit? Our king has missed, I tell you! He has hit the ground!" Thus they made sport of the king, and no stint. "These fellows are laughing at me," thought the king; "they know not my measure." Then girding up his loins, on foot, and sword in hand, he set off at speed crying, "I will catch the stag!" He kept him in sight and chased him for three leagues. The stag plunged into the forest, in plunged the king also. Now in the stag's way was a pit, a great hole where a tree had rotted away, sixty cubits deep, and full of water to a depth of thirty cubits, yet covered over with weeds. The stag sniffed the smell of the water, and perceiving that it was a pit, swerved aside somewhat from his course. But the king went straight on, and fell in. The stag, no longer hearing the sound of his footsteps, turned him about; and seeing no man, understood that he must have fallen into the pit. So he went and looked, and saw him in dire straits, struggling in the deep water; for the evil he had done the stag bore no malice, [269] but pitifully thought, "Let not the king perish before my eyes: I will set him free from this distress." Standing upon the edge of the pit, he cried out, "Fear nothing, O king, for I will deliver you from your distress." Then with an effort, as earnest as though he would save his own beloved son, he supported himself upon the rock; and that king who had come after him to slay, him he drew up from out of the pit, sixty cubits in depth, and comforted him, and set him upon his own back, and led him forth from the forest, and set him down not far from his army. Then he admonished the king, and established him in the Five Virtues. But the king could

not leave the Great Being, but said to him: "My lord king of the stags, come with me to Benares, for I give thee the lordship over Benares, a city that spreads over twelve leagues, that you may rule over it." But he said, "Great king, I am one of the animals, and I want no kingdom. If you have any care for me, keep the good precepts I have taught you, and teach your subjects to keep them too." With this advice, he returned into the forest. And the king returned to his army, and as he remembered the noble qualities of the stag his eyes filled with tears. Surrounded by a division of his army, he went through the city, while the drum of the Law was beat, and caused this proclamation to be made: "From this day forward, let all the dwellers in this city observe the five virtues."

But he told no one of the kindness done to him by the Great Being. After eating many choice meats, in the evening time, he reclined upon his gorgeous couch, and at daybreak remembering the noble qualities of the Great Being, he rose up and sat on the couch cross-legged, and with heart full of joy chanted his aspirations in six stanzas:

"Hope on O man, if thou be wise, nor let thy courage tire:
Myself I see, who now have won the goal of my desire[1].

"Hope on O man, if thou be wise, tire not though harassed sore:
Myself I see, who from the waves have fought my way ashore[2].

"Toil on O man, if thou be wise, nor let thy courage tire:
Myself I see, who now have won the goal of my desire.

"Toil on O man, if thou be wise, tire not though harassed sore:
Myself I see, who from the waves have fought my way ashore.

"He that is wise, though overcome with pain,
Would never cease to hope for bliss again.
[270] Many are men's feelings, both of joy and woe:
They think not of it, yet to death they go."

"That comes to pass which is not thought; and that is thought of, fails:
For man or woman's happiness not thought alone avails."

As the king was in the act of chanting these lines, the sun uprose. His chaplain had come thus early to enquire after the king's welfare, and as he stood at the door he heard the sound of this chant, and thought to himself: "Yesterday the king went a-hunting. Doubtless he missed the stag, and being derided by his courtiers declared that he would catch and kill the quarry himself. Then no doubt he chased him, being pricked in his pride as a warrior, and fell into a sixty-cubit pit; and the merciful stag must have pulled him out without a thought of the king's offence against him. That is why the king is chanting this hymn, methinks." Thus the brahmin heard every word of the king's chant; and that which

[1] The same stanza has occurred already in vol. i. p. 267 (i. 133 of this translation). The first line is found also in i. 450 (trans. i. 274).

[2] The same stanza in i. 268 (trans. i. 133).

fell out betwixt the king and the stag became clear as a face reflected in a well-polished mirror. He knocked at the door with his finger-tips. "Who is there?" the king asked. "It is I, my lord, your chaplain." "Come in, teacher," quoth the king, and opened the door. He entered, and prayed victory for the king, and stood on one side. Then he said, "O great king! I know what happened to you in the forest. As you chased a stag you fell into a pit, and the stag resting upon the stone sides of the pit[1], [271] drew you out of it. So you remembering his magnanimity chanted a hymn." Then he recited two stanzas:

"The stag that on a mountain steep thy quarry was of late,
He bravely gave thee life, for he was free from greed and hate.

"Out of the horrid pit, out of death's jaws,
Leaning upon a rock[1] (a friend at need)
The great stag saved thee: so thou saidst with cause,
His mind is far aloof from hate or greed."

"What!" thought the king, on hearing this—"the man did not go a-hunting with me, yet he knows the whole matter! How can he know it? I will ask him"; and he repeated the ninth stanza:

"O brahmin! wast thou there upon that day?
Or from some other witness didst thou hear?
The veil of passion thou hast rolled away:
Thou seest all: thy wisdom makes me fear."

But the brahmin said, "I am no Buddha all-knowing; only I overheard the hymn that you sang, without missing the meaning, and so the fact became clear before me." To explain which he repeated the tenth stanza:

"O lord of men! I neither heard that thing,
Nor was I there to see that day:
[272] But from the verses thou didst sweetly sing
Wise men can gather how the matter lay."

The king was delighted, and gave him a rich present.

From thenceforward the king was devoted to almsgiving and good deeds, and his people being also devoted to good deeds as they died went to swell the hosts of heaven.

Now one day it happened that the king went into his park with the chaplain to shoot at a mark. At that period Sakka had been pondering whence came all the new sons and daughters of the gods, whom he beheld so numerous about him. Pondering, he perceived the whole story: how the king had been rescued from the pit by that stag, and how he had become stablished in virtue, and how by the power of this king, multitudes did good deeds and heaven was being filled; and now the king had gone into his park to shoot at a mark. Then he also went thither, that with the

[1] This may mean "first trying his strength with a stone," as vol. v. pp. 68 and 70. So p. 170 above.

voice of a lion he might proclaim the nobleness of the stag, and make known that himself was Sakka, and poised in the air might discourse on the Law, and declare the goodness of mercy and the Five Virtues, and then return. Now the king intending to shoot at his mark, strung a bow and fitted an arrow to the string. At that moment Sakka by his power made the stag to appear betwixt the king and the mark; the king seeing it did not let fly. Then Sakka, entering into the body of the chaplain, repeated by him to the king the following stanza:

"Thy shaft is death to many a mighty thing:
Why dost thou hold it quiet on the string?
Let the shaft fly and kill the stag forthwith:
'Tis meat for monarchs, O most sapient king!"

[273] Thereto the king answered in a stanza:

"I know it, brahmin, no less sure than thou:
The stag is meat for warrior men, I vow,
But I am grateful for a service done,
And therefore hold my hand from killing now.

Then Sakka repeated a couple of stanzas:

"'Tis no stag, O mighty monarch! but a Titan is this thing,
Thou art king of men; but kill it—of the gods thou shalt be king.

"But if thou hesitate, O valiant king!
To kill the stag, because he is thy friend:
To death's cold river[1] and to death's dread king[2]
Thou and thy wife and children shall descend."

At this the king repeated two stanzas:

"So be it: to death's river and death's king
Send me, my wives and children, all my train
Of friends and comrades; I'll not do this thing,
And by my hand this stag shall not be slain.

[274] "Once in a grisly forest full of dread
That very stag saved me from hopeless woe.
How can I wish my benefactor dead
After such service done me long ago?"

Then Sakka came forth from the chaplain's body, and put on his own shape, and poised in the air recited a couple of stanzas which showed forth the noble worth of the king:

"Live long on earth, O true and faithful friend!
Comfort with truth and goodness this domain;
Then hosts of maidens round thee shall attend
While thou as Indra[3] mid the gods shalt reign.

"From passion free, with ever-peaceful heart,
When strangers crave, supply their weary need;
As power is given thee, give, and play thy part[4],
Blameless, till heaven shall be thy final meed."

[1] Vetaranī. [2] Yama. [3] Vāsavo.

[4] *bhutvā*, 'having eaten,' applied to time, means to 'pass': *bhutvā dvādasa vassāni*, Mah. 253.

[275] Thus saying, Sakka king of the gods continued as follows: "I came hither to try you, O king, and you have given me no hold. Only be vigilant." And with this advice he returned to his own place.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said: "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Sāriputta knew in detail what was said only in general terms; but the same thing happened before." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king, Sāriputta was the chaplain, and I myself the stag."

BOOK XIV.—PAKIṆṆAKA-NIPĀTA.

No. 484.

SĀLIKEDĀRA-JĀTAKA.

[276] "*The crop of rice*," *etc.*—This was a story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about a Brother who supported his mother. The occasion will be explained in the Sāma Birth[1]. Then the Master sent for this Brother, and asked him, "Is what I hear true, Brother, that you support lay folks?" "It is true, Sir." "Who are they?" "My mother and father, Sir." Said the Master, "Well done, Brother! Wise men of old, even when embodied as the lower animals, having been born as parrots even, when their parents grew old laid them in a nest and fed them with food which they brought in their own beaks." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, a king named King Magadha reigned in Rājagaha. At that time there stood a brahmin village, named Sālindiya, towards the north-east as you go out of the city. In this north-eastern district was property belonging to Magadha. There was a brahmin who lived in Sālindiya, whose name was Kosiyagotta[2], and he held an estate of one thousand acres[3], where he grew rice. When the crop was standing, he made a stout fence, and gave the land in charge to his own men, to one fifty acres, to another sixty, and so he distributed among them some five hundred acres of his estate. [277] The other five hundred he delivered to a hired man for a wage, and the man made a hut there and dwelt there day and night. Now to the north-east of this estate was a certain great wood of silk-cotton trees[4], growing upon the flat top of a hill, and in this wood lived a great number of parrots.

[1] No. 540; vol. vi. 68 of the Pali text.

[2] One of the "Kausika (owl) or Viçvāmitra clan."

[3] *karīsa*.

[4] *simbali*: Bombax Heptaphyllum.

At that time the Bodhisatta was born among this flock of parrots, as the son of the king of the parrots. He grew up handsome and strong, big his body was as the nave of a cart-wheel. His father now grown old said to him, "I am able no longer to go far afield; do you take care of this flock," and committed the lordship of it to his son. From the next day onwards he refused to permit his parents to go foraging; but with the whole flock away he flew to the Himalaya hills, and after eating his fill of the clumps of rice that grew wild there, on his return brought food sufficient for his mother and father, and fed them with it.

One day the parrots asked him a question. "Formerly," they said, "the rice was ripe by this time on the Magadha farm; is it grown now or not?" "Go and see," he replied, and then sent two parrots to find out. The parrots departed, and alighted in the Magadha lands, in that part which was guarded by the hired man; rice they ate, and one head of rice they took back with them to their wood, and dropt it before the Great Being's feet, saying, "Such is the rice which grows there." He went next day to the farm, and alighted, with all his flock. The man ran this way and that, trying to drive off the birds, but drive them away he could not. The rest of the parrots ate, and departed with empty beaks; but the parrot king gathered together a quantity of rice, and brought it back to his parents. Next day the parrots ate the rice there again, and so afterwards. Then the man began to think, [278] "If these creatures go on eating for another few days, there will not be a bit left. The brahmin will have a price put on the rice, and fine me in the sum. I will go tell him." Taking a handful of rice, and a gift with it, he went to see the brahmin, and greeted him, and stood on one side. "Well, my good man," said the master, "is there a good crop of rice?" "Yes, brahmin, there is," he replied, and repeated two stanzas:

"The crop of rice is very nice, but I would have you know,
The parrots are devouring it, I cannot make them go.

"There is one bird, of all the herd the finest, who first feeds,
Then takes a bundle in his beak to meet his future needs."

When the brahmin heard this, he conceived an affection for the parrot king. "My man," quoth he, "do you know how to set a snare?" "Yes, I know." The master then addressed him in this stanza:

"Then set a snare of horse's hair that captured he may be;
And see thou take the bird alive and bring him here to me."

The farm watchman was much pleased that no price had been put upon the rice, and no debt spoken of. He went straight and made a snare of horsehair. Then he found out when they were like to descend that day; and spying out the place where the parrot king alighted, next day very early in the morning he made a cage about the size of a water-pot, and set

the snare, and sat down in his hut looking for the parrots to come. The parrot king came amidst all his flock; and he being by no means greedy, [279] came down in the same place as yesterday, with his foot right in the noose. When he found his foot fast he thought, "Now if I cry out the cry of the captured, my kinsfolk will be so terrified, they will fly away foodless. I must endure until they have finished their food." When at last he perceived that they had taken their fill, being in fear of his life, he thrice cried the cry of the captured. All the birds flew off. Then the king of the parrots said, "All these my kith and kin, and not one to look back at me! What sin have I done?" And upbraiding them he uttered a stanza:

"They ate, they drank, and now away they hasten every one,
I only caught within a snare: what evil have I done?"

The watchman heard the cry of the parrot king, and the sound of the other parrots flying through the air. "What is that?" thought he. Up he got from his hut, and went to the place of his snare, and there he saw the king of the parrots. "The very bird I set the snare for is caught!" he cried, in high delight. He took the parrot out of the snare, and tied both his feet together, and making his way to Sālindiya village, he delivered the bird to the brahmin. The brahmin in his strong affection for the Great Being, caught hold of him tight in both hands, and seating him on his hip, bespoke him in these two stanzas:

"The bellies of all others are outbellied far by you:
First a full meal, then off you fly with a good beak-full too!
"Have you a granary there to fill? or do you hate me sore?
I ask it you, come tell me true—where do you put your store?

On hearing this, the parrot king answered, repeating in a human voice sweet as honey the seventh stanza:

[280] "I hate thee not, O Kosiya! no granary I own;
Once in my wood I pay a debt, and also grant a loan,
And there I store a treasure up: so be my answer known."

Then the brahmin asked him:

"What is that loan the which you grant? what is the debt you pay?
Tell me the treasure you store up, and then fly free away."

To this request of the brahmin the parrot king made reply, explaining his intent in four stanzas:

"My callow chicks, my tender brood, whose wings are still ungrown,
Who shall support me by and bye: to them I grant the loan.
"Then my old ancient parents, who far from youth's bounds are set,
With that within my beak I bring, to them I pay my debt.
"And other birds of helpless wing, and weak full many more,
To these I give in charity: this sages call my store.
"This is that loan the which I grant, this is the debt I pay,
And this the treasure I store up: now I have said my say."

The brahmin was pleased when he heard this pious discourse from the Great Being; and he repeated two stanzas:

"What noble principles of life! how blessed is this bird!
From many men who live on earth such rules are never heard.
[281] "Eat, eat your fill whereas you will, with all your kindred too;
And, parrot! let us meet again: I love the sight of you."

With these words, he looked upon the Great Being with a soft heart, as though it were his liefest son; and loosing the bonds from his feet, he rubbed them with oil an hundred times refined, and seated him on a seat of honour, and gave him to eat sweetened corn upon a golden dish, and gave him sugar-water to drink. After this the king of the parrots warned the brahmin to be careful, reciting this stanza:

"O Kosiya! within thy dwelling here
I had both food and drink and friendship dear.
Give thou to those whose burden is laid down,
Support thy parents when they old are grown."

The brahmin then delighted in heart uttered his ecstasy in this stanza:

"Surely Luck's goddess came herself to-day
When I set eyes upon this peerless bird!
I will do kindly deeds and never stay,
Now that the parrot's sweet voice I have heard."

But the Great Being refused to accept the thousand acres which the brahmin offered him, but took only eight acres. The brahmin set up boundary stones, and made over this property to him; and then, raising his hands to his head in reverence, he said, "Go in peace, my lord, and console your weeping parents," and then let him go. Much pleased, he took a head of rice, and carried it to his parents, and dropt it before them, saying, "Arise now, my dear parents!" They arose at his word, with blubbered faces. [282] Then flocks of parrots began together, asking, "How did you get free, my lord?" He told them the whole story from beginning to end. And Kosiya followed[1] the advice of the king of the parrots, and distributed much alms to the righteous men, and ascetics, and brahmins.

The last stanza was repeated by the Master explaining this:

"This Kosiya with joy and great delight
Common and plentiful made drink and food:
With food and drink he satisfied aright
Brahmins and holy men, himself all good."

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "Thus, Brethren, to support one's parents is the traditional way of the wise and good." Then, having declared the Truths, he identified the Birth:—(now at the conclusion of the Truths that Brother became established in the fruit of the First Path:)—"At that time the Buddha's followers were the flock of parrots, two of the king's family were the father and mother, Channa was the watchman, Ānanda the brahmin, and I was myself the king of the parrots."

[1] Reading *katvā* for *datvā*, which contradicts the context.

No. 485.

CANDA-KINNARA-JĀTAKA.

"*'Tis passing away*," *etc.* This is a story which the Master told, while dwelling in the banyan grove hard by Kapilapura about Rāhula's mother when she was in the palace.

This Birth must be told beginning from the Distant Epoch of the Buddha's existence[1]. But the story of the Epochs, as far as the lion's roar of Kassapa[2] of Uruvelā, in Laṭṭhivana[3], the Bamboo Forest, has been told before in the Apaṇṇaka Birth[4]. Beginning from that point you will read in the Vessantara Birth[5] the continuation of it as far as to the coming to Kapilavatthu. The Master, seated in his father's house, during the meal, recounted the Mahādhammapāla Birth[6]; and after the meal was done he said,—"I will praise the noble qualities of Rāhula's mother in her own house, by telling the Canda-Kinnara Birth." Then handing his bowl to the king, with the two Chief Disciples he passed over to the house of Rāhula's mother. At that time there were forty thousand dancing girls who lived in her presence, and of them a thousand and ninety were maidens of the warrior caste. When the lady heard of the Tathāgata's coming she bade all these put on yellow robes, and they did so. [283] The Master came and took his seat in a place which was assigned him. Then all the women cried out with one voice, and there was a great sound of lamentation. Rāhula's mother having wept and so put away her grief, welcomed the Master, and sat down, with the deep reverence due to a king. Then the king began the tale of her goodness: "Listen to me, Sir; she heard that you wore yellow robes, and so she robed her in yellow; that garlands and such things are to be given up, and lo she has given up garlands and sits upon the ground. When you entered upon the religious life she became a widow; and refused the gifts that other kings sent her. So faithful is her heart to you." Thus he told of her goodness in many different ways. The Master said, "It is no marvel, great king! that now in my last existence the lady should love me, and should be of faithful heart and led by me alone. So also, even when born as an animal, she was faithful and mine alone." Then at the king's request he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares the Great Being was born in the region of the Himalaya as a fairy[7]. His wife was

[1] The existence of the Buddha is divided into three periods: the Distant Epoch (*dūrenidānaṁ*), the Middle (*avidūre°*) and the Near (*santike°*). The Distant Epoch extends 'from the time when he fell at the feet of Dīpaṅkara to his birth in the city of the Tusita gods' (Jat. i. p. 47, Pali text): the Middle Epoch from that time until he obtained Buddhahood (Jat. i. 76); the Near Epoch, until his death.—See Rhys David's *Buddhist Birth Stories*, pp. 2, 58; Warren, *Buddhism in Translations*, pp. 38, 82.

[2] One of three brahmin brothers living at Uruvelā, converted by the Buddha.

[3] Near Rājagaha: Jat. i. 84 (Pali).

[4] No. 1. The Nidāna-Kathā is the Introduction to this Collection, not translated in this edition, but translated in Rhys David's *Buddhist Birth Stories*.

[5] No. 547, vol. vi. p. 479.

[6] No. 447, vol. iv. p. 50, Pali (p. 32 above).

[7] *Kinnara*.

named Candā[1]. These two dwelt together on a silver mountain named Canda-pabbata, or the Mountain of the Moon. At that time the king of Benares had committed his government to his ministers, and all alone dressed in two yellow robes, and armed with the five weapons[2], he proceeded to the Himalayas.

Whilst eating his venison he remembered where was a little stream, and began to climb the hill. Now the fairies that live on the Mountain of the Moon in the rainy season remain on the mountain, and come down only in the hot weather. At that time this fairy Canda, with his mate, came down and wandered about, anointing himself with perfumes, eating the pollen of flowers, clothing himself in flower-gauze for inner and outer garments, swinging in the creepers to amuse himself, singing songs in a honey-voice. He too came to this stream; and at one halting-place he went down into it with his wife, scattering flowers about and playing in the water. Then they put on again their garments of flowers, and on a sandy spot white as a silver plate they spread a couch of flowers, and lay there. [284] Picking up a piece of bamboo, the male fairy began to play upon it, and sang with a honey-voice; while his mate waving her soft hands danced hard by and sang withal. The king caught the sound, and treading softly that his footsteps might not be heard, he approached, and stood watching the fairies in a secret place. He immediately fell in love with the female fairy. "I will shoot the husband," thought he, "and kill him, and I will live here with the wife." Then he shot the fairy Canda, who lamenting in his pain uttered four stanzas:

"'Tis passing away, methinks, and my blood is flowing, flowing,
I am losing my hold on life, O Candā! my breath is going!

"'Tis sinking, I am in pain, my heart is burning, burning:
But 'tis for thy sorrow, Candā, the heart within me is yearning.

"As grass, as a tree I perish, as a waterless river I dry:
But 'tis for thy sorrow, Candā, my heart within me is yearning.

"As rain on a lake at the mountain foot are the tears that fall from my eye:
But 'tis for thy sorrow, Candā, my heart within me is yearning."

Thus did the Great Being lament in four stanzas; and lying upon his couch of flowers, he lost consciousness, and turned away. The king stood where he was. But the other fairy did not know that the Great Being was wounded, not even when he uttered his lament, being intoxicated with her own delight. [285] Seeing him lie there turned away and lifeless, she began to wonder what could be the matter with her lord. As she examined him she saw the blood oozing from the mouth of the wound, and being unable to bear the great pain of sorrow for her beloved husband, she

[1] *Cando* m. means the Moon. The tale seems to contain a nature myth.
[2] Sword, spear, bow, battle-axe, shield.

cried out with a loud voice. "The fairy must be dead," thought the king, and he came out and showed himself. When Candā beheld him she thought, "This must be the brigand who has slain my dear husband!" and trembling she took to flight. Standing upon the hill-top she denounced the king in five stanzas:

"Yon evil prince—ah, woe is me!—my husband dear did wound,
Who there beneath a woodland tree now lies upon the ground.

"O prince! the woe that wrings my heart may thy own mother pay,
The woe that wrings my heart to see my fairy dead this day!

"Yea, prince! the woe that wrings my heart may thy own wife repay,
The woe that wrings my heart to see my fairy dead this day!

"And may thy mother mourn her lord, and may she mourn her son,
Who on my lord most innocent for lust this deed hast done.

"And may thy wife look on and see the loss of lord and son,
For thou upon my harmless lord for lust this deed hast done."

When she had thus made her moan in these five stanzas, standing upon the mountain top the king comforted her by another stanza:

"Weep not nor grieve: the woodland dark has blinded you, I ween:
A royal house shall honour thee, and thou shalt be my queen."

[286] "What is this word thou hast said?" cried Candā, when she heard it; and loud as a lion's roar she declaimed the next stanza:

"No! I will surely slay myself! thine I will never be,
Who slew my husband innocent and all for lust for me."

When he heard this his passion left him, and he recited another stanza:

"Live if thou wilt, O timid one! to Himalaya go:
Creatures that feed on shrub and tree[1] the woodland love, I know."

With these words he departed indifferent. Candā so soon as she knew him gone came up and, embracing the Great Being took him up to the hill-top, and laid him on the flat land there: placing his head on her lap, she made her moan in twelve stanzas:

"Here in the hills and mountain caves, in many a glen and grot,
What shall I do, O fairy mine! now that I see thee not?

"The wild beasts range, the leaves are spread on many a lovely spot:
What shall I do, O fairy mine, now that I see thee not?

"The wild beasts range, sweet flowers are spread on many a lovely spot:
What shall I do, O fairy mine, now that I see thee not?

[287] "Clear run the rivers down the hills, with flowers all overgrown:
What shall I do, O fairy mine, now thou hast left me lone?

"Blue are the Himalaya hills, most fair they are to see:
What shall I do, O fairy mine, now I behold not thee?

[1] Two are named, *Corypha Taliera* and *Tabernaemontana Coronaria*.

"Gold tips the Himalaya hills, most fair they are to see:
What shall I do, O fairy mine, now I behold not thee?
"The Himalaya hills glow red, most fair they are to see:
What shall I do, O fairy mine, now I behold not thee?
"Sharp are the Himalaya peaks, they are most fair to see:
What shall I do, O fairy mine, now I behold not thee?
"White gleam the Himalaya peaks, they are most fair to see:
What shall I do, O fairy mine, now I behold not thee?
"The Himalaya rainbow-hued, most fair it is to see:
What shall I do, O fairy mine, now I behold not thee?
"Hill Fragrant[1] is to goblins dear; plants cover every spot
What shall I do, O fairy mine, now that I see thee not?
"The fairies love the Fragrant Hill, plants cover every spot:
What shall I do, O fairy mine, now that I see thee not?"

So did she make her moan; and putting the hand of the Great Being on her breast she felt that it still was warm. "Canda lives yet!" she thought: "I will taunt the gods[2] until I bring him to life again!" Then she cried aloud, taunting them, "Are there none who govern the world? [288] are they on a journey? or peradventure they are dead, and therefore save not my dear husband!" By the power of her pain Sakka's throne became hot. Pondering he perceived the cause; in the form of a brahmin he approached, and from a water-pot took water and sprinkled the Great Being with it. On the instant the poison ceased to act, his colour returned, he knew not so much as the place where the wound had been: the Great Being stood up quite well. Candā seeing her well-beloved husband to be whole, in joy fell at the feet of Sakka, and sang his praise in the following stanza:

"Praise, holy brahmin! who didst give unto a hapless wife
Her well-loved husband, sprinkling him with the elixir of life!"

Sakka then gave this advice: "From this time forth go not down from the Mountain of the Moon among the paths of men, but abide here." Twice he repeated this, and then returned to his own place. And Candā said to her husband, "Why stay here in danger, my lord? come, let us go to the Mountain of the Moon," reciting the last stanza:

"To the mountain let us go,
Where the lovely rivers flow,
Rivers all o'ergrown with flowers:
There for ever, while the breeze
Whispers in a thousand trees,
Charm with talk the happy hours."

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said: "Not now only, but long ago as now, she was devoted and faithful of heart to me." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time Anuruddha was the king, Rāhula's mother was Candā, and I myself was the fairy."

[1] Gandha-mādana.

[2] *Ujjhānakammaṁ katvā*, i.e. by 'provoking' Sakka to help. The reader will be struck with the resemblance of Elijah's taunts, 1 Kings xviii. 27: 'Cry aloud, for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked.'

No. 486.

MAHĀ-UKKUSA-JĀTAKA.

"*The country churls,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about [illegible] Brother. [289] This man, they say, the offspring of a dec[illegible] sent a companion to offer marriage to a young gentlewoman. The question was asked, "Has he friend or comrade who can dispose of any matter that needs looking to?" Reply was made, "No, there was none." "Then he must make some friends first," they said to him. The man followed this advice, and struck up a friendship with the four gatekeepers. After this he made friends by degrees with the town warders, the astrologers, the nobles of the court, even with the commander-in-chief and the viceroy; and by association with them he became the king's friend, and after that a friend of the eighty chief Elders, and through Elder Ānanda, with the Tathāgata himself. Then the Master established his family in the Refuges and the Virtues, the king gave him high place, and he was known as Mitta-gandhaka, the "man of many friends[1]." The king bestowed a great house upon him, and caused his nuptial feast to be celebrated, and a world of people from the king downwards sent him gifts. Then his wife received a present sent by the king, and the viceroy's present sent by the viceroy, and the present of the commander-in-chief, and so forth, having all the people of the city bound to her. On the seventh day, with great ceremony the Dasabala was invited by the newly married pair, great gifts were bestowed on the Buddha and his company to the number of five hundred; at the end of the feast they received the Master's thanks and were both established in the fruit of the First Path.

In the Hall of Truth all were talking about it. "Brethren, the layman Mitta-gandhaka followed his wife's advice, and by her means became a friend to every one, and received great honour at the king's hand; and having become friends with the Master both husband and wife were established in the fruit of the First Path." The Master entering asked what they talked of. They told him. He said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that this man has received great honour by reason of this woman. In days long gone by, when he was an animal, by her advice he made many friends, and was set free from anxiety on a son's behalf." So saying he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, certain men of the marches used to make a settlement, wheresoever they could best find their food, dwelling in the forest, and killing for meat for themselves and their families the game which abounded there. [290] Not far from their village was a large natural lake, and upon its southward shore lived a Hawk, on the west a she-hawk; on the north a Lion, king of the beasts; on the east an Osprey, king of the birds; in the middle dwelt a Tortoise on a small island. The Hawk asked the she-hawk to become his wife. She asked him, "Have you any friend?" "No, madam," he replied. "We must have some one who can defend us against any danger or trouble that may arise, and you must find some friends." "Whom shall

[1] Literally 'binder of friends.'

I make friends with?" "Why, with king Osprey who lives on the eastern shore, and with the Lion on the north, and with the Tortoise who dwells in the middle of this lake." He took her advice and did so. Then the two lived together (it should be said that on a little islet in the same lake grew a kadamba tree, surrounded by the water on all sides) in a nest which they made.

Afterwards there were given to them two sons. One day, while the wings of the younglings were yet callow, some of the country folk went foraging through the woods all day and found nothing. Not wishing to return home empty-handed, they went down to the lake to catch a fish or a tortoise. They got on the island, and lay down beneath the kadamba tree; and there being tormented by the bites of gnats and mosquitoes, to drive these away, they kindled a fire by rubbing sticks together, and made a smoke. The smoke rising annoyed the birds, and the young ones uttered a cry. "Tis the cry of birds!" said the country folk. "Up, make up the fire: we cannot lie here hungry, but before we lie down we will have a meal of fowls' flesh." They made the fire blaze, and built it up. But the mother bird hearing the sound, thought, "These men wish to eat our young ones. We made friends to save us from that danger. I will send my mate to the great Osprey." [291] Then she said, "Go, my husband, tell the Osprey of the danger which threatens our young," repeating this stanza:

"The country churls build fires upon the isle,
To eat my young ones in a little while:
O Hawk! to friend and comrade give the word,
My children's danger tell to every bird!"

The cock-bird flew at all speed to the place, and gave a cry to announce his arrival. Leave given, he came near to the Osprey, and made his greeting. "Why have you come?" asked the Osprey. Then the cock repeated the second stanza:

"O wingèd fowl! chiefest of birds art thou:
So, Osprey king, I seek thy shelter now.
Some country-folk a-hunting now are fain
To eat my young: be thou my joy again!"

"Fear not," said the Osprey to the Hawk, and consoling him he repeated the third stanza:

"In season, out of season, wise men make
Both friends and comrades for protection's sake:
For thee, O Hawk! I will perform this deed;
The good must help each other at their need."

[292] Then he went on to ask, "Have the churls climbed up the tree, my friend?" "They are not climbing yet; they are just piling wood on the fire." "Then you had better go quickly and comfort my

friend your mate, and say I am coming." He did so. The Osprey went also, and from a place near to the kadamba tree he watched for the men to climb, sitting upon a tree-top. Just as one of the boors who was climbing the tree had come near to the nest, the Osprey dived into the lake, and from wings and beak sprinkled water over the burning brands, so that they were put out. Down came the men, and made another fire to cook the bird and its young; when they climbed again, once more the Osprey demolished the fire. So whenever a fire was made, the bird put it out, and midnight came. The bird was much distressed: the skin under his stomach had become quite thin, his eyes were blood-shot. Seeing him, the hen-bird said to her mate, "My lord, the Osprey is tired out; go and tell the Tortoise, that he may have a rest." When he heard this, the bird approaching the Osprey, addressed him in a stanza:

"Good help the good: the necessary deed
Thou hast in pity done for us at need.
Our young are safe, thou living: have a care
Of thy own self, nor all thy strength outwear."

On hearing these words, loud as a lion's roar he repeated the fifth stanza:

"While I am keeping guard about this tree,
I care not if I lose my life for thee:
So use the good: thus friend will do for friend:
Yea, even if he perish at the end."

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[293] But the sixth stanza was repeated by the Master, in his Perfect Wisdom, as he praised the bird's goodness:

"The egg-born bird that flies the air did a most painful work,
The Osprey, guarding well the chicks before the midnight murk.'

Then the Hawk said, "Rest awhile, friend Osprey," and then away to the Tortoise, whom he aroused. "What is your errand, friend?" asked the Tortoise.—"Such and such a danger has come upon us, and the royal Osprey has been labouring hard ever since the first watch, and is very weary; that is why I have come to you." With these words he repeated the seventh stanza:

"Even they who fall through sin or evil deed
May rise again if they get help in need.
My young in danger, straight I fly to thee:
O dweller in the lake, come, succour me!"

On hearing this the Tortoise repeated another stanza:

"The good man to a man who is his friend,
Both food and goods, even life itself, will lend.
For thee, O Hawk! I will perform this deed:
The good must help each other at their need."

His son, who lay not far off, hearing the words of his father thought, "I would not have my father troubled, but I will do my father's part," and therefore he repeated the ninth stanza:

"Here at thy ease remain, O father mine,
And I thy son will do this task of thine.
[294] A son should serve a father, so 'tis best;
I'll save the Hawk his young ones in the nest."

The father Tortoise addressed his son in a stanza:

"So do the good, my son, and it is true
That son for father service ought to do.
Yet they may leave the Hawk's young brood alone,
Perchance, if they see me so fully grown."

With these words the Tortoise sent the Hawk away, adding, "Fear not, my friend, but go you before and I will come presently after." He dived into the water, collected some mud, and went to the island, quenched the flame, and lay still. Then the countrymen cried, "Why should we trouble about the young hawks? Let us roll over this cursed[1] Tortoise, and kill him! He will be enough for all." So they plucked some creepers and got some strings, but when they had made them fast in this place or that, and torn their clothes to strips for the purpose, they could not roll the Tortoise over. The Tortoise lugged them along with him and plunged in deep water. The men were so eager to get him that in they fell after: splashed about, and scrambled out with a belly-full of water. "Just look," said they: "half the night one Osprey kept putting out our fire, and now this Tortoise has made us fall into the water, and swallow it, to our great discomfort. Well, we will light another fire, and at sunrise we will eat those young hawks." Then they began to make a fire. The hen-bird heard the noise they were making, and said, "My husband, sooner or later these men will devour our young and depart: you go and tell our friend the Lion." [295] At once he went to the Lion, who asked him why he came at such an unseasonable hour. The bird told him all from the beginning, and repeated the eleventh stanza:

"Mightiest of all the beasts, both beasts and men
Fly to the strongest when beset with fear.
My young ones are in danger; help me then:
Thou art our king, and therefore I am here."

This said, the Lion repeated a stanza:

"Yes, I will do this service, Hawk, for thee:
Come, let us go and slay this gang of foes!
Surely the prudent, he who wisdom knows,
Protector of a friend must try to be."

Having thus spoken, he dismissed him, saying, "Now go, and comfort your young ones." Then he went forward, churning up the crystal water.

[1] Reading *kāla-*.

When the churls perceived him approaching, they were frightened to death: "The Osprey," they cried, "put out our fire-brands; the Tortoise made us lose the clothes we had on: but now we are done for. This Lion will destroy us at once." They ran this way and that: when the Lion came to the foot of the tree, nothing could he see. [296] Then the Osprey, the Hawk, and the Tortoise came up, and accosted him. He told them the profitableness of friendship, and said, "From this time forth be careful never to break the bonds of friendship." With this advice he departed: and they also went each to his own place. The hen-hawk looking upon her young, thought—"Ah, through friends have my young been given back to me!" and as she rejoiced, she spoke to her mate, and recited six stanzas declaring the effect of friendship:

"Get friends, a houseful of them without fail,
Get a great friend: a blessing he'll be found[1]:
Vain strike the arrows on a coat of mail.
And we rejoice, our younglings safe and sound.

"By their own comrade's help, the friend who stayed to take their part,
One chirps, the fledglings chirp reply, with notes that charm the heart.

"The wise asks help at friend's or comrade's hand,
Lives happy with his goods and brood of kind:
So I, my mate, and young, together stand,
Because our friend to pity was inclined.

"A man needs king and warriors for protection:
And these are his whose friendship is perfection:
Thou cravest happiness: he is famed and strong;
He surely prospers to whom friends belong.

"Even by the poor and weak, O Hawk, good friends must needs be found:
See now by kindness we and ours each one are safe and sound.

"The bird who wins a hero strong to play a friendly part,
As thou and I are happy, Hawk, is happy in his heart."

[297] So she declared the quality of friendship in six stanzas. And all this company of friends lived all their lives long without breaking the bond of friendship, and then passed away according to their deeds.

The Master, having ended this discourse, said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that he won to bliss by his wife's means; it was the same before." With these words, he identified the Birth: "At that time the married pair were the pair of Hawks, Rāhula was the young Tortoise, Moggallāna was the old Tortoise, Sāriputta the Osprey, and I was myself the Lion.

[1] Reading *sukhāgamāya*.

No. 487.

Uddālaka-Jātaka[1].

"*With uncleansed teeth,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told, while dwelling in Jetavana, about a dishonest man. This man, even though dedicate to the faith that leads to salvation, notwithstanding to gain life's necessaries fulfilled the threefold practice of knavery. The Brethren brought to light all the evil parts in the man as they conversed together in the Hall of Truth: "Such a one, Brethren, after he had dedicated himself to this great faith of Buddha which leads to salvation, yet lives in deceit!" The Master came in, and would know what they talked of there. They told him. Said he, "This is not now the first time; he was deceitful before," and so saying he told a story of the past.

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[293] Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was chaplain, and a wise, learned man was he. On a certain day, he went into his park to disport him, and seeing a beauteous light-skirts fell in love with her, and took up his abode with her. He got her with child, and when she perceived it she said to him: "Sir, I am with child; when he is born, and I am to name him, I will give him his grandfather's name." But he thought, "It can never be that the name of a noble family should be given to a slave-girl's bastard." Then he said to her, "My dear, this tree here is called Uddāla[2], and you may name the child Uddālaka because he was conceived here." Then he gave her a seal-ring, and said, "If it be a girl use this to help bring her up; but if a boy, bring him to me when he grows up."

In due time she brought forth a son, and named him Uddālaka. When he grew up, he asked his mother, "Mother, who is my father?"—"The chaplain, my boy."—"If that is so, I will learn the holy books." So receiving the ring from his mother, and a teacher's fee, he journeyed to Takkasilā and learnt there of a world-renowned teacher. In the course of his studies he saw a company of ascetics. "These must surely have the perfect knowledge," thought he, "I will learn of them." Accordingly he renounced the world, so eager he was for knowledge, and did menial service for them, begging them in return to teach him their own wisdom. So they taught him all they knew; but among the whole five hundred of them not one there was outdid him in knowledge, he was the wisest of them all. Then they gathered together and appointed him to be their teacher. He

[1] Translated and discussed in Fick, *Sociale Gliederung zu Buddhas Zeit*, p. 13 foll. Compare No. 377 (iii. 153 of this translation).

[2] *Cassia Fistula.*

said to them, "Venerable sirs, you always live in the woodland eating of fruits and roots; why do you not go in the paths of men?" "Sir," they said, "men are willing to give us gifts, but they make us show gratitude by declaring the law, they ask us questions: for fear of this we go not ever among them." He answered, "Sirs, if you have me, let a universal monarch ask questions, leave me to settle them, and fear nothing." So he went on pilgrimage with them, seeking alms, and at last came to Benares, [299] and stayed in the king's park. Next day, in company with them all, he sought alms in a village before the city gate. The folk gave them alms in plenty. On the day following the ascetics traversed the city, the folk gave them alms in plenty. The ascetic Uddālaka gave thanks, and blest them, and answered questions. The people were edified, and gave all they had need of in great abundance. The whole city buzzed with the news, "A wise teacher is come, a holy ascetic," and the king got wind of it. "Where do they live?" asked the king. They told him, "In the park." "Good," quoth he, "this day I will go and see them." A man went and told it to Uddālaka, saying, "The king is to come and see you to-day." He called the company together, and said, "Sirs, the king is coming: win favour in the eyes of the great for one day, it is enough for a lifetime." "What must we do, teacher?" they asked. Then he said, "Some of you must be at the swinging penance[1], some squat on the ground[2], some lie upon beds of spikes, some practise the penance of the five fires[3], others go down into the water, others again recite holy verses in this place or that." They did as he bade. Himself with wise men eight or ten sat upon a prepared seat with a head-rest disputing, a fair volume beside him laid upon a beautiful standish, and listeners all around. At that moment the king with his chaplain and a great company came into the park, and when he saw them all deep in their sham austerities, he was pleased and thought, "They are free from all fear of evil states hereafter." Approaching Uddālaka, he greeted him graciously and sat down on one side; then in the delight of his heart began speaking to the chaplain, and recited the first stanza[4]:

"With uncleansed teeth, and goatskin garb and hair
All matted, muttering holy words in peace:
Surely no human means to good they spare,
Surely they know the Truth, have won Release."

[1] See *Journ. P. T. S.* 1884, p. 95. Fick translates "sollen sich wie Fledermäuse benehmen," and compares the "hen-saint" and "cow saint," Oldenberg's *Buddha*, p. 68.

[2] As though they had remained so for years, after the manner of some modern *fakeers*.

[3] One to each point of the compass, and the sun above.

[4] The first four stanzas are repeated from iii. 236–7, in this translation iii. 155.

[300] Hearing this, the chaplain replied, "The king is pleased where he should not be pleased, and I must not be silent." Then he repeated the second stanza:

"A learned sage may do ill deeds, O king:
A learned sage may fail to follow right.
A thousand Vedas will not safety bring,
Failing just works, or save from evil plight."

Uddālaka, when he heard these words thought to himself, "The king was pleased with the ascetics, be they what you will; but this man comes a clap over the snout of the ox when he goes too fast, drops dirt in the dish all ready to eat: I must talk to him." So he addressed to him the third stanza:

"A thousand Vedas will not safety bring
Failing just works, or save from evil plight:
The Vedas then, must be a useless thing:
True doctrine is—control yourself, do right."

[301] At this the chaplain recited the fourth stanza:

"Not so: the Vedas are no useless thing:
Though works with self-control, true doctrine is.
To study well the Vedas fame will bring,
But by right conduct we attain to bliss."

Now thought Uddālaka, "It will never do to be on ill terms with this man. If I tell him I am his son, he needs must love me; I will tell him I am his son." Then he recited the fifth stanza:

"Parents and kinsmen claim one's care;
A second self our parents are:
I'm Uddālaka, a shoot,
Noble brahmin, from thy root."

"Are you indeed Uddālaka?" he asked. "Yes," said the other. Then he said, "I gave your mother a token, where is it?" He said, "Here it is, brahmin," and handed him the ring. The brahmin knew the ring again, and said, "Without doubt you are a brahmin; but do you know the duties of a brahmin?" He enquired concerning these duties in the words of the sixth stanza:

[302] "What makes the brahmin? how can he be perfect? tell me this:
What is a righteous man, and how wins he Nirvana's bliss?"

Uddālaka explained it in the seventh stanza:

"The world renounced, with fire, he worship pays,
Pours water, lifts the sacrificial pole:
As one who does his duty men him praise,
And such a brahmin wins him peace of soul."

The chaplain listened to his account of the brahmin's duties, but found fault with it, reciting the eighth stanza as follows:

"Not sprinkling makes the brahmin pure, perfection is not this,
Nor peace nor kindness thus he wins nor yet Nirvana's bliss."

Hereupon Uddālaka asked, "If this does not make the brahmin, then what does?" reciting the ninth stanza:

"What makes the brahmin? how can he be perfect? tell me this:
What is a righteous man? and how wins he Nirvana's bliss?"

[303] The chaplain answered by reciting another stanza:

"He has no field, no goods, no wish, no kin,
Careless of life, no lusts, no evil ways:
Even such a brahmin peace of soul shall win,
So as one true to duty men him praise."

After this Uddālaka recited a stanza:

"Khattiya, Brahmin, Vessa, Sudda, and Caṇḍāla, Pukkusa[1],
All these can be compassionate, can win Nirvana's bliss:
Who among all the saints is there who worse or better is?"

Then the brahmin recited a stanza, to show that there is no higher or lower from the moment sainthood is won:

"Khattiya, Brahmin, Vessa, Sudda, and Caṇḍāla, Pukkusa,
All these can be compassionate, can win Nirvana's bliss:
None among all the saints is found who worse or better is."

But Uddālaka found fault with this, reciting a couple of stanzas:

"Khattiya, Brahmin, Vessa, Sudda, and Caṇḍāla, Pukkusa,
All these can virtuous be, and all attain Nirvana's bliss:
None among all the saints is found who worse or better is.
You are a brahmin, then, for nought: vain is your rank, I wis."

[304] Here the chaplain recited two stanzas more, with a similitude:

"With canvas dyed in many a tint pavilions may be made:
The roof, a many-coloured dome: one colour is the shade.

"Even so, when men are purified, so is it here on earth:
The good perceive that they are saints, and never ask their birth."

Now Uddālaka could not say nay to this, and so he sat silent. Then the brahmin said to the king, "All these are knaves, O king, all India will come to ruin through knavery. Persuade Uddālaka to renounce his asceticism, and to be chaplain under me; let the rest leave their asceticism, give them shield and spear and make them your men." The king consented, and did so, and they all entered the service of the king.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that the man was a knave." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time the dishonest Brother was Uddālaka, Ānanda was the king, and I was the chaplain."

[1] Compare above, p. 127, and note the order of the first two. Cf. iii. 194.

No. 488.

BHISA-JĀTAKA.

"*May horse and kine*," *etc.* This story the Master told whilst dwelling in Jetavana, about a backsliding Brother. The circumstances will appear under the Kusa Birth[1]. [305] Here again the Master asked—"Is it true, Brother, that you have backslidden?" "Yes, Sir, it is true." "For what cause?" "For sin's sake, Sir." "Brother, why do you backslide, after embracing such a faith as this which leads to salvation; and all for sin's sake? In days of yore, before the Buddha arose, wise men who took to the religious life, even they who were outside the pale, made an oath, and renounced a suggested idea connected with temptations or desires!" So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of a great brahmin magnifico who owned a fortune of eighty crores of money. The name they gave him was my lord Mahā-Kañcana, the Greater Lord of Gold. At the time when he could but just go upon his feet, another son was born to the brahmin, and they called him my lord Upa-Kañcana, the Lesser Lord of Gold. Thus in succession seven sons came, and youngest of all came a daughter, whom they named Kañcana-devī, the Lady of Gold.

Mahā-Kañcana, when he grew up, studied at Takkasilā all the arts and sciences, and returned home. Then his parents desired to establish him in a household of his own. "We will fetch you," said they, "a girl from a family to be a fit match for you, and then you shall have your own household." But he said, "Mother and father, I want no household. To me the three kinds of existence[2] are terrible as fires, beset with chains like a prison-house, loathsome as a dunghill. Never have I known of the deed of kind, not so much as in a dream. You have other sons, bid them be heads of families and leave me alone." Though they begged him again and again, sent his friends to him and besought him by their lips, yet he would none of it. Then his friends asked him, "What do you wish, my good friend, that you care nothing for the enjoying of love and desire?" He told them how he had renounced all the world. When the parents understood this, they made the like proposal to the other sons, but none of them would hear of it; nor yet again did the Lady Kañcanā. By and bye the parents died. The wise Mahā-Kañcana did the obsequies for his parents; with the treasure of eighty crores he distributed

[1] No. 531: vol. v. p. 279 (Pali).

[2] Of sense, of body, without body or form (in the *kāma-*, *rūpa-*, *arūpa-loka*).

alms munificently to beggars and wayfaring men; then taking with him his six brothers, his sister, a servant man and handmaiden, and one companion, [306] he made the great retirement and retired into the region of Himalaya. There in a delightsome spot near a lotus-lake they built them an hermitage, and lived a holy life eating of the fruits and roots of the forest. When they went into the forest, they went one by one, and if ever one of them saw a fruit or a leaf he would call the rest: there telling all they had seen and heard, they picked up what there was—it seemed like a village market. But the teacher, the ascetic Mahā-Kañcana, thought to himself: "We have cast aside a fortune of eighty crores and taken up the religious life, and to go about greedily seeking for wild fruits is not seemly. From henceforth I will bring the wild fruits by myself." Returning then to the hermitage, in the evening he gathered all together and told them his thought. "You remain here," said he, "and practise the life of the recluse, I will fetch fruit for you." Thereat Upa-Kañcana and all the rest broke in, "We have become religious under your wing, it is you should stay behind and practise the life of the recluse. Let our sister remain here also, and the maid be with her: we eight will take turns to fetch the fruit, but you three shall be free from taking a turn." He agreed. Thenceforward these eight took a turn to bring in fruit one at a time: the others each received his share of the find, and carried it off to his dwelling-place and remained in his own leaf-hut. Thus they could not be together without cause or reason. He whose turn it was would bring in the provender (there was one enclosure), and laying it on a flat stone would make eleven portions of it; then making the gong sound he would take his own portion and depart to his place of dwelling; the others coming up at the gong-sound, without hustling, but with all due ceremony and order, would take each his allotted portion of the find, then returning to his own place there would eat it, and resume his meditation and religious austerity. After a time they gathered lotus fibres and ate them, and there they abode, mortifying themselves with scorching heat and other kind of torments, their senses all dead, striving to induce the ecstatic trance.

By the glory of their virtue Sakka's throne trembled. "Are these released from desire only," said he, "or are they sages? [307] Are they sages? I will find out now." So by his supernatural power for three days he caused the Great Being's share to disappear. On the first day, seeing no share for him, he thought, "My share must have been forgotten." On the second day, "There must be some fault in me: [1]he has not provided my share in the way of due respect." On the third, "Why can it be they provide no share for me? If there be fault in me I will make my peace." So at evening he sounded upon

[1] Or "it is to remind me respectfully of this that he provides no share for me."

the gong. They all came together, and asked who had sounded the gong. "I did, my brothers." "Why, good master?" "My brothers, who brought in the food three days ago?" One uprose, and said, "I did," standing in all respect. "When you made the division did you set apart a share for me?" "Why yes, master, the share of the eldest." "And who brought food yesterday?" Another rose, and said, "I did," then stood respectfully waiting. "Did you remember me?" "I put by for you the share of the eldest." "To-day who brought the food?" Another arose, and stood respectfully waiting. "Did you remember me in making the division?" "I set aside the share of the eldest for you." Then he said, "Brothers, this is the third day I have had no share. The first day when I saw none, I thought, Doubtless he that made the division has forgotten my share. The second day, I thought there must be some fault in me. But to-day I made up my mind, that if fault there were, I would make my peace, and therefore I summoned you by the sound of this gong. You tell me you have put aside for me these portions of the lotus fibres: I have had none of them. I must find out who has stolen and eaten these. When one has forsaken the world and all the lusts thereof, theft is unseemly, be it no more than a lotus-stalk." When they heard these words, they cried out, [308] "Oh what a cruel deed!" and they were all much agitated.

Now the deity which dwelt in a tree by that hermitage, the chiefest tree of the forest, came out and sat down in their midst. There was likewise an elephant, which had been unable under his training to be impassible, and brake the stake he was bound to, and escaped into the woods: from time to time he used to come and salute the band of sages, and now he came also and stood on one side. A monkey also there was, that had been used to make sport with serpents, and had escaped out of the snake-charmer's hands into the forest: he dwelt in that hermitage, and that day he also greeted the band of ascetics, and stood on one side. Sakka, resolved to test the ascetics, was there also in a shape invisible beside them. At that moment the Bodhisatta's younger brother, the recluse Upa-Kañcana, arose from his seat, and saluting the Buddha, with a bow to the rest of the company, said as follows: "Master, setting aside the rest, may I clear myself from this charge?" "You may, brother." He, standing in the midst of the sages, said, "If I ate those fibres of yours, such and such am I," making a solemn oath in the words of the first stanza:

"May horse and kine be his, may silver, gold,
A loving wife, these may he precious hold,
May he have sons and daughters manifold,
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away[1]."

[1] The meaning is, that a man whose heart is set on these things feels pain to part with them, and is hence unfit to die from a Buddhist point of view. The verse is therefore a curse.

On this the ascetics put their hands over their ears, crying, "No, no, sir, that oath is very heavy!" And the Bodhisatta also said, "Brother, your oath is very heavy: you did not eat the food, sit down on your pallet." He having thus made his oath and sat down, up rose the second brother, and saluting the Great Being, recited the second stanza to clear himself:

[309] "May he have sons and raiment at his will,
Garlands and sandal sweet his hands may fill,
His heart be fierce with lust and longing still,
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away."

When he sat down, the others each in his turn uttered his own stanza to express his feeling:

"May he have plenty, win both fame and land,
Sons, houses, treasures, all at his command,
The passing years may he not understand,
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away."

"As mighty warrior chief may he be known,
As king of kings set on a glorious throne,
The earth and its four corners all his own,
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away."

"Be he a brahmin, passion unsubdued,
With faith in stars and lucky days imbued,
Honoured with mighty monarchs' gratitude,
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away."

"A student in the Vedic lore deep-read,
Let all men reverence his holihead,
And of the people be he worshippéd,
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away."

"By Indra's[1] gift a village may he hold,
Rich, choice, possest of all the goods fourfold[2],
And may he die with passions uncontrolled,
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away."

[310] "A village chief, his comrades all around,
His joy in dances and sweet music's sound;
May the king's favour unto him abound:
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away[3]."

"May she be fairest of all womankind,
May the high monarch of the whole world find
Her chief among ten thousand to his mind,
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away[4]."

"When all the serving handmaidens do meet,
May she all unabashed sit in her seat,
Proud of her gains, and may her food be sweet.
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away[5]."

[1] Vāsava.

[2] The scholiast explains this as: populous, rich in grain, in wood, in water. This verse is said by the friendly ascetic.

[3] Spoken by the slave man.

[4] Spoken by Kañcanā.

[5] Spoken by the slave girl.

"The great Kajañgal cloister be his care,
And may he set the ruins in repair,
And every day make a new window there,
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away[1]."

"Fast in six hundred bonds may he be caught,
From the dear forest to a city brought,
Smitten with goads and guiding-pikes, distraught,
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away[2]."

"Garland on neck, tin earring in each ear,
Bound, let him walk the highway, much in fear,
And schooled with sticks to serpent kind[3] draw near,
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away."

[312] When oath had been taken in these thirteen stanzas, the Great Being thought, "Perhaps they imagine I am lying myself, and saying that the food was not there when it was." So he made oath on his part in the fourteenth stanza:

"Who swears the food was gone, if it was not,
Let him enjoy desire and its effect,
May worldly death be at the last his lot.
The same for you, sirs, if you now suspect."

When the sages had made their oath thus, Sakka thought to himself, "Fear nothing; I made these lotus fibres disappear in order to test these men, and they all make oath, loathing the deed as if it were a snot of spittle. Now I will ask them why they loathe lust and desire." This question he put by questioning the Bodhisatta in the next stanza, after having assumed a visible form:

"What in the world men go a-seeking here
That thing to many lovely is and dear,
Longed-for, delightful in this life: why, then,
Have saints no praise for things desired of men?"

By way of answer to this question, the Great Being recited two stanzas:

"Desires are deadly blows and chains to bind,
In these both misery and fear we find:
When tempted by desires imperial kings[4]
Infatuate do vile and sinful things.

"These sinners bring forth sin, to hell they go
At dissolution of this mortal frame.
[313] Because the misery of lust they know[5]
Therefore saints praise not lust, but only blame."

[1] Spoken by the tree-spirit. Kajañgala, the scholiast informs us, was a town where materials were hard to be got. There in Buddha Kassapa's time a god had a hard job of it repairing the ruins of an old monastery.

[2] Spoken by the elephant.

[3] The monkey says this: his task was to play with a snake. See above.

[4] Lords of Beings, 'an allusion to Sakka' (*schol.*).

[5] Sutta Nipāta, 50.

When Sakka had heard the Great Being's explanation, much moved in heart he repeated the following stanza:

"Myself to test these sages stole away
That food, which by the lake-side I did lay.
Sages they are indeed and pure and good.
O man of holy life, behold thy food!"

Hearing which the Bodhisatta recited a stanza:

"We are no tumblers, to make sport for thee,
No kinsmen nor no friends of thine are we.
Then why, O king divine, O thousand-eyed,
Thinkst thou the sages must thy sport provide?"

And Sakka recited the twentieth stanza, making his peace with him:

"Thou art my teacher, and my father thou,
From my offence let this protect me now.
Forgive me my one error, O wise sage!
They who are wise are never fierce in rage."

[314] Then the Great Being forgave Sakka, king of the gods, and on his own part to reconcile him with the company of sages recited another stanza:

"Happy for holy men one night has been,
When the Lord Vāsava by us was seen.
And, sirs, be happy all in heart to see
The food once stolen now restored to me."

Sakka saluted the company of sages, and returned to the world of gods And they caused the mystic trance and the transcendent faculties to spring up within them, and became destined for Brahma's world.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "Thus, Brethren, wise men of old made an oath and renounced sin." This said, he declared the Truths. At the conclusion of the Truths, the backsliding brother was established in the fruit of the First Path. Identifying the Birth, he recited three stanzas:

"Sāriputta, Moggallāna, Puṇṇa, Kassapa, and I,
Anuruddha and Ānanda then the seven brothers were.

"Uppalavaṇṇā was the sister, and Khujjuttarā the maid,
Sātāgira was the spirit, Citta householder the slave,

"The elephant was Pārileyya, Madhuvāseṭṭha was the ape,
Kāḷudāyi then was Sakka. Now you understand the Birth."

No. 489.

SURUCI-JĀTAKA.

"*I am*," *etc.* This story the Master told while dwelling hard by Sāvatthi in the mansion of Migāra's mother[1], how she, Visākhā the great lay Sister, received Eight Boons. One day she had heard the Law preached in Jetavana, and returned home after inviting the Buddha with his followers for the next day. But late in that night a mighty tempest deluged the four continents of the world. [315] The Blessed One addressed the Brethren as follows. "As the rain falls in Jetavana, so, Brethren, falls the rain in the four continents of the world. Let yourselves be drenched to the skin: this is my last great world-storm!" So with the Brethren, whose bodies were already drenched, by his supernatural power he disappeared from Jetavana, and appeared in a room of Visākhā's mansion. She cried, "A marvel indeed! a thing mysterious! O the miracle done by the power of the Tathāgata! With floods running knee-deep, aye, with floods running waist-deep, not so much as the foot or the robe of a single Brother will be wet!" In joy and delight she waited upon the Buddha and all his company. After the meal was done, she said to the Buddha, "Verily I crave boons at the hands of the Blessed One." "Visākhā, the Tathāgatas have boons beyond measure[2]." "But such as are permitted, such as are blameless?" "Speak on, Visākhā." "I crave that all my life long I may have the right to give to the Brethren clokes for the rainy season, food to all that come as guests, food to travelling priests, food to the sick, food to those who wait on the sick, medicine to the sick, a continual distribution of rice gruel; and to the Sisters all my life long robes for bathing in." The Master replied, "What blessing have you in view, Visākhā, when you ask these eight boons of the Tathāgata?" She told him the benefit she hoped for, and he said, "It is well, it is well, Visākhā, it is well indeed, Visākhā, that this is the benefit you hope for in asking the eight boons of the Tathāgata." Then he said, "I grant you the eight boons, Visākhā." Having granted her the eight boons and thanked her he departed.

One day when the Master was dwelling in the Eastern park, they began to talk of it in the Hall of Truth: "Brother, Visākhā the great lay Sister, notwithstanding her womanhood, received eight boons at the Dasabala's hands. Ah, great are her virtues!" The Master came in and asked what they spoke of. They told him. Said he, "It is not now the first time this woman has received boons from me, for she received such before"; and he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, there reigned a king Suruci in Mithilā. This king, having a son born to him, gave him the name of Suruci-Kumāra, or Prince Splendid. When he grew up, he determined to study at Takkasilā; so thither he went, and sat down in a hall at the city gate. [316] Now the

[1] Her real name was Visākhā; she was the most distinguished among the female disciples of Buddha. See her history in Hardy's *Manual*, 220; Warren, § 101. The reason for her title is given in Warren, *Buddhism in Translations*, p. 470, from the *Dhammapada*, p. 245. See the story in *Mahāvagga*, viii. 15.

[2] Or "are above granting boons (before they know what they are)": so Rhys Davids and Oldenberg in *Māhavagga*, i. 54. 4, viii. 15. 6.

son of the king of Benares also, whose name was Prince Brahmadatta, went to the same place, and took his seat on the same bench where Prince Suruci sat. They entered into converse together, and became friends, and went both together to the teacher. They paid the fee, and studied, and ere long their education was complete. Then they took leave of their teacher, and went on their road together. After travelling thus a short distance, they came to a stop at a place where the road parted. Then they embraced, and in order to keep their friendship alive they made a compact together: "If I have a son and you a daughter, or if you have a son and I a daughter, we will make a match of it between them."

When they were on the throne, a son was born to king Suruci, and to him also the name of Prince Suruci was given. Brahmadatta had a daughter, and her name was Sumedhā, the Wise Lady. Prince Suruci in due time grew up, went to Takkasilā for his education, and that finished returned. Then his father, wishing to mark out his son for king by the ceremonial sprinkling, thought to himself, "My friend the king of Benares has a daughter, so they say: I will make her my son's consort." For this purpose he sent an ambassade with rich gifts.

But before they had yet come, the king of Benares asked his queen this question: "Lady, what is the worst misery for a woman?" "To quarrel with her fellow-wives." "Then, my lady, to save our only daughter the Princess Sumedhā from this misery, we will give her to none but him that will have her and no other." So when the ambassadors came, and named the name of his daughter, he told them, "Good friends, indeed it is true I promised my daughter to my old friend long ago. But we have no wish to cast her into the midst of a crowd of women, and we will give her only to one who will wed her and no other." This message they brought back to the king. But the king was displeased. "Ours is a great kingdom," said he, "the city of Mithilā covers seven leagues, the measure of the whole kingdom is three hundred leagues. Such a king should have sixteen thousand women at the least." But Prince Suruci, hearing the great beauty of Sumedhā, [317] fell in love from hearing of it only. So he sent word to his parents, saying, "I will take her and no other: what do I want with a multitude of women? Let her be brought." They did not thwart his desire, but sent a rich present and a great ambassade to bring her home. Then she was made his queen consort, and they were both together consecrated by sprinkling.

He became king Suruci, and ruling in justice lived a life of high happiness with his queen. But although she dwelt in his palace for ten thousand years, never son nor daughter she had of him.

Then all the townsfolk gathered together in the palace courtyard, with upbraidings. "What is it?" the king asked. "Fault we have no other to find," said they, "but this, that you have no son to keep up your line.

You have but one queen, yet a royal prince should have sixteen thousand at the least. Choose a company of women, my lord: some worthy wife will bring you a son." "Dear friends, what is this you say? I passed my word I would take no other but one, and on those terms I got her. I cannot lie, no host of women for me." So he refused their request, and they departed. But Sumedhā heard what was said. "The king refuses to choose him concubines for his truth's sake," thought she; "well, I will find him some one." Playing the part of mother and wife to the king, she chose at her own will a thousand maidens of the warrior caste, a thousand of the courtiers, a thousand daughters of householders, a thousand of all kinds of dancing girls, four thousand in all, and delivered them to him. And all these dwelt in the palace for ten thousand years, and never a son or daughter they brought between them. In this way she three times brought four thousand maidens but they had neither son nor daughter. Thus she brought him sixteen thousand wives in all. Forty thousand years went by, that is to say, fifty thousand in all, counting the ten thousand he had lived with her alone. Then the townsfolk again gathered together with reproaches. "What is it now?" the king asked. [318] "My lord, command your women to pray for a son." The king was not unwilling, and commanded so to pray. Thenceforward praying for a son, they worship all manner of deities and offer all kinds of vows; yet no son appeared. Then the king commanded Sumedhā to pray for a son. She consented. On the fast of the fifteenth day of the month, she took upon her the eightfold sabbath vows[1], and sat meditating upon the virtues in a magnificent room upon a pleasant couch. The others were in the park, vowing to do sacrifice with goats or kine. By the glory of Sumedhā's virtue Sakka's dwelling place began to tremble. Sakka pondered, and understood that Sumedhā prayed for a son; well, she should have one. "But I cannot give her this or that son indifferently; I will search for one which shall be suitable." Then he saw a young god called Naḷakāra, the Basket-weaver. He was a being endowed with merit, who in a former life lived in Benares, when this befel him. At seed-time as he was on his way to the fields he perceived a Pacceka Buddha. He sent on his hinds, bidding them sow the seed, but himself turned back, and led the Pacceka Buddha home, and gave him to eat, and then conducted him again to the Ganges bank. He and his son together made a hut, trunks of fig-trees for the foundation and reeds interwoven for the walls; a door he put to it, and made a path for walking. There for three months he made the Pacceka Buddha dwell; and after the rains were over, the two of them, father and son, put on him the three robes and let him go. In the same manner they entertained seven Pacceka Buddhas in that hut, and

[1] The eight *sīlāni*: against taking life, theft, impurity, lying, intoxicating liquors, eating at forbidden hours, worldly amusements, unguents and ornaments.

gave them the three robes, and let them go their ways. So men still tell how these two, father and son, turned basket-weavers, and hunted for osiers on the banks of the Ganges, and whenever they spied a Pacceka Buddha did as we have said. When they died, they were born in the heaven of the Thirty-Three, and dwelt in the six heavens of sense one after the other in direct and in reverse succession, enjoying great majesty among the gods. These two after dying in that region were desirous of winning to the upper god-world. Sakka perceiving that one of them would be the Tathāgata, [319] went to the door of their mansion, and saluting him as he arose and came to meet him, said, "Sir, you must go into the world of men." But he said, "O king, the world of men is hateful and loathsome: they who dwell there do good and give alms longing for the world of the gods. What shall I do when I get there?" "Sir, you shall enjoy in perfection all that can be enjoyed in that world; you shall dwell in a palace made with stones of price, five and twenty leagues in height. Do consent." He consented. When Sakka had received his promise, in the guise of a sage he descended into the king's park, and showed himself soaring above those women to and fro in the air, while he chanted, "To whom shall I give the blessing of a son, who craves the blessing of a son?" "To me, Sir, to me!" thousands of hands were uplifted. Then he said, "I give sons to the virtuous: what is your virtue, what your life and conversation?" They drew down their uplifted hands, saying, "If you would reward virtue, go seek Sumedhā." He went his ways through the air, and stayed at the window of her bedchamber. Then they went and told her, saying, "See, my lady, a king of the gods has come down through the air, and stands at your bedchamber window, offering you the boon of a son!" With great pomp she proceeded thither, and opening the window, said, "Is this true, Sir, that I hear, how you offer the blessing of a son to a virtuous woman?" "It is, and so I do." "Then grant it to me." "What is your virtue, tell me; and if you please me, I grant you the boon." Then declaring her virtue she recited these fifteen stanzas.

"I am king Ruci's consort-queen, the first he ever wed;
With Suruci ten thousand years my wedded life I led.

"Suruci king of Mithilā, Videha's chiefest place,
I never lightly held his wish, nor deemed him mean or base,
In deed or thought or word, behind his back, nor to his face.

[320] "If this be true, O holy one, so may that son be given:
But if my lips are speaking lies, then burst my head in seven.

"The parents of my husband dear, so long as they held sway,
And while they lived, would ever give me training in the Way.

"My passion was to hurt no life, and willingly do right:
I served them with extremest care unwearied day and night.

"If this be true, etc.

"No less than sixteen thousand dames my fellow-wives have been:
Yet, brahmin, never jealousy nor anger came between.

"At their good fortune I rejoice; each one of them is dear;
My heart is soft to all these wives as though myself it were.

"If this be true, etc.

"Slaves, messengers, and servants all, and all about the place,
I give them food, I treat them well, with cheerful pleasant face.

"If this be true, etc.

"Ascetics, brahmins, any man who begging here is seen,
I comfort all with food and drink, my hands all washen clean.

"If this be true, etc.

"The eighth of either fortnight, the fourteenth, fifteenth days,
And the especial fast I keep, I walk in holy ways[1].

"If this be true, O holy one, so may that son be given:
But if my lips are speaking lies, then burst my head in seven."

[321] Indeed not a hundred verses, nor a thousand, could suffice to sing the praise of her virtues: yet Sakka allowed her to sing her own praises in these fifteen stanzas, nor did he cut the tale short though he had much to do elsewhere; then he said "Abundant and marvellous are your virtues"; then in her praise he recited a couple of stanzas:

"All these great virtues, glorious dame, O daughter of a king,
Are found in thee, which of thyself, O lady, thou dost sing.

"A warrior, born of noble blood, all glorious and wise,
Videha's righteous emperor, thy son, shall soon arise."

When these words she heard, in great joy she recited two stanzas, putting a question to him:

[322] "Unkempt, with dust and dirt begrimed, high-poiséd in the sky,
Thou speakést in a lovely voice that pricks me to the heart.

"Art thou a mighty god, O sage and dwellst in heaven on high?
O tell me whence thou comest here, O tell me who thou art!"

He told her in six stanzas:

"Sakka the Hundred-eyed thou seest, for so the gods me call
When they are wont to assemble in the heavenly judgement hall.

"When women virtuous, wise, and good here in the world are found,
True wives, to husband's mother kind even as in duty bound[2],

"When such a woman wise of heart and good in deed they know,
To her, though woman, they divine, the gods themselves will go.

"So lady, thou, through worthy life, through store of good deeds done,
A princess born, all happiness the heart can wish, hast won.

[1] For the exact meaning of pāṭihāriyapakkho see Childers, p. 618.

[2] *sassudevā-patibbatā. Sassudevā* should be a separate word.

"So thou dost reap thy deeds, princess, by glory on the earth,
And after in the world of gods a new and heavenly birth.

"O wise, O blessed! so live on, preserve thy conduct right:
Now I to heaven must return, delighted with thy sight."

[323] "I have business to do in the world of gods," quoth he, "therefore I go; but do thou be vigilant." With this advice he departed.

In the morning time, the god Naḷakāra was conceived within her womb. When she discovered it, she told the king, and he did what was necessary for a woman with child[1]. At the end of ten months she brought forth a son, and they gave him Mahā-panāda to his name. All the people of the two countries came crying out, "My lord, we bring this for the boy's milk-money," and each dropt a coin in the king's courtyard: a great heap there was of them. The king did not wish to accept this, but they would not take the money back, but said as they departed, "When the boy grows up, my lord, it will pay for his keep."

The lad was brought up amid great magnificence; and when he came of years, aye, no more than sixteen, he was perfect in all accomplishments. The king thinking of his son's age, said to the queen, "My lady, when the time comes for the ceremonial sprinkling of our son, let us make him a fine palace for that occasion." She was quite willing. The king sent for those who had skill in divining the lucky place for a building[2], and said to them: "My friends, get a master-mason[3], and build me a palace not far from my own. This is for my son, whom we are about to consecrate as my successor." They said it was well, and proceeded to examine the surface of the ground. At that moment Sakka's throne became hot. Perceiving this, he at once summoned Vissakamma[4], and said, "Go, my good Vissakamma, make for Prince Mahā-panāda a palace half a league in length and breadth and five and twenty leagues in height, all with stones of price." Vissakamma took on the shape of a mason, and approaching the workmen said, "Go and eat your breakfast, then return." Having thus got rid of the men, he struck on the earth with his staff; in that instant up rose a palace, seven storeys high, of the aforesaid size. Now for Mahā-panāda these three ceremonies were done together: the ceremony for consecrating the palace, the ceremony for spreading above him the royal umbrella, the ceremony of his marriage. At the time of the ceremony all the people of both countries gathered together, and spent seven years a-feasting, nor did the king dismiss them: their clothes, their ornaments, their food and their drink [324] and all the rest of it, these things were

[1] See p. 79, p. 23 note 1, vol. ii. p. 1 note 4. There was a ceremony called *garbharakṣaṇa* which protected against abortion (Bühler, *Ritual-Litteratur*, in *Grundriss der indo-iran. Philologie*, p. 43).

[2] Compare ii. 297 (p. 208 of this translation)

[3] Like τέκτων, a carpenter or mason.

[4] The celestial architect.

all provided by the royal family. At the seven years' end they began to grumble, and king Suruci asked why. "O king," they said, "while we have been revelling at this feast seven years have gone by. When will the feast come to an end?" He answered, "My good friends, all this while my son has never once laughed. So soon as he shall laugh, we will disperse again." Then the crowd went beating the drum and gathered the tumblers and jugglers together. Thousands of tumblers were gathered, and they divided themselves into seven bands and danced; but they could not make the prince laugh. Of course he that had seen the dancing of dancers divine could not care for such dancers as these. Then came two clever jugglers, Bhaṇḍu-kaṇṇa and Paṇḍu-kaṇṇa, Crop-ear and Yellow-ear, and say they, "We will make the prince laugh." Bhaṇḍu-kaṇṇa made a great mango tree, which he called Sanspareil, grow before the palace door: then he threw up a ball of string, and made it catch on a branch of the tree, and then up he climbed into the Mango Sanspareil. Now the Mango Sanspareil they say is Vessavaṇa's mango[1]. And the slaves of Vessavaṇa took him, as usual, chopt him up limb-meal and threw down the bits. The other jugglers joined the pieces together, and poured water upon them. The man donned upper and under garments of flowers, and rose up and began dancing again. Even the sight of this did not make the prince laugh. Then Paṇḍu-kaṇṇa had some fire-wood piled in the court-yard and went into the fire with his troop. When the fire was burnt out, the people sprinkled the pile with water. Paṇḍu-kaṇṇa with his troop rose up dancing with upper and under[2] garments of flowers. When the people found they could not make him laugh, they grew angry. Sakka, perceiving this, sent down a divine dancer, bidding him make prince Mahā-panāda laugh. Then he came and remained poised in the air above the royal courtyard, [325] and performed what is called the Half-body dance: one hand, one foot, one eye, one tooth, go a-dancing, throbbing, flickering to and fro, all the rest stone still. Mahā-panāda, when he saw this, gave a little smile. But the crowd roared and roared with laughter, could not cease laughing, laughed themselves out of their wits, lost control of their limbs, rolled over and over in the royal courtyard. That was the end of the festival. The rest of it—

> Great Panāda, mighty king,
> With his palace all of gold[3],

must be explained in the Mahā-panāda Birth[4].

[1] See No. 281 (transl. vol. ii. p. 271). The juggling trick here described is spoken of by mediaeval travellers. See Yule's *Marco Polo*, vol. i. p. 308 (ed. 2).

[2] *na* is a misprint for *ca*.

[3] These words are the beginning of the stanzas in No. 264 (transl. ii. p. 231). Cp. *Thera-gāthā*, p. 22.

[4] No. 264 (transl. vol. ii. p. 229).

King Mahā-panāda did good and gave alms, and at his life's end went to the world of gods[1].

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "Thus, brethren, Visākhā has received a boon of me before," and then he identified the Birth: "At that time, Bhaddaji was Mahā-panāda, Visākhā the Lady Sumedhā, Ānanda was Vissakamma, and I myself was Sakka."

No. 490.

PAÑC-ŪPOSATHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Thou art content,*" *etc.* This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about five hundred lay Brethren who were under the Sabbath vows. At that time they say that the Master, seated upon the Buddha's glorious seat, in the Hall of Truth, in the midst of folk of all the four kinds[2], looking around upon the gathering with a gentle heart, perceived that this day the teaching would turn on the tale of the lay Brethren[3]. Then he addressed these, and said, "Have the lay Brethren taken upon them the Sabbath vows?" "Yes, Sir, they have," was the answer. "It was well done, this sabbath celebration was the practice of wise men of old: the wise men of old, I say, kept the sabbath celebration in order to subdue the sins of passion and lust." Then at their request he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time there was a great forest which separated the kingdom of Magadha from the two kingdoms that marched with it. The Bodhisatta was born in Magadha, as one of a great brahmin family. When he grew up, he renounced his desires, and departed, and went into that forest, where he made him an hermitage and dwelt there. Now not very far from this hermitage, in a clump made of bamboos, [326] lived a Wood-pigeon with his mate; in a certain ant-hill lived a Snake; in one thicket a Jackal had his lair, in another a Bear. These four creatures used to visit the sage from time to time, and listened to his discourse.

One day the Pigeon and his mate left their nest and went a-foraging for food. The hen went behind, and as she went, a Hawk pounced on her

[1] This story shows a new phase of the episode of the Man or Woman who cannot be made to laugh. Closely allied to it are those tales where someone cannot shiver or cannot fear (e.g. Grimm, no. 4).

[2] Brethren, Sisters, Lay Brethren, Lay Sisters.

[3] See Introd. Story to no. 148.

and carried her off. Hearing her outcry the cock turned and looked, and beheld him bearing her away! The Hawk killed her in the midst of her cries, and devoured her. Now burned the cock-bird with the fire of love for his mate thus torn from him. Then thought he, "This passion torments me exceedingly; I will not go seek my food until I have found how to subdue it." So cutting short his quest, away he went to the ascetic, and taking upon him the vow for the subduing of desire, he lay down on one side.

The Snake also thought he would seek for food; so out of his hole came he, and sought something to eat on a cow-track near one of the frontier villages. Just then there was a bull belonging to the village headman, a glorious creature white all over, which after feeding went down on his knees at the foot of a certain ant-hill, and tossed the earth with his horns in sport. The Snake was terrified at the noise of the bull's hooves, and darted forward to hide in the ant-hill. The bull happened to tread on him, whereupon the Snake was angry and bit the bull; and the bull died then and there. When the villagers found out that the bull was dead, they all ran together weeping, and honoured the dead with garlands, and buried him in a grave, and returned to their homes. The Snake came forth when they had departed, and thought, "Through anger I have deprived this creature of life, and I have caused sorrow to the hearts of many. Never again will I go out to get food until I have learnt to subdue it." Then he turned and went to the hermitage, and taking upon him the vow for the subduing of anger, lay down on one side.

The Jackal likewise went to seek food, and found a dead elephant[1]. He was delighted: "Plenty of food here!" cried he, and went and took a bite of the trunk—it was as though he bit on a tree-trunk. He got no pleasure of that, and bit by the tusk—he might have been biting a stone. He tried the belly—it might have been a basket. So he fell on to the tail, [327] it was like an iron bowl. Then he attacked the rump, and lo! it was soft as a cake of ghee. He liked it so well that he ate his way inside. There he remained, eating when he was hungry, and when he was athirst drinking the blood; and when he lay down, spreading the beast's inwards and lungs as a bed to lie on. "Here," thought he, "I have found me both food and drink, and my bed; what is the use of going elsewhere?" So there he stayed, well content, in the elephant's belly, and never came out at all. But by and bye the corpse grew dry in the wind and the heat, and the way out by the rear was closed. The Jackal tormented within lost flesh and blood, his body turned yellow, but how to get out he could not see. Then one day came an unexpected storm; the duct was drenched and grew soft, and began to gape open. When he saw the chink, the Jackal cried, "Too long have I been here in torment, and now I will out

[1] Compare no. 148, i. 502 (transl. i. 315).

by this hole." Then he went at the place head first. Now the passage was narrow, and he went fast, so his body was bruised and he left all his hair behind him. When he got out he was bare as a palm-trunk, not a hair to be seen on him. "Ah," thought he, "it is my greed has brought all this trouble upon me. Never again will I go out to feed, until I have learnt how to subdue my greed." Then he went to the hermitage, and took on him the vow for subduing of greed, and lay down on one side.

The Bear too came out of the forest, and being a slave to greediness, went to a frontier village of the kingdom of Mala. "Here is a bear!" cried the villagers all; and out they came armed with bows, sticks, staves, and what not, and surrounded the thicket wherein he lay. He finding himself encompassed with a crowd, rushed out and made away, and as he went they belaboured him with their bows and cudgels. He came home with a broken head and running with blood. "Ah," thought he, "it is my exceeding greed which has brought all this trouble upon me. Never again will I go out for food until I have learnt how to subdue it." So he went to the hermitage, and took on him the vow for subduing of greediness, and lay down on one side. [328]

But the ascetic was unable to induce the mystic ecstasy, because he was full of pride for his noble birth. A Pacceka Buddha, perceiving that he was possessed with pride, yet recognised that he was no common creature. "The man (thought he) is destined to be a Buddha, and in this very cycle he will attain to perfect wisdom. I will help him to subdue his pride, and I will cause him to develop the Attainments." So as he sat in his hut of leaves, the Pacceka Buddha came down from the Higher Himalaya, and seated himself on the ascetic's slab of stone. The ascetic came out and saw him upon his own seat, and in his pride was no longer master of himself. He went up and snapt fingers at him, crying out, "Curse you, vile good-for-naught, bald-pate hypocrite, why are you sitting on my seat?" "Holy man," said the other, "why are you possessed with pride? I have penetrated the wisdom of a Pacceka Buddha, and I tell you that during this very cycle you shall become omniscient; you are destined to become a Buddha! When you have fulfilled the Perfect Virtues[1], after the lapse of another such period of time, a Buddha you shall be; and when you have become a Buddha, Siddhattha will be your name." Then he told him of name and clan and family, chief disciples, and so forth, adding, "Now why are you so proud and passionate? The thing is unworthy of you." Such was the advice of the Pacceka Buddha. To these words the other said nothing: no salutation even, no question as to when or where or how he should become a Buddha. Then the visitor

[1] These are ten, which are preliminary to attaining the state of a Buddha. See Childers, p. 335 *a* for list.

said, "Learn the measure of your birth and my powers[1] by this: if you can, rise up in the air as I do." So saying, he arose in the air, and shook off the dust of his feet upon the coil of hair which the other wore on his head, and then returned back to the Higher Himalaya. At his departure the ascetic was overcome with grief. "There is a holy man," said he, "with a heavy body like that, passes through the air like a cotton-fleck blown by the wind! Such a one, a Pacceka Buddha, and I never kissed his feet, because of my pride of birth, never asked him when I should become Buddha. What can this birth do for me? In this world the thing of power is a good life; [329] but this pride of mine will bring me to hell. Never again will I go out to seek for wild fruits until I have learned how to subdue my pride." Then he entered his leaf-hut, and took upon him the vow for subduing pride. Seated upon his pallet of twigs, the wise young noble subdued his pride, induced the mystical trance, developed the Faculties and the Attainments, then came forth and sat down on the stone seat which was at the end of the covered walk.

Then the Pigeon and the others came up, saluted him and sat on one side. The Great Being said to the Pigeon, "On other days you never come here at this time, but you go seeking food: are you keeping a sabbath fast to-day?" "Yes, Sir, I am." Then he said, "Why so?" reciting the first stanza:

"Thou art content with little, I am sure.
Dost want no food, O flying pigeon, now?
Hunger and thirst why willingly endure?
Why take upon thee, Sir, the sabbath vow?"

To which the Pigeon made answer in two stanzas:

"Once full of greediness my mate and I
Sported like lovers both about this spot.
Her a hawk pounced on, and away did fly:
So, torn from me, she whom I loved was not!

"In various ways my cruel loss I know;
I feel a pang in everything I see;
Therefore to sabbath vows for help I go,
That passion never may come back to me."

[330] When the Pigeon had thus praised his own action with regard to the vows, the Great Being put the same question to the Snake and all the rest one by one. They declared each one the thing as it was.

"Tree-dweller, coiling belly-crawling snake,
Armed with strong fangs and poison quick and sure,
These sabbath vows why dost thou wish to take?
Why thirst and hunger willingly endure?"

"The headman's bull, all full of strength and might,
With hump all quivering, beautiful and fair,
He trod on me: in anger I did bite:
Pierced with the pain he perished then and there.

[1] *i.e.* that your birth is nothing to my powers.

"Out pour the village people every one,
Weeping and wailing for the sight they see.
Therefore to sabbath vow for help I run,
That passion never more come back to me."

"Carrion to thee is food both rich and rare,
Corpses on charnel-ground that rotting lie.
Why doth a Jackal thirst and hunger bear?
Why take the sabbath vows upon him, why?"

"I found an elephant, and liked the meat
So well, within his belly I did stay.
But the hot wind and the sun's parching heat
Dried up the passage where I pushed my way.

"All thin and yellow I became, my lord!
There was no path to go by, I must stay.
Then came a storm that vehemently poured,
Damping and softening that postern way.

"Then to get out again not slow was I,
Like the Moon issuing from Rāhu's jaws[1]:
[331] Therefore to sabbath vows for help I fly
That greed may keep far from me: there's the cause."

"It was thy manner once to make a meal
Of ants upon the ant-heap, Master Bear:
Why willing now hunger and thirst to feel?
Why willing now the sabbath vow to swear?"

"From greed exceeding scorned I my own home,
To Malatā I made all haste to flee.
Out from the village all the folk did come,
With bows and bludgeons they belaboured me.

"With blood besmeared and with a broken head
Back to my dwelling I made haste to flee.
Therefore to sabbath vows I now have fled
That greed may never more come nigh to me."

Thus did they all four praise their own deed in taking of these vows upon them; then rising up and saluting the Great Being, they asked him this question, "Sir, on other days you go out at this time to seek for wild fruits. Why is it to-day you go not, but observe the sabbath vows?" They recited this stanza:

"That thing, Sir, which thou hadst a mind to learn
To our best knowledge we have told it now:
But we would ask a question in our turn:
Why thou, O brahmin, takest the sabbath vow?"

[332] He explained it to them:

"'Twas a Pacceka Buddha, who but came
And stayed a moment in my hut, and showed
My comings and my goings, name and fame,
My family, and all my future road.

"Then eaten up by pride, I did not throw
Myself before his feet; I asked no more.
Therefore to sabbath vows for help I go,
That pride may not come nigh me as of yore."

[1] A monster who was supposed to swallow the moon in eclipse.

In this manner the Great Being explained his own keeping of these vows. Then he admonished them, and sent them away, and went into his hut. The others returned each to his own place. The Great Being without interrupting his ecstasy became destined for the World of Brahma, and the others abiding by his admonition, went to swell the hosts of heaven.

The Master, having ended this discourse, said, "Thus, lay Brethren, the sabbath vows were the custom of wise men of old, and must be kept now." Then he identified the Birth. "At that time Anurudha was the Pigeon, Kassapa was the Bear, Moggallāna the Jackal, Sāriputta the Snake, and I myself was the ascetic."

No. 491.

MAHĀ-MORA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*If I being captured,*" *etc.* This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about a backsliding Brother. To this Brother the Master said, [333] "Is it true, as I am told, that you have backslidden?" "Yes, Sir, it is true." "Brother," said he, "will not this lust for pleasure confound a man like you? The hurricane that overwhelms Mount Sineru is not put to the blush before a withered leaf. In days of yore this passion has confounded holy beings, who for seven thousand years held aloof from following the lusts that arise within." With these words, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was conceived by a Peahen in a border country. When the due time had passed, the mother laid her egg in the place where she was feeding, and went away. Now the egg of a mother which is healthy comes to no harm, if there be no danger from snakes or such-like vermin. This egg therefore being of a golden colour like to a *kaṇikāra*[2] bud, when it was ripe, cracked of its own force, and issued forth a peachick of the colour of gold, with two eyes like gunja fruit, and a coral beak, and three red streaks ran round his throat and down the middle of his back. When he grew up his body was big as a tradesman's barrow, very fine to behold, and all the dark peafowl gathered together and chose him to be their king.

One day, as he was drinking water out of a pool, he espied his own beauty, and thought, "I am fairest of all peacocks. If I remain with

[1] Printed by Fausbøll, *Ten Jatakas*, p. 111. Compare *Mora Jātaka*, no. 159 (ii. 33, transl. p. 23).

[2] Pterospermum Acerifolium.

them among the paths of men, I shall fall into some danger: I will go away to Himalaya, and there dwell alone in a pleasant place." So in the night time, when all the peafowl were in their secret retreats, unknown to any he departed to Himalaya, and traversing three ranges of mountains settled in the fourth. This was in a forest where he found a vast natural lake all covered with lotus, and not far away a huge banyan tree hard by a hill; in the branches of this tree he alighted. In the heart of this hill was a delightsome cave; and being desirous to dwell there, he alighted on a flatland just at the mouth of it. Now to this place it was impossible to climb, whether up from below or down from above; [334] free it was from all fear of birds, wildcats, serpents, or men. "Here is a delightful place for me!" he thought. That day he remained there, and on the next coming forth from the cave he sat on the hill-top facing the east. When he saw the sun's globe arise, he protected himself for the coming day by reciting the verse "There he rises, king all-seeing[1]." After this he went out seeking for food. In the evening he returned again, and sat on the top of the hill facing the west; then, when he saw the sun's globe sinking out of sight, he protected himself against the coming night by reciting the verse "There he sets, the king all-seeing[2]." In this manner his life was passed.

But one day a hunter who lived in the forest caught sight of him as he sat on the hill-top, and went home again. When his time came to die, he told his son of it: "My son, in the fourth range of the mountains, in the forest, lives a golden peacock. If the king wants one you know where to find him."

One day the chief queen of the king of Benares (her name was Khemā) saw a vision in the dawning, and the vision was after this fashion: a golden peacock was preaching the Law, she was listening with approval, the peacock having finished his discourse arose to depart, she cried out upon it "The king of the peacocks is escaping, catch him!" And as she was uttering these words, she awoke. When she awoke, and perceived that it was a dream, she thought, "If I tell the king it was a dream, he will take no notice of it; but if I say it is the longing of a woman with child, then he will take notice." So she made as though she had a craving as they who are with child, and lay down. The king visited her and asked what was her ailment. "I have a craving," said she. "What is it you desire?" "I wish, my lord, to hear the discourse of a golden-hued peacock." "But where can we get such a peacock, lady?" "If one cannot be found, my lord, I shall die." "Do not trouble about it, my lady; if there exist such a one anywhere, it shall

[1] The first line of a hymn given in the first Peacock Birth (ii. 33, transl. p. 23).

[2] Vol. ii. p. 35 (transl. p. 24).

be got for you." Thus he consoled her, and then went away and sitting down asked his courtiers the question: "Look you, my queen desires to hear the discourse of a golden peacock. [335] Are there such things as golden peacocks?" "The brahmins will know that, my lord." The king enquired of the brahmins. Thus the brahmins made answer: "O great king! It is said in our verses of lucky marks, Of water-beasts fish, tortoises, and crabs, of land-beasts deer, wild-geese, peacocks, and partridges, these creatures and men too can be of a golden colour." Then the king gathered together all the hunters that were in his domains, and asked them, had they ever before seen a golden peacock. They all answered, no, except the one whose father had told him what he had seen. This one said, "I have never seen one myself, but my father told me of a place where a golden peacock is to be found." Then the king said, "My good man, this means life and death to me and my queen: catch him and bring him hither." He gave the man plenty of money and sent him off. The man gave the money to his wife and son, and went to the place, and saw the Great Being. He set snares for him, each day telling himself the creature would certainly be caught; yet he died without catching him. And the queen too died without having her heart's desire. The king was very angry and wroth, for he said, "My beloved queen has died on account of this peacock"; and he caused the story to be written upon a golden plate, how that in the fourth range of Himalaya lives a golden peacock, and they who eat his flesh will be ever young and immortal. This plate he placed in his treasury, and afterwards died. After him another king rose up, who read what was written upon the plate, and being desirous to be immortal and ever young, sent a hunter to catch him; but he died first like the other. In this manner six kings succeeded and passed away, six hunters died unsuccessful in Himalaya. But the seventh hunter, sent by the seventh king, being unable to catch the bird through seven years, although each day he expected to do it, began to wonder, why there was no catching this peacock's feet in a snare. So he watched the bird, and saw him at his prayers for protection morning and evening, and thus he argued the case: "There is no other peacock in the place, and it is clear this must be a bird of holy life. [336] It is the power of his holiness, and of the protecting charm, which makes his feet never to catch in my snare." Having come to this conclusion, he went to the borderland and caught a peahen, which he trained at finger-snap to utter her note, at clap of hand to dance. Taking her with him, he returned; then setting his snare before the Bodhisatta had recited his charm, he snapt his fingers, and made her utter a cry. The peacock heard it: on the instant, the sin which for seven thousand years had lain quiescent, reared itself up like a cobra spreading his hood at a blow. Being sick with lust, he could not recite his protecting charm, but making all haste towards her, he came

down from the air with his feet right in the snare: that snare which for seven thousand years had no power to catch him, now caught his foot fast. When the hunter spied him dangling at the end of the stick, he thought to himself, "Six hunters failed to catch this king of the peacocks, and for seven years I could not. But to-day, so soon as he became lust-sick for this peahen, he was unable to repeat his charm, came to the snare and was caught, and there he dangles head downwards. So virtuous is the being which I have hurt! To hand over such a creature to another for the sake of a bribe is an unseemly thing. What are the king's honours to me? I will let him go." But again he thought, "'Tis a monstrous mighty and strong bird, and if I go up to him he may think I have come to kill him, he will be in fear of his life, and in struggling he may break a leg or a wing. I will not go near him, but I will stand in hiding and cut the snare with an arrow. Then he can go his ways at his own will." So he stood hidden, and stringing his bow fitted an arrow to the string and drew it back.

Now the peacock was thinking, "This hunter has made me sick with lust, and when he sees me caught he will not be careless of me. Where can he be?" He looked this way, and he looked that way, and spied the man standing with bow ready to shoot. [337] "No doubt he wants to kill me and go," thought he, and in fear of death repeated the first stanza asking for his life:

"If I being captured wealth to thee shall bring,
Then wound me not, but take me still alive.
I pray thee, friend, conduct me to the king:
Methinks a most rich guerdon he will give."

Hereupon the hunter thought, "The great peacock imagines I am going to shoot him with this arrow: I must relieve his mind," to which end he recited the second stanza:

"I have not set this arrow to the bow,
To do thee hurt, O peacock king, to-day:
I wish to cut the snare and let thee go,
Then follow thy own will, and fly away."

To this the peacock replied in two stanzas:

"Seven years, O hunter, first thou didst pursue,
Enduring thirst and hunger night and day:
Now I am in the snare, what wouldst thou do?
Why wish to loose me, let me fly away?

"Surely all living things are safe for thee:
Taking of life thou hast forsworn this day:
For I am in the snare, yet thou wouldst free,
Yet thou wouldst loose me, let me fly away."

[338] Then this follows:

"When a man swears to hurt no living thing:
When all that live, for him, from fear are free:
What blessing in the next birth will this bring?
O royal peacock, answer this for me!"

"When all that live, for him, from fear are free,
When the man swears to hurt no living thing,
Even in the present world, well praised is he,
Him after death to heaven his worth will bring."

"There are no gods, so many men do say:
The highest bliss this life alone can bring;
This yields the fruit of good or evil way;
And giving is declared a foolish thing.
So I snare birds, for holy men have said it:
Do not their words, I ask, deserve my credit?"

Then the Great Being determined to tell the man the reality of another world; and as he swung at the end of the rod head-downwards, he repeated a stanza:

"All clear to vision sun and moon both go
High in the sky along their shining way.
What do men call them in the world below?
Are they of this world or another, say!"

[339] The hunter repeated a stanza:

"All clear to vision sun and moon both go
High in the sky along their shining way.
They are no part of this our world below,
But of another: that is what men say."

Then the Great Being said to him:

"Then they are wrong, they lie who such things say;
Without all cause, who say this world can bring
Alone the fruit of good or evil way,
Or who declare giving a foolish thing."

As the Great Being spoke, the hunter pondered, and then repeated a couple of stanzas:

"Verily this is true which thou dost say:
How can one say that gifts no fruit can bring?
That here one reaps the fruit of evil way
Or good; that giving is a foolish thing?

"How shall I act, what do, what holy way
Am I to follow, peacock king, O tell!
What manner of ascetic virtue—say,
That I be saved from sinking into hell!"

[340] The Great Being thought, when he heard this, "If I solve this problem for him, the world will seem all empty and vain. I will tell him for this time the nature of upright and holy ascetic brahmins." With this intent he repeated two stanzas:

"They on the earth, who hold the ascetic vows,
In yellow clad, not dwelling in a house,
Who go forth early for to get their food,
Not in the afternoon[1]: these men are good.

[1] This was strictly forbidden to the Brethren.

"Visit in season such good men as these,
And question any one it shall thee please:
They will explain the matter, for they know,
About the other world and this below."

Thus speaking, he terrified the man with the fear of hell. The other attained to the perfect state of a Pacceka Bodhisatta; for he lived with his knowledge on the point of ripening, like a ripe lotus bud looking for the touch of the sun's rays. As the hunter hearkened to his discourse, standing where he was, he understood all in a moment the constituent parts of existing things, grasped their three properties[1], and penetrated to the knowledge of a Pacceka Buddha. This comprehension of his, and the setting free of the Great Being from the snare, came both in one instant. The Pacceka Buddha, having annihilated his lusts and desires, standing on the uttermost verge of existence[2], uttered his aspiration in this stanza:

[341] "Like as the serpent casts his withered skin,
A tree her sere leaves when the green begin:
So I renounce my hunter's craft this day,
My hunter's craft for ever cast away."

Having uttered this sublime aspiration, he thought, "I have just now been set free from the bonds of sin; but at home I have many a bird held fast in bondage, and how am I to set them free?" So he asked the Great Being: "King Peacock, there are many birds I left in bondage at home, how can I set them free?" Now the Bodhisattas, who are omniscient, have a better knowledge and comprehension of ways and means than a Pacceka Buddha; therefore he answered, "As you have broken the power of lust, and penetrated the knowledge of a Pacceka Buddha, on that ground make an Act of Truth, and in all India there shall be no creature left in bonds." Then the other, entering by the door which the Bodhisatta thus opened for him, repeated this stanza, making an Act of Truth:

"All those my feathered fowl that I did bind,
Hundreds and hundreds, in my house confined,
Unto them all I give their life to-day,
And freedom: let them homewards fly away."

[342] Then by his Act of Truth, though late, they were all set free from confinement, and twittering joyously went home to their own places. At the same moment throughout all India all creatures bound were set free, and not one was left in bondage, not so much as a cat. The Pacceka Buddha uplifted his hand, and rubbed his forehead: immediately the family mark disappeared, and the mark of the religious appeared in its place. He then, like an Elder of sixty years, fully dressed, carrying the eight necessary things[3], made a reverential obeisance to the royal Peacock,

[1] Impermanence, suffering, unreality.

[2] That is, on the point of entering Nirvana.

[3] Bowl, three robes, girdle, razor, needle, water-strainer.

and walking around him right-wise, rose up in the air, and went away to the cavern on the peak of Mount Nanda. The peacock also, rising up from the snare, took his food and departed to the place in which he lived.

The last stanza was repeated by the Master, telling how for seven years the hunter went about snare in hand, and was then set free from pain by the peacock king:

"The hunter traversed all the forest land
To catch the lord of peacocks, snare in hand.
The glorious lord of peacocks he set free
From pain, as soon as he was caught, like me."

Having ended this discourse, the Master declared the Truths: now at the conclusion of the Truths, the backsliding Brother attained to sainthood: then he identified the Birth by saying, "At thàt time I was the peacock king."

No. 492.

TACCHA-SŪKARA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*I wandered, searching far,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about two ancient Elders.

Mahā-Kosala, they say, in giving his daughter to King Bimbisāra[2], allotted her a village of Kāsi for bath-money. [343] After Ajātasattu had murdered his father[3], King Pasenadi destroyed that village. In the battles betwixt them for it, victory at the first lay with Ajātasattu. And the King of Kosala, having the worst, asked his councillors, "What can we devise to take Ajātasattu?" They answered, "Great king, the Brethren have great skill of magical charms. Send messengers to them, and get the opinion of the Brethren at the monastery." This pleased the king. Accordingly, he caused men to be sent, bidding them go thither, and hiding themselves, overhear what the Brethren should say. Now at Jetavana are many king's officers who have renounced the world. Two among these, a pair of old Elders, dwelt in a leaf hut on the outskirts of the monastery: the name of one of them was Elder Dhanuggaha-tissa, of the other the Elder Mantidatta. These had slept all the night through, and awoke at peep of day. The Elder Dhanuggaha-tissa said, as he kindled the fire, "Elder Datta, Sir." "Well, Sir?" "Are you asleep?" "No, I am not asleep: what's to do now?" "A born fool that King of Kosala is; all he knows is how to eat a mess of food." "What do you mean, Sir?" "He lets himself be beaten by Ajātasattu, who is no better than a worm in his own belly." "What should he do, then?" "Why, Elder Datta, you know the order of battle is of three kinds: Waggon Battle, Wheel Battle, and Lotus Battle[4]. It is the Waggon Battle he ought to use in order to catch Ajātasattu. Let him post valiant men on his two flanks on the hill-top, and then show his main battle in front: once he gets in between, out with a shout and a leap, and they have him like a fish

[1] Compare No. 283 (trans. Vol. ii. 275). [2] See Vol. ii. pp. 164, 275.

[3] Pasenadi was Mahā-Kosala's son, Aj. killed *his* father Bimbisāra.

[4] See ii. 275, note 2.

in a lobster-pot. That is the way to catch him." Now all this the messengers heard; and then went back and told the king. He immediately set out with a great host, and took Ajātasattu prisoner, and bound him in chains. After punishing him thus for some days, he released him, advising him not to do it again, and by way of consolation gave him his own daughter, the Princess Vajirā, in marriage, and finally dismissed him with great pomp.

There was much gossip about it among the Brethren indoors: "Ajātasattu was caught by the King of Kosala, through following the directions of Elder Dhanuggaha-tissa!" They talked of the same in the Hall of Truth, and the Master entering, asked them what the talk was. They told him. Then he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Dhanuggaha-tissa has shown himself expert in strategy." And he told them a story of the past.

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[344] Once upon a time, a carpenter, who dwelt in a village hard by the city gate of Benares, went into the forest to cut wood. He found a young Boar fallen into a pit, which he brought home and reared, naming him Carpenter's Boar. The Boar became his servant: trees he turned over with his snout, and brought to him: he hitched the measuring-line around his tusk and pulled it along, fetched and carried adze, chisel, and mallet in his teeth.

When he grew up, he was a monstrous burly beast. The carpenter, who loved him as his own son, and feared lest some one might do him a mischief there, let him go free in the forest. The Boar thought, "I cannot live alone by myself in this forest: what if I search out my kindred, and live in their midst?" So he sought all through that multitude of trees for Boars, until seeing a herd of them, he was glad, and recited three stanzas:—

"I wandered, searching far and wide the woods and hills around:
I wandered, searching for my kin: and lo, my kin are found!

"Here are abundant roots and fruits, with plenteous store of food;
What lovely hills and pleasant rills! to dwell here will be good.

"Here will I dwell with all my kin, not anxious, at my ease,
Having no trouble, fearing nought from any enemies[1]."

The Boars on hearing this verse responded with the fourth stanza:—

"A foe is here! some otherwhere take refuge, go thy ways:
Ever the choicest of the herd, O Carpenter[2], he slays!"

"Who is that foe? Come tell me true, my kindred, so well met,
Who is't destroys you? though he has not quite destroyed you yet."

[345] "A king of beasts! striped up and down he is, with teeth to bite:
Ever the choicest of the herd he slays—a beast of might!"

[1] One line occurs on p. 71, line 21, of the text (last couplet on p. 45, above).

[2] *Sic.*

"And have our bodies lost their strength? have we no tusks to show?
We shall o'ercome him if we work together: only so."

"Sweet words to hear, O Carpenter, of which my heart is fain:
Let no Boar flee! or he shall be after the battle slain!"

Carpenter's Boar now having made them all of one mind asked, "At what time will the tiger come?" "To-day he came early in the morning and took one, to-morrow he will come early in the morning." The Boar was skilled in warfare, and knew the place of advantage to take, so that victory might be won. He searched about for a place, and made them take food while it was yet night; then very early in the morning, he explained to them how the order of battle is of three kinds, the Waggon Battle, and so forth; after which he arranged the Lotus[1] Battle in this manner. In the midst he placed the sucking pigs, and around them their mothers, next to these the barren sows, next a circle of young porkers, next the young ones with tusks just a-budding, next the big tuskers, and the old Boars outside all. Then he posted smaller squads of ten, twenty, thirty apiece here and there. He made them dig a pit for himself, and for the tiger to fall into a hole of the shape of a winnowing basket: between the two holes was left a spit of ground for himself to stand on. Then he with the stout fighting-boars went around everywhere encouraging the Boars.

[346] As he was thus engaged the sun rose. The Tiger, coming forth from the hermitage of a sham ascetic, appeared upon the hill-top. The Boars cried, "Our enemy is come, Sir!" "Fear not," said he, "whatever he does, you do the same." The Tiger gave himself a shake, and as though about to depart, made water; the Boars did the same. The Tiger looked at the Boars and roared a great roar; they did the same. Observing what they were at, he thought, "They have changed somehow; to-day they face me out as enemies, in orderly bands: some warrior has been mustering them; I must not go near them to-day." In fear of death he turned tail, and fled to the sham ascetic; and he, seeing the Tiger empty-handed, recited the ninth stanza:—

"Hast thou abjured all killing? hast thou sworn
Safety for every living creature born[2]?
Surely thy teeth their wonted virtue lack.
You find a herd, and come a beggar back!'

The Tiger thereupon repeated three stanzas:—

"My teeth no longer bite,
My strength exhausted quite:
Brother by brother all together stood:
Therefore I wander lonely in the wood.

[1] Note that this disagrees with the Introduction.

[2] These two lines are the same as the first half of a stanza on p. 337.

"Once they would hurry-scurry all about
To find their holes, a panic-stricken rout.
But now they grunt in serried ranks compact:
Invincible, they stand and face me out[1].

[347] "They all agree together now, a leader they have got;
When all agree they may hurt me: therefore I want them not."

To this the sham ascetic replied with the following stanza:—

"Alone the hawk subdues the birds, alone
The Titans are by Indra overthrown:
And when a herd of beasts the mighty tiger sees,
Ever the best he picks, and kills them at his ease."

Then the Tiger recited one:—

"No hawk, no tiger lord of beasts, not Indra can command
A kindred host that tiger-like[2] combine to make a stand."

Thereat the sham ascetic, to egg him on, recited two stanzas:—

"The little tiny feathered fowl in flocks and coveys fly,
In heaps together up they rise, together skim the sky.

"Down stoops the hawk, and all alone, down on them as they play,
Harries and kills them at his will: that is your tiger's way."

[348] This said, he further encouraged him: "Royal Tiger, you know not your own power. One roar only, and a spring—there will not be two of them left together, I dare swear!" The Tiger did so.

To explain this, the Master said a stanza:—

"Then he with cruel greedy eye, deeming these words were true,
Took heart, and with his fangs all bare leaped on the tuskèd crew."

Well, the Tiger went back and stood there awhile on the hill. The Boars told Carpenter's Boar that he was come again. "Fear not," said he, comforting them, and then took his stand upon the ridge between the two pits. The Tiger with all speed sprang towards the Boar, but the Boar rolled tail over snout in the first hole. The Tiger could not check his onset, and fell all of a heap into the pit shaped like to a winnowing fan. Up jumped the Boar in a trice, buried his tusks in the Tiger's thigh, pierced him to the heart, devoured the flesh, bit at him, bundled him over into the further pit, crying, "There, take the varlet!" [349] They who came first got one chance apiece of nozzling a mouthful, those who came later went about asking, "How does tiger's-meat taste?"

[1] The same stanza occurs in ii. 407 (trans. p. 277).

[2] The text is uncertain. Doubtless it means the host is a match for the tiger.

Carpenter's Boar came out of the pit, and, looking round upon the others, said, "Well, don't you like it?" But they answered, "My lord, you have done for the Tiger, and that's one; but there is another left worse than ten tigers." "Who is that, pray?" "A sham ascetic, who eats the meat which the Tiger brings him from time to time." "Come along then, and we will catch him." So they quickly sprang off together.

Now the sham ascetic was watching the road, and expecting the Tiger to come every minute. And what should he see coming but the Boars! "They have killed the Tiger, methinks, and now they are come to kill me!" Away he ran, and climbed up a wild fig-tree. "He has climbed a tree!" said the Boars to their leader. "What tree?" "A fig-tree." "All right, we shall have him directly." He made the young Boars grub away the earth from its roots, and the sows bring each as much water as their mouths would hold, till there the tree stood upright bare down to the roots. Then he sent the others out of the way, and, going down on his knees, struck at the roots with his tusk: clean through the root he cut, as with an axe, down came the tree, but the man never got as far as the ground: he was torn to pieces and eaten on the way. Observing this marvel, the tree-spirit recited a stanza:—

"United friends, like forest trees—it is a pleasant sight:
The Boars united, at one charge the Tiger killed outright."

And the Master recited another stanza, how that both of them were destroyed:—

"The brahmin and the tiger both thus did the Boars destroy,
And roared a loud and echoing roar in their exceeding joy."

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[350] Again the Boar asked, "And have you another foe?" "No, my lord," they replied. Then they proposed to sprinkle him for their King. Water was fetched. Espying the shell which the sham ascetic used for his drinking, which was a precious conch with the spiral turned right-wise[1], they filled it with water, and consecrated Carpenter's Boar there on the root of the fig-tree, there the water of consecration was poured upon him. A young sow they made his consort. Hence arose the custom which still prevails, that in consecrating a king they seat him upon a chair of fig-wood, and sprinkle him from a conch with spirals that run to the right.

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[1] A rarity, much prized, and used for consecration of a king.

This also the Master explained by reciting the last stanza:—

"The Boars beneath the wild fig-tree the holy water poured,
Upon the Carpenter, and cried, Thou art our King and Lord!"

When he had ended this discourse, the Master said, "No, Brethren, this is not the first time that Dhanuggaha-tissa has shown himself clever in strategy, but he was the same before." With these words, he identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the sham ascetic, Dhanuggaha-tissa Carpenter's Boar, and I myself was the tree-sprite."

No. 493.

MAHĀ-VĀṆIJA-JĀTAKA.

"*Merchants from many,*" *etc.* This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about some traders who lived in Sāvatthi. These, we hear, when going away on business bent, came with gifts to the Master, sheltering themselves in the Refuges and the Virtues. "Sir," they said, "if we return safe and sound, we will kiss your feet." With five hundred cartloads of merchandise they set out, and came soon to a wild forest, where they could see no road. Astray, waterless and sans food, they traversed the forest until, seeing a huge banyan tree which was haunted by dragons, they unyoked the carts and sat down beneath it. Looking upon its leaves, they saw them all glossy as though wet with water, and the branches seemed to be full of water, which made them think thus: "It appears as though water were running through this tree. What if we cut a branch of it facing the east? we shall find something to drink." [351] On this one climbed up the tree and cut off a branch: out gushed a stream of water thick as a palm-trunk, and in this they washed, of this they drank. Next they cut a branch on the southern side: out from it came all manner of choice food, and they ate of it. They then cut a branch on the west side of the tree: out sprang women fair and beauteously adorned, with whom they took their pleasure. Lastly, they cut one of the northern branches: from it fell the seven things of price, and they took them and filled the five hundred carts, and returned to Sāvatthi. There they caused the treasure to be carefully guarded. Bearing in their hands garlands and perfumes and the like, they repaired to Jetavana and saluted the Master and paid worship to him, and then sat on one side. That day they listened to the preaching of the Law; and the next, they brought a munificent present, and renounced the merit of the whole, saying, "The merit of this gift, Sir, we renounce in favour of a tree-deity who gave us the whole treasure." The meal finished, the Master asked them, "What tree-deity do you give this merit to?" The merchants told the Tathāgata the manner how they had received the treasure by a banyan tree. Said the Master, "This treasure you have received for your moderation, and because you have not given yourselves into the power of desire; but in former days men were immoderate, and were in the power of desire, and thereby they lost treasure and life both." Then at their request he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, there was a King Sādhīna in Mithilā, who reigned in righteousness. At the four city gates, and in the midst of it, and at his own palace door he caused to be made six alms-halls, and with his alms-giving made a great stir through all India. Daily six hundred thousand pieces were spent in alms: he kept the Five Virtues, he observed the fast-day vows; and they of the city also, following his admonitions, gave alms and did good, and as they died, came to life at once in the city of the gods.

The princes of heaven, sitting in full conclave in Sakka's justice hall, praised Sādhīna's virtuous life and goodness. The report of him made all the other gods desirous to see him. Sakka, king of the gods, perceiving their mind, asked, "Do you wish to see King Sādhīna?" They replied, yes they did. Then he commanded Mātali, "Go to my palace Vejayanta, yoke my chariot, and bring Sādhīna hither." He obeyed the command and yoked the chariot, and went to the kingdom of Videha.

It was then the day of full moon. At the time when people had partaken of their evening meal, and were sitting by their doors at their ease, Mātali drove his chariot side by side with the moon's disk. All the people called out, "See, two moons are in the sky!" But when they saw the chariot pass by the moon, and come towards them, then they cried, "'Tis no moon, but a chariot; a son of the gods, it would seem. For whom is he bringing this divine car, with his team of thorobreds, creatures of the imagination? Will it not be for our king? Yes, our king is a righteous and good king!" In their delight they joined hands with reverence, and standing repeated the first stanza:

"A wonder in the world was seen, that made the hair uprise:
For great Videha's king is sent a chariot from the skies!"

[356] Mātali brought the car close, and then whilst the people worshipt with flowers and perfumes, he drove it thrice round the city right-wise. Then he proceeded to the king's door, and there stayed the chariot, and stood still before the western window, making a sign that he should ascend. Now that day the king himself had inspected his alms-halls, and had given directions how they were to distribute; which done, he took on him the fast-day vows, and thus spent the day. Just then he was seated on a gorgeous dais, facing the eastern window, with his courtiers all around, discoursing to them on right and justice. At that moment Mātali invited him to enter the chariot, and having done this went away with him.

To explain this, the Master repeated the following stanzas:

"The god most mighty, Mātali, the charioteer, did bring
A summons to Vedeha, who in Mithilā was king.

"'O mighty monarch, noble king, mount in this car with me:
Indra would see thee, and the gods, the glorious Thirty-three,
And now they sit in conclave all, bethinking them of thee.'

"Then King Sādhīna turned his face, and mounted in the car:
Which with its thousand steeds then bore him to the gods afar.

"The gods beheld the king arrive: and then, their guest to greet
Cried, 'Welcome mighty monarch, whom we are so glad to meet!
O King! beside the king of gods we pray you take a seat.'

"And Sakka welcomed Vedeha, the king of Mithilā town,
Ay, Vāsava[1] offered him all joys, and prayed him to sit down.

"'Amid the rulers of the world O welcome to our land:
Dwell with the gods, O king! who have all wishes at command,
Enjoy immortal pleasures, where the Three-and-thirty stand'."

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[357] Sakka king of the gods gave him the half of the city of the gods, ten thousand leagues in extent, and of twenty-five millions of nymphs, and of the palace Vejayanta. And there he dwelt for seven hundred years by man's reckoning, enjoying felicity. But then his merit was exhausted in that character in heaven; dissatisfaction arose in him, and so he spoke to Sakka in these words, repeating a stanza:

"I joyed, when erst to heaven I came,
In dances, song and music clear:
Now I no longer feel the same.
Is my life done, does death draw near,
Or is it folly, king, that I must fear?"

Then Sakka said to him:

"Thy life's not done, and death is far,
Nor art thou foolish, mighty one:
But thy good deeds exhausted are
And now thy merit is all done.

"Still here abide, O mighty king, by my divine command;
Enjoy immortal pleasures, where the Three-and-thirty stand[2]."

[358] But the Great Being refused, and said to him:

"As when a chariot, or when goods are given on demand,
So is it to enjoy a bliss given by another's hand.

"I care not blessings to receive given by another's hand,
My goods are mine and mine alone when on my deeds I stand.

"I'll go and do much good to men, give alms throughout the land,
Will follow virtue, exercise control and self-command:
He that so acts is happy, and fears no remorse at hand."

On hearing this, Sakka then gave orders to Mātali: "Go now, convey King Sādhīna to Mithilā, and set him down in his own park." He did so. The king walked to and fro in his park; the park-keeper espied

[1] Another name of Indra.

[2] The scholiast explains: "I will give you the half of my merit, so remain here by my power."

Once upon a time hard by[1] Benares was this same wild forest and this same banyan tree. The merchants strayed from the way and saw the banyan tree.

The Master, in his perfect wisdom, explained the matter in these verses:—

"Merchants from many a kingdom came, and all together met,
Chose them a chief, and straight set out a treasure for to get.

"To this parched forest, poor in food, their way the travellers made,
And spied a mighty banyan tree with cool and pleasant shade.

"There underneath that shady tree those merchants all did sit,
And reasoned thus, with folly clothed and poverty of wit:

"'Full moist the tree is, and it seems as water there did flow:
One of the branches let us cut which to the eastwards grow.'

"The branch was cut; then pure and clear the trickling waters flow:
The merchants washed, the merchants drank till they had drunk enow.

"Again in poverty of wit, with folly clothed, they say,
'One of the branches on the south come let us cut away.'

[352] "This branch being cut, both rice and meat out in a stream it brings,
Thick porridge, ginger, lentil soup and many other things.

"The merchants ate, the merchants drank, they took their fill of it,
Then said again, with folly clothed, in poverty of wit:

"'Come, fellow-merchants, let us cut a western branch away.'
Out came a bevy of fair girls all pranked in brave array.

"And O the robes of many hues, jewels and rings in plenty!
Each merchant had a pretty maid, each of the five and twenty.

"These all together stood around beneath the leafy shade:
These and the merchants in the midst, much merriment they made.

"Again in poverty of wit, with folly clothed, they say,
'One of the branches on the north come let us cut away.'

"But when the northern branch was cut, out came a stream of gold,
Silver in handfuls, precious rugs, and jewels manifold;

"And robes of fine Benares cloth, and blankets thick and thin.
The merchants then to roll them up in bundles did begin.

"Again they said in witlessness and folly, as before:
'Come let us cut it by the root, and then we may get more.'

"O then uprose their chief, and said, with a respectful bow,
'What mischief does the banyan do, good sirs? God bless you now!

"'The eastern branch gave water-streams, the southern gave us food,
The western gave us pretty maids, the northern all things good:
What mischief does the banyan do, good sirs? God bless you now!

"'The tree that gives you pleasant shade, to sit or lie at need,
You should not tear its branches down, a cruel wanton deed.'

"But they were many, he was one whose voice forbade them do 't:
They struck the whetted axes in to fell it by the root."

[1] Reading *nissāya*, as Fausbøll suggests.

[353] Then the Serpent King, who saw them draw near to the root that they might fell the tree, thought to himself: "I gave these fellows water to drink when they were thirsty, then I gave them food divine, then beds to lie on and maidens to attend them, then treasures to fill five hundred waggons, and now they say, Let us cut down the tree from the root! Greedy they are beyond bounds, and except the chief of the caravan they shall all die." Then he mustered an army: "So many armed in mail stand forth, so many archers, so many with sword and shield."

To explain this the Master repeated a stanza:

"Then five and twenty mail-clad snakes stood forth and took the field,
Three hundred bowmen, and six thousand armed with sword and shield."

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[354] The following stanza is said by the Serpent King:

"Strike down the men, and bind them fast, spare not the life of one,
Burn them to cinders save the chief, and then your task is done."

And so did the serpents. Then they loaded the rugs from the northern branch and all the rest of it upon the five hundred waggons, and conveyed the waggons and the chief of the caravan to Benares, and put up the goods in his house, and taking leave of him returned to their own place of abode.

When the Master had seen this, he repeated two stanzas of admonition:

"So let the wise his own good see, and let him never go
A slave to greed, that he disarm the purpose of his foe.

"So let him, seeing this evil thing, pain rooted in desire,
Shake off desire and fetters, and to holy life aspire."

Having ended this discourse, he said, "Thus, Brethren, in days of yore merchants possessed with greed came to dire destruction, therefore you must not give place to greed." Then having declared the Truths (now at the conclusion of the Truths those merchants became established in the fruit of the First Path)—he identified the Birth: "At that time Sāriputta was the King of the Serpents, and I was the caravan chief."

No. 494.

SĀDHĪNA-JĀTAKA.

[355] "*A wonder in the world,*" etc.—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about lay Brethren who took on the fast-day vows. On that occasion the Master said: "Lay Brethren, wise men of old, by virtue of their keeping the fast-day vows, went in the body to heaven, and there dwelt for a long time." Then at their request, he told a story of the past.

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him, and, after asking him who he was, went to King Nārada with the news. When he learnt of the king's arrival, he sent on the keeper with these words: "You go on before, and prepare two seats, one for him and one for me." He did so. Then the king asked him, "For whom do you prepare these two seats?" He replied, "One for you, and one for our king. Then the king said, "What other being shall sit down in my presence?" He sat upon one seat, and put his feet on the other. King Nārada came up, and having saluted his feet, sat down on one side: now it is said he was the seventh in direct descent from the king, and at that time the age of man was fivescore years. So long was the time which the Great Being had spent, by the might of his goodness. He took Nārada by the hands, and, going up and down in the pleasaunce, recited three stanzas:

"Here are the lands, the conduit round through which the waters go,
The green grass clothing it about, the rivulets that flow,

[359] "The lovely lakes, that listen when the ruddy geese give call,
Where lotus white and lotus blue and trees like coral[1] grow,
—But those who loved this place with me, O say, where are they all?"

"These are the acres, this the place,
The pleasaunce and the fields are here:
But seeing no familiar face,
To me it seems a desert drear."

Hereupon Nārada said to him: "My lord, since you departed to the world of the gods seven hundred years have gone by; I am the seventh in line from you, your attendants have all gone down into the jaws of death. But this is your own rightful realm, and I beg you receive it." The king answered, "My dear Nārada, I came not here to be king, but to do good I came hither, and good I will do." He then said as follows:

"Celestial mansions I have seen, shining in every place,
The Thirty-three archangels, and their monarch, face to face.

"Joys more than human I have felt, a heavenly home was mine,
With all that heart could wish, among the Thirty-three divine.

"This I have seen, and to do deeds of virtue I came down:
And I will live a holy life: I want no royal crown.

[360] "The Path that never leads to woe, the Path the Buddhas show,
Upon that Path I enter now by which the holy go."

So spake the Great Being, by his omniscience compressing all into these stanzas. Then Nārada again said to him, "Take the rule of the kingdom upon you;" and he replied, "My dear son, I want no kingdom; but for seven days I wish to distribute again the alms given during these seven hundred years." Nārada was willing, and doing as he was

[1] *Erythrina indica.*

requested, prepared a vast largess for distribution. For seven days the king gave alms; and on the seventh day he died, and was born in the heaven of the Thirty-three.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "Such is the performance of the holy-day vows which it is duty to keep," and declared the Truths: (now at the conclusion of the Truths, some of the lay Brethren entered on the fruition of the First Path, and some of the Second:) and he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was King Nārada, Anuruddha was Sakka, and I myself was the King Sādhīna."

No. 495.

DASA-BRĀHMAṆA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*The righteous king*," etc.—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about a gift incomparable. This has been explained in the Sucira[2] Birth of the Eighth Book. We learn that the king, while making this distribution of gifts, examined five hundred Brethren with the Master their chief, and gave to the most holy saints among them. Then they sat talking in the Hall of Truth, and telling of his goodness thus: "Brother, the king, in giving the incomparable gift, gave it in a case of much merit." The Master, entering, would know what they talked of sitting there: and they told him. Said he: "'Tis no wonder, Brethren, [361] that the King of Kosala, being the follower of such as I am, gives with discrimination. Wise men of old, ere yet the Buddha had arisen, even they gave with discrimination." With these words, he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Kuru and the city called Indapatta, was reigning a king Koravya, of the stock of Yuddhiṭṭhila. His adviser in things temporal and spiritual was a minister named Vidhūra. The king, with his great almsgiving, set all India in a commotion; but amongst all those who received and enjoyed these gifts, not one there was who kept so much as the Five Virtues: all were wicked to a man, and the king's giving brought him no satisfaction. The king thought, "Great is the fruit of discriminate giving;" and, being desirous to give unto the virtuous, he determined to take counsel with the wise Vidhūra. When, therefore, Vidhūra came to wait on him, the king bade him be seated, and put the question to him.

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1 See Fick, *Sociale Gliederung*, p. 140.

2 No such title appears. The incomparable gift is referred to in No. 424, Āditta jātaka, but the reader is referred to Mahāgovinda Sutta.

Explaining this, the Master recited half the first stanza. All the rest are question and answer of the king and Vidhūra.

"The righteous King Yudhiṭṭhila once asked Vidhūra wise[1]:
'Vidhūra, seek me brahmins good, in whom much wisdom lies:

"'Men free from deeds of evil lust, that they may eat my food:
So I would give, my friend, that I may reap a crop of good.'

"''Tis hard to find such holy men, such brahmins, wise and good,
Who keep them spotless from all lust, that they may eat your food.

"'Of brahmins, O most mighty king, ten several kinds are there:
Listen, while I distinguish them, and all these kinds declare.

"'Some carry sacks upon their backs, root-filled and fastened tight;
They gather healing herbs, they bathe, and magic spells recite.

"These are physician-like, O king, and brahmins too they hight:
Such brahmins shall we seek for, now you know this kind aright?''

[362] Quoth King Koravya:

"'These have no right to such a name: lost is their brahminhood:
Vidhūra, find me other men who shall be wise and good,

"Men free from deeds of evil lust, that they may eat my food:
So would I give, that I myself may reap a crop of good.'

"'Some carry bells and go before, and as they go they ring,
A chariot they can drive with skill, and messages can bring:

"These are like servants, mighty king, and brahmins too they hight:
Such brahmins shall we seek for, now you know this kind aright?'"

Quoth King Koravya:

"'These have no right to such a name: lost is their brahminhood:
Vidhūra, find me other men who shall be wise and good,

"Men free from deeds of evil lust, that they may eat my food:
So would I give, that I myself may reap a crop of good.'

"'With waterpot and crooked staff some run to meet the king,
Through all the towns and villages, and as they follow, sing—
'In wood or town we never budge, until a gift you bring'!

"'Like tax-men these importunate, and brahmins too they hight:
Such brahmins shall we seek for, now you know this kind aright?'"

Quoth King Koravya:

"'These have no right to such a name: lost is their brahminhood:
Vidhūra, find me other men who shall be wise and good,

"Men free from deeds of evil lust, that they may eat my food:
So would I give, that I myself may reap a crop of good.'

"'Some with long nails and hairy limbs, foul teeth, and matted hair,
Covered with dust and dirt-begrimed as beggar-men they fare:

"'Hewers of wood, O mighty king! and brahmins too they hight:
Such brahmins shall we seek for, now you know this kind aright?'

[1] This line occurs in iii. 401 (p. 202 of the translation).

[363] Quoth King Koravya:

"'These have no right to such a name: lost is their brahminhood:
Vidhūra, find me other men who shall be wise and good,

"Men free from deeds of evil lust, that they may eat my food:
So would I give, that I myself may reap a crop of good.'

"'Myrobolan and vilva fruit, rose-apple, mangoes ripe[1],
The labuj-fruit and planks of wood, tooth-brush and smoking-pipe,

"Sugar-cane baskets, honey sweet, and ointment too, O king,
All these they make their traffick in, and many another thing.

"These are like merchants, O great king, and brahmins too they hight:
Such brahmins shall we seek for, now you know this kind aright?'"

Quoth King Koravya:

"'These have no right to such a name: lost is their brahminhood:
Vidhūra, find me other men who shall be wise and good,

"Men free from deeds of evil lust, that they may eat my food:
So would I give, that I myself may reap a crop of good.'

"'Some follow trade and husbandry, keep flocks of goats in fold,
They give and take in marriage, and their daughters sell for gold[2].

"Like Vessa and Ambaṭṭha[3] these; and brahmins they too hight:
Such Brahmins shall we seek for, now you know this kind aright?'"

Quoth King Koravya:

"'These have no right to such a name: lost is their brahminhood:
Vidhūra, find me other men who shall be wise and good,

"Men free from deeds of evil lust, that they may eat my food:
So would I give, that I myself may reap a crop of good.'

[364] "'Some chaplains fortunes tell, or geld and mark a beast for pay:
With proffered food the village folk invite them oft to stay.
There kine and bullocks, swine and goats are slaughtered many a day.

"Like butchers base are these, O king, and brahmins too they hight:
Such brahmins shall we seek for, now you know this kind aright?'"

Quoth King Koravya:

"'These have no right to such a name: lost is their brahminhood:
Vidhūra, find me other men who shall be wise and good,

"Men free from deeds of evil lust, that they may eat my food:
So would I give, that I myself may reap a crop of good.'

"'Some brahmins, armed with sword and shield, with battle-axe in hand,
Ready to guide a caravan before the merchants stand.

"Like herdmen these, or bandits bold, yet brahmins too they hight:
Such brahmins shall we seek for, now you know this kind aright?'"

[1] The fruits and trees named are: myrobolan (*terminalia chebula*), emblic myrobolan (*emblica officinalis*), mango, rose-apple (*Eugenia jambu*), beleric myrobolan, *artocarpus lacucha*, vilva (*aegle marmelos*), *râjâyatana* wood (? *Buchanania latifolia*). Brahmins were forbidden to sell fruits or healing herbs, honey and ointment, not to say other things.

[2] *I.e.* arrange a marriage in which the man pays them a price.

[3] A mixt caste, sprung from a brahmin father and a Vaiçya woman.

Quoth King Koravya:

"'These have no right to such a name: lost is their brahminhood:
Vidhūra, find me other men who shall be wise and good,

"Men free from deeds of evil lust, that they may eat my food:
So would I give, that I myself may reap a crop of good.'

"'Some build them huts and lay them traps in any woodland place,
Catch fish and tortoises, the hare, wild-cat and lizard chase.

"Hunters are these, O mighty king, and brahmins they too hight:
Such brahmins shall we seek for, now you know this kind aright?'"

Quoth King Koravya:

"'These have no right to such a name: lost is their brahminhood:
Vidhūra, find me other men who shall be wise and good,

[365] "Men free from deeds of evil lust, that they may eat my food·
So would I give, that I myself may reap a crop of good.'

"'Others for love of gold lie down beneath the royal bed,
At soma-sacrifice: the kings bathing above their head[1].

"These are like barbers? O great king, but brahmins too they hight:
Such brahmins shall we seek for, now you know this kind aright?'"

Quoth King Koravya:

"These have no right to such a name: lost is their brahminhood:
Vidhūra, find me other men who shall be wise and good,

"Men free from deeds of evil lust, that they may eat my food:
So would I give, that I myself may reap a crop of good."

[367] Thus having described those who are brahmins in name only, he went on to describe the brahmins in the highest sense in the following two stanzas:

"But there are brahmins, too, my lord, men very wise and good,
Free from the deeds of evil lust, to eat your offered food.

"One only meal of rice they eat: strong drink they never touch:
And now you know this kind aright, say shall we look for such?"

When the king heard his words, he asked "Where, friend Vidhūra, where dwell these brahmins, worthy of the best things?" "In the further Himalaya, O king, in a cave of Mount Nanda." "Then, wise sir, bring me those brahmins hither, by your power." Then in great joy the king recited this stanza:

"Vidhūra, bring those brahmins here, so holy and so wise,
Invite them, O Vidhūra, here, let no delay arise!"

[1] After a soma offering, the custom was for a king to bathe on a gorgeous couch. A brahmin lay beneath, and the holy water, washing off the king's sins, washed them on to the brahmin, who received the bed and all its ornaments as recompense for playing scapegoat. Fick, *Sociale Gliederung*, p. 143, note, quoting Oldenberg, *Religion des Veda*, pp. 407 ff.

The Great Being agreed to do as he was requested, adding this: "Now, O king! send the drum beating about the city, to proclaim that the city must be gloriously adorned, and all the people of it must give alms, and undertake the holy-day vows, and pledge themselves to virtue; and you with all your court must take the holy-day vows upon you." Himself at early dawn, having taken his meal, and taken the holy-day vows, at eventide he sent for a basket of the colour of jasmine, and together with the monarch made a salutation with the full prostration[1], [368] and he called to memory the virtues of the Pacceka Buddhas, uttering these words: "Let the five hundred Pacceka Buddhas who dwell in Northern Himalaya, in the cave of Mount Nanda, to-morrow partake of our food!" he cast eight handfuls of flowers into the air. At once these flowers fell upon the five hundred Pacceka Buddhas, in the place where they dwelt. They pondered, and understood the fact, and accepted the invitation, saying, "Reverend Sirs, we are invited by the wise Vidhūra, and no mean creature is he: he has the seed of a Buddha within him, and in this very cycle a Buddha he will be. Let us show him favour." The Great Being understood that they would comply, by token that the flowers did not return. Then he said, "O great king! to-morrow the Pacceka Buddhas will come; do them honour and worship." Next day the king did them great honour, preparing precious seats for them upon a great dais. The Pacceka Buddhas, in Lake Anotatta, having waited for the time when their bodily needs were seen to, travelled through the air and descended in the royal courtyard. The king and the Bodhisatta, faith in their hearts, received the bowls from their hands, and caused them to come up on the terrace, seated them, gave them the gift-water[2] into their hands, and served them with food hard and soft most delightful.

After the meal, he invited them for the next day, and so on for seven days following, presenting them with many gifts, and on the seventh day he gave them all the requisites. Then they gave him thanks, and passing through the air returned to the same place, and the requisites also went with them.

The Master, after finishing this discourse, said: "No wonder, Brethren, that the king of Kosala being my follower, has given me the gift incomparable, for wise men of old when as yet there was no Buddha, did the same." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king, and the wise Vidhūra was I myself."

1 Lit. prostration of 'the five rests,' so as to touch the ground with forehead both elbows, waist, knees, and feet.

2 Water poured into the right-hand in ratifying some promise made or gift bestowed.

No. 496.

BHIKKHĀ-PARAMPARA-JĀTAKA.

[369] "*I saw one sitting,*" etc.—This story the Master told, whilst dwelling in Jetavana, about a certain landowner. He was a true and faithful believer, and showed honour continually to the Tathāgata and the Order. One day these thoughts came to him. "I show honour constantly to the Buddha, that precious jewel, and the Order, that precious jewel, by bestowing upon them delicate food and soft raiment. Now I should like to do honour to that precious jewel the Law: but how is one to show honour to that?" So he took plenty of perfumed garlands and such like things, and proceeded to Jetavana, and greeting the Master, asked him this question: "My desire is, Sir, to show honour to the jewel of the Law: how is a man to set about it?" The Master replied, "If your desire is to honour the jewel of the Law, then show honour to Ānanda, the Treasurer of the Law." "It is well," he said, and promised to do so. He invited the Elder to visit him, and brought him next day to his house in great pomp and splendour; he placed the Elder upon a magnificent seat, and worshipt him with perfumed garlands and so forth, gave him choice food of many kinds, presented cloth of great price sufficient for the three robes. Thought the Elder, "This honour is done to the jewel of the Law; it befits not me, but it befits the chief Commander of the Faith." So the food placed in the bowl, and the cloths, he took to the monastery, and gave it to Elder Sāriputta. He thought likewise, "This honour is done to the jewel of the Law; it befits simply and solely the Supreme Buddha, lord of the Law," and he gave it to the Dasabala. The Master, seeing no one above himself, partook of the food, accepted the cloth for robes. And the Brethren chatted about it in the Hall of Truth: "Brethren, so and so the landowner, meaning to show honour to the Law, made a gift to Elder Ānanda, Treasurer of the Law; he thought himself unworthy of it, and gave it to the Commander of the Faith; and he, thinking himself not worthy, to the Tathāgata. But the Tathāgata, seeing no one above himself, knew that he was worthy of it as Lord of the Law, and ate of the food, and took that cloth for robes. Thus the gift of food has found its master, by going to him whose right it was." The Master entering, asked them what they talked of as they sat there. They told him. "Brethren," said he, "this is not the first time that food given has fallen to the lot of the worthy by successive steps; so it did long ago, before the Buddha's day." With these words, he told them a story of the past.

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[370] Once upon a time Brahmadatta ruled righteously in Benares, having renounced the ways of sin, and he kept the Ten Royal Virtues. This being so, his court of justice became so to say empty. The king, by way of searching out his own faults, questioned every one, beginning with those who dwelt about him; but not in the women's apartments, nor in the city, nor in the near villages, could he find any one who had a fault to tell of him[1]. Then he made up his mind to try the country

[1] Compare vol. ii. no. 151, p. 1.

folk. So handing over the government to his courtiers, and taking the chaplain with him, he traversed the kingdom of Kāsi in disguise; yet he found no one with a fault to tell of him.

At last he came to a village on the frontier, and sat down in a hall without the gate. At that time, a landowner of that village, a rich man worth eighty crores, in going down with a great following to the bathing place, saw the king seated in the hall, with his dainty body and skin of a golden colour. He took a fancy to him, and entering the hall, said, "Stay here awhile." Then he went to his house, and had got ready all manner of dainty food, and returned with his grand retinue carrying vessels of food. At the same time, an ascetic from Himalaya came in and sat down there, a man who had the Five Transcendent Faculties. And a Pacceka Buddha also, from a cave on Mount Nanda, came and sat there. The landowner gave the king water to wash his hands, and prepared a dish of food with all manner of fine sauces and condiments, and set before the king. He received it and gave it to the brahmin chaplain. The chaplain took it and gave to the ascetic. The ascetic walked up to the Pacceka Buddha, in his left hand holding the vessel of food, and in his right the waterpot, first offered the water of gift[1], and then placed the food in the bowl. He proceeded to eat, without inviting any to share, or asking leave. When the meal was done, the landowner thought: "I gave this food to the king, and he to his chaplain and the chaplain to the ascetic, and the ascetic to the Pacceka Buddha; the Pacceka Buddha has eaten it without leave asked. What means this manner of giving? [371] Why did the last eat without with your leave or by your leave? I will ask them one by one." Then he approached each in turn, and saluting them, asked his question, while they made answer:

"I saw one worthy of a throne, who from a kingdom came
To deserts bare from palaces, most delicate of frame.

"On him in kindness I bestowed picked paddy-grains to eat,
A mess of rice all cooked so nice such as men pour on meat.

"You took the food, and gave it to the brahmin, eating none:
With all due deference I ask, what is it you have done?"

"My teacher, pastor, zealous he for duties great and small,
I ought to give the food to him, for he deserves it all."

"Brahmin, whom even kings respect, say why did you not eat[2]
The mess of rice, all cooked so nice, which men pour over meat.

"You knew not the gift's scope, but to the sage you past it on:
With all due deference I ask, what is it you have done?"

[1] See p. 231, note 2.

[2] Gotama is here only the clan-name of the brahmin, vaḍḍham is the right reading, *boiled rice*.

"I keep a wife and family, in houses too I dwell,
I rule the passions of a king, my own indulge as well.

"Unto a wise ascetic man long dwelling in the wood,
Old, practised in religious lore, I ought to give the food.

"Now the thin sage I ask, whose skin shows all the veins beneath,
With nails grown long, and shaggy hair, and dirty head and teeth:

"Have you no care for life, O lonely dweller in the wood?
How is this monk a better man to whom you gave the food?"

"Wild bulbs and radishes I dig, catmint and herbs seek I,
Wild rice, black mustard shake or pick, and spread them out to dry,

"Jujubes, herbs, honey, lotus-threads, myrobolan, scraps of meat,
This is my wealth, and these I take and make them fit to eat.

[372] "I cook, he cooks not: I have wealth, he nothing: I'm bound tight
To worldly things, but he is free: the food is his by right."

"I ask the Brother, sitting there, with cravings all subdued;
—This mess of rice, all cooked and nice, which men pour on their food,

"You took it, and with appetite eat it, and share with none;
With all due deference I ask, what is it you have done?"

"I cook not, nor I cause to cook, destroy nor have destroyed;
He knew that I possess no wealth, all sins I do avoid.

"The pot he carried in his right, and in his left the food,
Gave me the broth men pour on meat, the mess of rice so good;

"They have possessions, they have wealth, to give their duty is:
Who asks a giver to partake, he is a foe, y-wis."

[373] On hearing these words, the landowner in high delight repeated the last two stanzas:

"It was a happy chance for me to-day that brought the king:
I never knew before how gifts abundant fruit would bring.

"Kings in their kingdoms, brahmins in their work, are full of greed,
Sages in picking fruits and roots: Brethren from sin are freed."

The Pacceka Buddha having discoursed to him, then departed to his own place, and the ascetic likewise. And the king, after remaining a few days with him, went away to Benares.

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[374] When the Master had ended this discourse, he said: "It is not the first time, Brethren, that food went to him who deserved it, for the same thing has happened before." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time, the landowner who did honour to the Law was the landowner in the story, Ānanda was the king, Sāriputta the chaplain, and I myself was the ascetic who lived in Himalaya."

BOOK XV. VĪSATI-NIPĀTA.

No. 497.

MĀTAṄGA-JĀTAKA.

[375] "*Whence comest thou*," *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about the hereditary king Udena. At that time, the reverend Piṇḍola-bhāradvāja passing from Jetavana through the air, used generally to pass the heat of the day in king Udena's park at Kosambī. The Elder, we are told, had in a former existence been king, and for a long time had enjoyed glory in that very park with his retinue. By virtue of the good then by him performed, he used to sit there in the heat of the day, enjoying the bliss of Attainment which was its fruit.

One day he was in that place, and sitting under a sal-tree in full flower, when Udena came into the park with a large number of followers. For seven days he had been drinking deep, and he wished to take his pleasure in the park. He lay down on the royal seat in the arms of one of his women, and being foxed soon fell asleep. Then the women who sat singing around threw down their instruments of music, and wandered about the pleasance gathering flowers and fruit. By and by they saw the Elder, and came up, and saluting him sat down. The Elder sat where he was and discoursed to them. The other woman by shifting her arms awoke the king, who said, "Where are those drabs gone?" She replied, "They are sitting in a ring round an ascetic." The king grew angry, and went to the Elder, abusing and reviling: "Out on it, I'll have the fellow devoured by red ants!" So in rage he caused a basket full of red ants to be broken over the Elder's body. But the Elder rose up in the air, and admonished the king; then to Jetavana he went, and alighted at the gateway of the Perfumed Chamber. "Whence have you come?" asked the Tathāgata: and he told him the fact. "Bhāradvāja," quoth he, "this is not the first time Udena has done despite to a religious man, but he did the same before." Then at the Elder's request, he told a story of the past.

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[376] Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Great Being was born outside the city, as a Caṇḍāla's son, and they gave him the name of Mātaṅga, the Elephant[1]. Afterwards he attained wisdom, and his fame was blown abroad as the Wise Mātaṅga. Now at that time one Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā[2], daughter of a Benares merchant, every month or

[1] Also a name of a man of the Caṇḍāla caste, which was the lowest.

[2] Lit. 'one who has seen good omens.'

two used to come and disport her in the park with a crowd of companions. One day, the Great Being had gone to town on some business, and as he was entering the gate met Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā. He stept aside, and stood quite still. From behind her curtain Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā spied him, and asked, "Who is that?" "A Caṇḍāla, my lady." "Bah," says she, "I have seen something that brings bad luck," and washing her eyes with scented water she turned back. The people with her cried out, "Ah, vile outcast, you have lost us free food and liquor to-day!" In rage they pummelled Mātaṅga the wise with hands and feet, and made him senseless, and went away. After a while he recovered consciousness, and thought, "The crowd around Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā beat me for no reason, an innocent man. I will not budge till I get her, not a moment before." With this resolve, he went and lay down at the door of her father's house. When they asked him why he lay there, his reply was, "All I want is Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā." One day passed, then a second, a third, fourth, fifth, and sixth. The resolve of the Buddhas is immovable; therefore on the seventh day they brought out the girl and gave her to him. Then she said, "Rise up, master, and let us go to your house." But he said, "Lady, I have been well pummelled by your people, I am weak, take me up on your back and carry me." So she did, and in full view of the citizens went forth from the city to the Caṇḍāla settlement.

There for a few days the Great Being kept her, without transgressing in any way the rules of caste. Then he thought, "Only by renouncing the world, and in no other way, shall I be able to show this lady the highest honour and give her the best gifts." [377] So he said to her, "Lady, if I fetch nothing out of the forest, we cannot live. I will go into the forest; wait till I return, but do not worry." He laid injunctions upon the household not to neglect her, and went into the forest, and embraced the life of a religious ascetic, with all diligence; so that in seven days he developed the Eight Attainments and the Five Supernatural Faculties. Then he thought, "Now I shall be able to protect Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā." By his supernatural power he went back, and alighted at the gate of the Caṇḍāla village, whence he proceeded to the door of Diṭṭha maṅgalikā's house. She, when she heard of his return, came out, and began to weep, saying, "Why have you deserted me, master, and become an ascetic?" He said, "Never mind, lady, now I will make you more glorious than your former glory. Will you be able to say in the midst of the people just this: 'My husband is not Mātaṅga, but the Great Brahma?'" "Yes, master, I can say it." "Very well, when they ask you where is your husband, you must reply, He is gone to Brahma's heaven. If they ask, when he will come back, you must say, In seven days he will come, breaking the moon's disk when she is at the full." With these words, he went away to Himalaya.

Now Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā said what she had been told here and there in Benares, amidst a great crowd. The people believed, saying, "Ah, he is Great Brahma, and therefore does not visit Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā, but thus and thus it will be." On the night of full moon, at the time when the moon stands still in mid-course, the Bodhisatta assumed the appearance of Brahma, and amidst a blaze of light which filled all the kingdom of Kāsi, and the city of Benares twelve leagues in extent, broke through the moon and came down: thrice he made circuit above the city of Benares, and received the worship of the great crowd with perfumed garlands and such like, and then turned his face towards the Caṇḍāla village. The devotees of Brahma gathered together, and went to the Caṇḍāla village. They covered Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā's house with white cloths, swept the ground with four manner of sweet smelling things, scattered flowers, [378] burnt incense, spread an awning, prepared a splendid seat, lit a lamp of scented oil, laid at the door sand white and smooth as a silver plate, scattered flowers, put up banners. Before the house thus decorated the Great Being came down, and entered, and sat a little while on the seat. At that time Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā was in her monthly terms. His[1] thumb touched her navel, and she conceived. Then the Great Being said to her, "Lady, you are with child, and you shall bring forth a son; you and your son shall receive the highest honour and tribute; the water that washes your feet shall be used by kings for the ceremonial sprinkling throughout all India, the water you bathe in shall be an elixir of immortality, those who sprinkle it on their heads shall be set free from all disease and shall not know ill luck, they who lay the head on your feet and salute you shall give a thousand pieces of money, they who stand within your hearing and salute you shall give a hundred, they who stand in your sight and salute you shall give one rupee each. Be vigilant!" With this admonition, in view of the crowd, he rose up and re-entered the moon.

The devotees of Brahma collected, and stood there through the whole night; in the morning they caused her to enter a golden palanquin, and taking it upon their heads, bore her into the city. A great concourse came to her, crying aloud, "The wife of Great Brahma!" and did worship with scented garlands and other such things; those who were allowed to lay the head on her feet and salute her gave a purse of a thousand pieces, those who might salute her within hearing gave a hundred, those who might salute her standing within her sight gave one rupee each. Thus they included in their progress the whole city of Benares, twelve leagues in extent, and received a sum of eighteen crores.

Having thus made the circuit of that city, they brought her to the centre of it, and there built a great pavilion, and set curtains about it,

[1] Reading *assa*.

and caused her to dwell there amidst much glory and prosperity. Before the pavilion, they began to build seven great entrance gates, and a palace with seven storeys: much new merit was set to their account.

In that same pavilion, Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā brought forth a son. On his name-day, [379] the brahmins gathered together, and named him Maṇḍavya-kumāra, the Prince of the Pavilion, because he was born there. In ten months the palace was finished: from that time she[1] dwelt in it, highly honoured. And Prince Maṇḍavya grew up amid great magnificence. When he was seven or eight years old, the best teachers in the length and breadth of India gathered together, and they taught him the three Vedas. From the age of sixteen he provided food for the brahmins, and sixteen thousand brahmins were fed continually; at the fourth embattled gateway the alms were distributed to the brahmins.

Now on one great day of festival they prepared a quantity of rice porridge, and sixteen thousand brahmins sat by the fourth embattled gateway and partook of this food, accompanied with fresh ghee of a golden yellow, a decoction of honey and lump sugar; and the prince himself, brilliantly adorned with jewels, with golden slippers upon his feet, and a staff of fine gold in his hand, was walking about and giving directions, "Ghee here, honey here." At that time, the wise Mātaṅga seated in his hermitage in the Himalayas, turned his thoughts to see what news there was of Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā's son. Perceiving that he was going in the wrong way, he thought, "To-day I will go, and convert the young man, and I will teach him how to give so that the gift shall bring much fruit." He went through the air to Lake Anotatta, and there washed his mouth, and so forth; standing in the district of Manosilā[2], he donned the pair of coloured garments, girt his girdle about him, put on the ragged robe, took his earthen bowl, and went through the air to the fourth gateway, where he alighted just by the alms-hall, and stood on one side. Maṇḍavya, looking this way and that, espied him. "Where do you come from," cried he, "you ascetic, you misbegotten outcast, a goblin and no man?" and he repeated the first stanza:

[380] "Whence comest thou, in filthy garments drest,
A creature vile and goblin-like, I vow,
A robe of refuse-rags across thy breast,
Unworthy of a gift—say, who art thou?"

The Great Being listened, then with gentle heart addressed him in the words of the second stanza:

"The food, O noble sir! is ready set,
The people taste, and eat, and drink of it:
You know we live on what we chance to get;
Rise! let the low-caste churl enjoy a bit."

[1] Adding *sā*, with one MS.
[2] Part of the Himalaya region.

Then Maṇḍavya recited the third stanza:

"For brahmins, for my blessing, by my hand
This food is got, the gift of faithful heart.
Away! what boots it in my sight to stand?
'Tis not for such as thou: vile wretch, depart!"

[381] Thereupon the Great Being repeated a stanza:

"They sow the seed on high ground and on low,
Hoping for fruit, and on the marshy plain:
In such a faith as this thy gifts bestow;
Worthy recipients so thou shalt obtain."

Then Maṇḍavya repeated a stanza:

"I know the lands wherein I mean to sow,
The proper places in this world for seed,
Brahmins highborn, that holy scriptures know:
These are good ground and fertile fields indeed

Then the Great Being repeated two stanzas:

"The pride of birth, o'erweening self-conceit,
Drunkenness, hatred, ignorance, and greed,—
Those in whose hearts these vices find their seat,—
They all are bad and barren fields for seed.

"The pride of birth o'erweening, self-conceit,
Drunkenness, hatred, ignorance, and greed,—
[382] Those in whose hearts these vices find no seat,
They all are good and fertile fields for seed."

These words the Great Being repeated again and again; but the other grew angry, and cried—"The fellow prates overmuch. Where are my porters gone, that they do not cast out the churl?" Then he repeated a stanza:

"Ho Bhaṇḍakucchi, Upajjhāya ho!
And where is Upajotiya, I say?
Punish the fellow, kill the fellow, go—
And by the throat hale the vile churl away!"[1]

The men hearing his call, came up at a run, and saluting him, asked, "What are we to do, my lord?" "Did you ever see this base outcast?" "No, Sire, we did not know he had come in at all: some juggler he is doubtless, or cunning rogue."—"Well, why do you stand there?"—"What are we to do, my lord?"—"Why, strike the fellow's mouth, break his jaw, tear his back with rods and cudgels, punish him, take the wretch by the throat, knock him down, away with him out of this place!" But the Great Being, ere they could come at him, rose up in the air, and there poised, repeated a stanza:

[383] "Revile a sage! to swallow blazing fire as much avails,
Or bite hard iron, or dig down a mountain with your nails."

[1] The last two lines occur on p. 205 (above, p. 128).

Having uttered these words, the Great Being rose high in the air, while the youth and the brahmins gazed at the sight.

Explaining this, the Master recited a stanza:

"So spake the sage Mātaṅga, champion of truth and right,
Then in the air he rose aloft before the brahmins' sight."

He turned his face to the eastwards, and coming down in a certain street, with intent that his footsteps might be visible, he begged alms near the eastern gate; then, having collected a quantity of mixt victuals, he sat him down in a certain hall and began to eat. But the deities of the city came up, finding it intolerable that this king should so speak as to annoy their sage. So the eldest goblin among them seized hold of Maṇḍavya by the neck, and twisted it, and the others seized the other brahmins and twisted their necks. But through pity for the Bodhisatta, they did not kill Maṇḍavya: "he is his son," they said, and only tormented him. Maṇḍavya's head was twisted so that it looked backwards over his shoulders; hands and feet were stiff and stark; his eyes were turned up, as though he were a dead man: there he lay stark. The other brahmins turned round and round, drabbling spittle at the mouth. People went and told Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā, "Something has happened to your son, my lady!" She made all haste thither, and seeing him cried, "Oh, what is this!" and recited a stanza:

"Over the shoulder twisted stands his head;
See how he stretches out a helpless arm!
White are his eyes as though he were quite dead:
O who is it has wrought my son this harm?"

[384] Then the bystanders repeated a stanza, telling her about it:

"A hermit came, in filthy garments drest,
A creature vile and goblin-like to see,
With robe of refuse-rags across his breast:
The man who treated thus thy son, is he."

On hearing this, she thought: "No other has the power, the wise Mātaṅga without doubt it must be! But one who is stedfast, and full of goodwill to all creatures, will never go away and leave all these folk to torment. Now in what direction can he have gone?" which question she put in the following stanza:

"In what direction went the wise one hence?
O noble youths, pray answer me this thing!
Come let us make atonement for the offence,
Our son to life again that we may bring."

The young men answered her in this manner:

"That wise one, up into the air rose he,
  Like moon in mid-career the fifteenth day:
The sage, truth-consecrated, fair to see,
  Towards the east moreover bent his way."

This answer given, she said, "I will seek my husband!" and bidding take with her pitchers of gold and cups of gold, surrounded with a company of waiting women, she went and found the place where his footsteps had touched the ground; these she followed, until she came to him sitting upon a seat, and eating his meal. [385] Approaching she saluted him, and stood still. On seeing her he placed some boiled rice in his bowl. Diṭṭha maṅgalikā poured water for him from a golden pitcher; he at once washed his hands and rinsed out his mouth. Then she said, "Who has done this cruel thing to my son?" repeating this stanza:

"Over the shoulder twisted stands his head;
  See how he stretches out a helpless arm!
White are his eyes, as though he were quite dead:
  O who is it has wrought my son this harm?"

The stanzas which follow are said by the two alternately:

"Goblins there are, whose might and power is great,
  Who follow sages, beautiful to see:
They saw thy son ill-minded, passionate,
  And they have treated thus thy son for thee."

"Then it is goblins who this thing have done:
  Do not be wroth, O holy man, with me!
O Brother! full of love towards my son
  Hither for refuge to thy feet I flee!"

"Then let me tell thee that my mind doth hide
  Nor then nor now a thought of enmity:
Thy son, through fancied knowledge, drunk with pride,
  Knows not the meaning of the Vedas three."

"O Brother! verily a man may find
All in a trice his senses quite gone blind.
Forgive me my one error, O wise sage!
They who are wise are never fierce in rage[1]."

[386] The Great Being, thus pacified by her, replied, "Well, I will give you the elixir of immortal life, to make the goblins depart"; and he recited this stanza:

"This fragment of my leavings take with thee,
  Let the poor fool Maṇḍavya eat a piece:
Thy son shall be made whole, restored to thee,
  And so the goblins shall their prey release."

[1] These two lines occur above, p. 313 (p. 197 of this volume).

When she heard the words of the Great Being, she held out a golden bowl, saying, "Give me the elixir of immortality, my lord!" The Great Being dropt in it some of his rice gruel, and said, "First put the half of this into your son's mouth; the rest mix with water in a vessel, and put it in the mouths of the other brahmins: they shall all be made whole." Then he arose and departed to Himalaya. She carried off the pitcher upon her head, crying, "I have the elixir of immortality!" Arrived at the house, she first put some of it in her son's mouth. The Goblin fled away; the king got up, and brushed off the dust, asking, "What is this, mother?"—"You know well enough what you have done; now see the miserable plight of your dolesmen!" When he looked at them, he was filled with remorse. [387] Then his mother said, "Maṇḍavya, my dear son, you are a fool, and you do not know how to give so that the gift may bear fruit. Such as these are not fit for your bounty, but only such as are like the wise Mātaṅga. Henceforward give nothing to evil men like these, but give to the virtuous." Then she said:—

"Thou art a fool, Maṇḍavya, small of wit,
Not knowing when to do good deeds is fit:
Thou givest to those whose sinfulness is great,
To evildoers and intemperate.

"Garments of skin, a mass of shaggy hair,
Mouth like an ancient well with grass o'ergrown,
And see what ragged clouts the creatures wear!
But fools are saved not by such things alone.

"When passion, hate, and ignorance, afar from men are driven,
Give to such calm and holy men: much fruit for this is given."

"Therefore from this time forward give not to wicked men like this; but whoso in this world has reached the eight Attainments, righteous ascetics and brahmins who have gained the Five Transcendent Faculties, Pacceka Buddhas, to these give your gifts. Come my son, let me give these our servants the elixir of immortality, [388] and make them whole." So saying, she had the leavings of the rice gruel taken, and put in a pitcher of water, and sprinkled over the mouths of the sixteen thousand brahmins. Each one got up, and brushed off the dust.

Then these brahmins, having been made to taste the leavings of a Caṇḍāla, were put out of caste by the other brahmins. In shame they departed from Benares, and went to the kingdom of Mejjha, where they lived with the king of that country. But Maṇḍavya remained where he was.

At that time there was a brahmin named Jātimanta, one of the religious, who lived hard by the city of Vettavatī on the banks of the river of that name; and he was a man mightily proud of his birth. The Great Being went thither, resolved to humble the man's pride; and he

made his abode near him, but further up stream. One day, having nibbled at a tooth-stick[1], he let it fall into the river, resolving that it should get entangled in Jātimanta's knot of hair. Accordingly, as he was washing in the water, the stick became entangled in his hair. "Curse the brute!" said he, when he saw it, "where has this come from, with a pest! I will enquire." He proceeded up stream, and finding the Great Being, asked him, "What caste are you of?"—"I am a Caṇḍāla."—"Did you drop a tooth-stick into the river?"—"Yes, I did."—"You brute! curse you, vile outcast, a murrain on you, don't stay here, but go further down stream." But even when he went to live down stream, the tooth-sticks he dropt floated against the current, and stuck in Jātimanta's hair. "Curse you!" quoth he, "if you stay here, in seven days your head shall burst into seven pieces!" The Great Being thought, "If I allow myself to be angry with the man, I shall not be keeping my virtue; but I will find a way to break down his pride." On the seventh day, he prevented the sunrise. All the world was put out: they came to the ascetic Jātimanta, and asked, "Is it you, Sir, who prevent the sun from rising?" He said, "That is no doing of mine; but there is a Caṇḍāla living by the riverside, and his doing it must be." Then the people came to the Great Being, and asked him, "Is it you, Sir, who keep the sun from rising?" [389] "Yes, friends," said he. "Why?" they asked. "The ascetic who is your favourite reviles me, an innocent man; when he comes and falls at my feet to ask for mercy, then I will let the sun go." They went and dragged him along, and cast him down before the Great Being's feet, and tried to appease him, saying, "Sir, pray let the sun go." But he said, "I cannot let him go; if I do so, this man's head will burst into seven pieces." They said, "Then, Sir, what are we to do?" "Bring me a lump of clay." They brought it. "Now place it upon the head of this ascetic, and let the ascetic down into the water." After making these arrangements, he let the sun rise. No sooner was the sun set free[2], the lump of clay split in seven, and the ascetic plunged under the water. Having thus humbled him, the Great Being pondered: "Where now are those sixteen thousand brahmins?" He perceived they were with the king of Mejjha, and resolved to humble them; by his supernatural power he alighted in the neighbourhood of the city, and bowl in hand tramped the city seeking alms. When the brahmins descried him, they said, "Let him stay here but a couple of days, and he will leave us without a refuge!" In all haste they went to the king, crying, "O mighty king, here is a juggler and mountebank come: take him prisoner!" The king was ready enough. The Great Being, with his mess of mixt victuals, was sitting beside a wall, on a

[1] The Indians use a fibrous stick for cleansing the teeth.

[2] Taking *pahata-* as used for *pahīna-*.

bench, and eating. There, as he was busy partaking of the food, the king's messengers found him, and striking him with a sword, killed him. After his death, he was born in the Brahma world. It is said that in this birth the Bodhisatta was a [1]mongoose-tamer, and in this servile occupation was put to death. The deities were angry, and poured down upon the whole kingdom of Mejjha a torrent of hot ashes, and wiped it out from among kingdoms. Therefore it is said:

"So the whole nation was destroyed of Mejjha, as they say,
For glorious Mātaṅga's death, the kingdom swept away."

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[390] When the Master had ended this discourse, he said: "It is not now the first time that Udena has abused religious men, but he did the same before." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time, Udena was Maṇḍavya, and I myself was the wise Mātaṅga."

No. 498.

CITTA-SAMBHŪTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Every good deed*," *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about two fellow-priests of the reverend Mahā-kassapa, who lived happily together. This pair, we are told, were most friendly, and had share for share in all things with the utmost fairness: even when they walked for alms, together they went out and together came in, nor could they endure to be apart. In the Hall of Truth sat the Brethren, praising their friendship, when the Master came in, and asked what they talked of as they sat there. They told him; and he replied, "Their friendship in one existence, Brethren, is nothing to wonder at; for wise men of old kept friendliness unbroken throughout three or four different existences." So saying, he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, in the realm of Avanti, and the city of Ujjenī, reigned a great king named King Avanti. At that time, a Caṇḍāla village lay outside Ujjenī, and there the Great Being was born. Another person was born the son of his mother's sister. The one of these two was named Citta, and the other Sambhūta.

These two when they grew up, having learnt what is called the art of sweeping in the Caṇḍāla breed, thought one day they would go and show off this art at the city gate. So one of them showed off at the north gate, and one at the east. Now in this city were two women wise in the omens

[1] Taking *koṇḍa-* to be the same as *kuṇḍa-*.

of sight, the one a merchant's daughter and the other a chaplain's. These went forth to make merry in the park, having ordered food to be brought hard and soft, garlands and perfumes; and it so happened that one went out by the northern gate and one the eastern. Seeing the two young Caṇḍālas showing their art, the girls asked "Who are these?" Caṇḍālas, they were informed. "This is an evil omen to see!" they said, [391] and after washing their eyes with perfumed water, they returned back. Then the multitude cried, "O vile outcasts, you have made us lose food and strong drink which would have cost us nothing!" They belaboured the two kinsmen, and did them much misery and mischief. When they recovered their senses, up they got and joined company, and told each the other what woe had befallen him, weeping and wailing, and wondering what to do now. "All this misery has come upon us," they thought, because of our birth. We shall never be able to play the part of Caṇḍālas; let us conceal our birth, and go to Takkasilā in the disguise of young brahmins, and study there." Having made this decision, they went thither, and followed their studies in the law under a far-famed master. A rumour was blown abroad over India, that two young Caṇḍālas were students, and had concealed their birth. The wise Citta was successful in his studies, but Sambhūta not so.

One day a villager invited the teacher, intending to offer food to the brahmins. Now it happened that rain fell in the night, and flooded all the hollows in the road. Early in the morning the teacher summoned wise Citta, and said, "My lad, I cannot go, do you go with the young men, and pronounce a blessing, eat what you get for yourself and bring home what there is for me." Accordingly he took the young brahmins, and went. While the young men bathed, and rinsed their mouths, the people prepared rice porridge, which they set ready for them, saying, "Let it cool." Before it was cool, the young men came and sat down. The people gave them the water of offering, and set the bowls in front of them. Sambhūta's wits were somewhat muddled, and imagining it to be cool, took up a ball of the rice and put it in his mouth, but it burnt him like a red-hot ball of metal. In his pain he forgot his part altogether, and glancing at wise Citta, he said, in the Caṇḍāla dialect; "Hot, aint it?" [392] The other forgot himself too, and answered in their manner of speech, "Spit it out, spit it out." At this the young men looked at each other, and said, "What kind of language is this?" Wise Citta pronounced a blessing.

When the young men came home, they gathered in little knots and sat here and there discussing the words used. Finding that it was the dialect of the Caṇḍālas, they cried out on them, "O vile outcasts! you have been tricking us all this while, and pretending to be brahmins!" And they beat them both. One good man drove them out, saying, "Away! the blot's in

the blood. Be off! Go somewhere and become ascetics." The young brahmins told their teacher that these two were Caṇḍālas.

The pair went out into the woods, and there took up the ascetic life, and after no long time died, and were born again as the young of a doe on the banks of the Nerañjarā. From the time of their birth they always went about together. One day, when they had fed, a hunter espied them under a tree ruminating and cuddling together, very happy, head to head, nozzle to nozzle, horn to horn. He cast a javelin at them, and killed them both by one blow.

After this they were born as the young of an osprey, on the bank of Nerbudda. There too, when they grew up, after feeding they would cuddle together, head to head and beak to beak. A bird snarer saw them, caught them together, and killed them both.

Next the wise Citta was born at Kosambī, as a chaplain's son; the wise Sambhūta was born as the son of the king of Uttarapañcāla. From their name-days they could remember their former births. But Sambhūta was not able to remember all without breaks, and all he could remember was the fourth or Caṇḍāla birth; Citta however remembered all four in due order. When Citta was sixteen years old, he went away and became an ascetic in Himalaya, [393] and developed the Faculty of the religious ecstasy, and dwelt in the bliss of ecstatic trance. Wise Sambhūta after his father's death had the Umbrella spread over him, and on the very day of the umbrella ceremony, in the midst of a great concourse, made a ceremonial hymn, and uttered two stanzas in aspiration. When they heard this, the royal wives and the musicians all chanted them, saying, "Our king's own coronation hymn!" and in course of time all the citizens sang it, as the hymn which their king loved. Wise Citta, in his dwelling place in Himalaya, wondered whether his brother Sambhūta had assumed the Umbrella, or not. Perceiving that he had, he thought, "I shall never be able to instruct a young ruler; but when he is old, I will visit him, and persuade him to be an ascetic." For fifty years he went not, and by that time the king was increased with sons and daughters; then by his supernatural power, he went, and alighted in the park, and sat down on the seat of ceremony like an image of gold. Just then a lad was picking up sticks, and as he did so he sang that hymn. Wise Citta called him to approach; he came up with an obeisance, and waited. Citta said to him, "Since early morning you have been singing that hymn; do you know no other?"—"Oh yes, sir, I know many more, but these are the verses the king loves, that is why I sing no others."—"Is there any one who can sing a refrain to the king's hymn?"—"No, Sir."—"Could you?"—"Yes, if I am taught one."—"Well, when the king chants these two verses, you sing this by way of a third," and he recited a hymn. "Now," said he, "go and sing this before the king, and the king will be pleased with

you, and make much of you for it." The lad went to his mother quickly, and got himself drest up spick and span; then to the king's door, and sent in word that a lad would sing him a refrain to his hymn. The king said, "Let him approach." When the lad had come in, and saluted him, quoth the king, "They say you will sing me an answering refrain to my hymn?" [394] "Yes, my lord," said he, "bring in the whole court to hear." As soon as the court had assembled, the lad said, "Sing your hymn, my lord, and I will answer with mine." The king repeated a pair of stanzas:

"Every good deed bears fruit or soon or late,
No deed without result, and nothing vain:
I see Sambhūta mighty grown and great,
Thus do his virtues bear him fruit again.

"Every good deed bears fruit or soon or late,
No deed without result, and nothing vain.
Who knows if Citta also may be great,
And like myself, his heart have brought him gain?"

At the end of this hymn, the lad chanted the third stanza:

"Every good deed bears fruit or soon or late,
No deed without result, and nothing vain.
Behold, my lord, see Citta at thy gate,
And like thyself, his heart has brought him gain."

On hearing this the king repeated the fourth stanza:

"Then art thou Citta, or the tale didst hear
From him, or did some other make thee know?
Thy hymn is very sweet: I have no fear;
A village and a bounty[1] I bestow."

[395] Then the lad repeated the fifth stanza:

"I am not Citta, but I heard the thing.
It was a sage laid on me this command—
Go and recite an answer to the king,
And be rewarded by his grateful hand."

Hearing this, the king thought, "It must be my brother Citta; now I'll go and see him"; then he laid his bidding upon his men in the words of these two stanzas:

"Come, yoke the royal chariots, so finely wrought and made:
Gird up with girths the elephants, in necklets bright arrayed.

"Beat drums for joy, and let the conchs be blown,
Prepare the swiftest chariots I own:
For to that hermitage I will away,
To see the sage that sits within, this day."

So he spoke; then mounting his fine chariot, he went swiftly to the park gate. There he checked his chariot, and approached wise Citta with

[1] Lit. a hundred (pieces of money): or (with the scholiast) 'A hundred villages I do bestow.'

an obeisance, and sat down on one side; greatly pleased, he recited the eighth stanza:

"A precious hymn it was I sang so sweet
While thronging multitudes around me pressed;
For now this holy sage I come to greet
And all is joy and gladness in my breast."

[396] Happy from the instant he saw wise Citta, he gave all necessary directions, bidding prepare a seat for his brother, and repeated the ninth stanza:

"Accept a seat, and for your feet fresh water: it is right
To offer gifts of food to guests: accept, as we invite."

After this sweet invitation, the king repeated another stanza, offering him the half of his kingdom:

"Let them make glad the place where thou shalt dwell,
Let throngs of waiting women wait on thee;
O let me show thee that I love thee well,
And let us both kings here together be."

When he had heard these words, wise Citta discoursed to him in six stanzas:

"Seeing the fruit of evil deeds, O king,
Seeing what profit deeds of goodness bring,
I fain would exercise stern self-control,
Sons, wealth, and cattle cannot charm my soul.

"Ten decades has this mortal life, which each to each succeed:
This limit reached, man withers fast like to a broken reed.

"Then what is pleasure, what is love, wealth-hunting what to me?
What sons and daughters? know, O king, from fetters I am free.

"For this is true, I know it well—death will not pass me by:
And what is love, or what is wealth, when you must come to die?

[397] "The lowest race that go upon two feet
Are the Caṇḍālas, meanest men on earth,
When all our deeds were ripe, as guerdon meet
We both as young Caṇḍālas had our birth.

"Caṇḍālas in Avanti land, deer by Nerañjara,
Ospreys by the Nerbudda, now brahmin and Khattiya."

[398] Having thus made clear his mean births in time past, here also in this birth he declared the impermanency of things created, and recited four stanzas to arouse an effort:

"Life is but short, and death the end must be:
The aged have no hiding where to flee.
Then, O Pañcāla, what I bid thee, do:
All deeds which grow to misery, eschew.

"Life is but short, and death the end must be:
The aged have no hiding where to flee.
Then, O Pañcāla, what I bid thee, do:
All deeds whose fruit is misery, eschew.

"Life is but short, and death the end must be:
The aged have no hiding where to flee.
Then, O Pañcāla, what I bid thee, do:
All deeds that are with passion stained, eschew.

"Life is but short, and death the end must be:
Old age will sap our strength, we cannot flee.
Then, O Pañcāla, what I bid thee, do:
All deeds that lead to lowest hell, eschew."

[399] The king rejoiced as the Great Being spoke and repeated three stanzas:

"True is that word, O Brother! which you say,
You like a holy saint your words dictate:
But my desires are hard to cast away,
By such as I am; they are very great.

"As elephants deep sunken in the mire
Cannot climb out, although they see the land:
So, sunken in the slough of strong desire
Upon the Brethren's Path I cannot stand.

"As father or as mother would their son
Admonish, good and happy how to grow:
Admonish me how happiness is won,
And tell me by which way I ought to go."

Then the Great Being said to him:

"O lord of men! thou canst not cast away
These passions which are common to mankind:
Let not thy people unjust taxes pay,
Equal and righteous ruling let them find.

"Send messengers to north, south, east, and west
The brahmins and ascetics to invite:
Provide them food and drink, a place to rest,
Clothes, and all else that may be requisite.

[400] "Give thou the food and drink which satisfies
Sages and holy brahmins, full of faith:
Who gives and rules as well as in him lies
Will go to heaven all blameless after death.

"But if, surrounded by thy womankind
Thou feel thy passion and desire too strong,
This verse of poetry then bear in mind
And sing it in the midst of all the throng:

"No roof to shelter from the sky, amid the dogs he lay,
His mother nursed him as she walked: but he's a king to-day."

Such was the Great Being's advice. Then he said, "I have given you my counsel. And now do you become an ascetic or not, as you think fit; but I will follow up the result of my own deeds." Then he rose up in the air, and shook off the dust of his feet over him, and departed to Himalaya. [401] And the king saw it, and was greatly moved; and relinquishing his kingdom to his eldest son, he called out his army, and set his face in the direction of Himalaya. When the Great Being heard of his coming, he

went with his attendant sages and received him, and ordained him to the holy life, and taught him the means of inducing mystic ecstasy. He developed the Faculty of mystical meditation. Thus these two together became destined for Brahma's world.

When the Master had ended his discourse, he said: "Thus, Brethren, wise men of old continued firm friends through the course of three or four existences." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the wise Sambhūta, and I myself was the wise Citta."

No. 499.

SIVI-JĀTAKA[1].

"*If there be any human,*" etc.—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about the gift incomparable. The circumstances have been fully told in Book VIII. under the Sovīra Birth[2]. But here the king, on the seventh day, gave all the requisites and asked for thanks; but the Master went away without thanking him. After breakfast the king went to the monastery, and said, "Why did you return no thanks, Sir?" The Master said, "The people were unpurified, your majesty." He went on to declare the Law, reciting the stanza that begins "To heaven the avaricious shall not go[3]." The king, pleased at heart, did reverence to the Tathāgata by presenting an outer robe of the Sivi country, worth a thousand pieces of money; then he returned to the city.

Next day they were talking of it in the Hall of Truth: "Sirs, the king of Kosala gave the gift incomparable: and, not content with that, when the Dasabala had discoursed to him, the king gave him a Sivi garment worth a thousand pieces! How insatiate the king is in giving, sure enough!" The Master came in, and asked what they talked of as they sat there: they told him. He said, "Brothers, things external are acceptable, true: but wise men of old, who gave gifts till all India rang again with the fame of it, each day distributing as much as six hundred thousand pieces, were unsatisfied with external gifts; and, remembering the proverb, Give what you prize and love will arise, they even pulled out their eyes and gave to those that asked." With these words, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when the mighty King Sivi reigned in the city of Aritthapura in the kingdom of Sivi, the Great Being was born as his son. They called his name Prince Sivi. When he grew up, he went

[1] See *Avadāna Çātaka*, iv. 4 (34), and the note on p. 127 of Feer's translation (Musée Guimet): *Jātaka Mālā* no. 2, *Çibi Jātaka: Cariyā-piṭaka* no. 8, *Sivirāja-C. Milinda-pañha*, iv. i. 42 (p. 179 of the translation).

[2] This is the *Āditta jātaka*, No. 424 (iii. 280 of this translation).

[3] *Dhammapada*, 177.

to Takkasilā and studied there; [402] then returning, he proved his knowledge to his father the king, and by him was made viceroy. At his father's death he became king himself, and, forsaking the ways of evil, he kept the Ten Royal Virtues and ruled in righteousness. He caused six alms-halls to be builded, at the four gates, in the midst of the city, and at his own door. He was munificent in distributing each day six hundred thousand pieces of money. On the eighth, fourteenth, and fifteenth days he never missed visiting the alms-halls to see the distribution made.

Once on the day of the full moon, the state umbrella had been uplifted early in the morning, and he sat on the royal throne thinking over the gifts he had given. Thought he to himself, "Of all outside things there is nothing I have not given; but this kind of giving does not content me. I want to give something which is a part of myself. Well, this day when I go to the alms-hall, I vow that if any one ask not something outside me, but name what is part of myself,—if he should mention my very heart, I will cut open my breast with a spear, and as though I were drawing up a water-lily, stalk and all, from a calm lake, I will pull forth my heart dripping with blood-clots and give it him: if he should name the flesh of my body, I will cut the flesh off my body and give it, as though I were graving with a graving tool: let him name my blood, I will give him my blood, dropping it in his mouth or filling a bowl with it: or again, if one say, I can't get my household work done, come and do me a slave's part at home, then I will leave my royal dress and stand without, proclaiming myself a slave, and slave's work I will do: should any men demand my eyes, I will tear out my eyes and give them, as one might take out the pith of a palm-tree." Thus he thought within him:

"If there be any human gift that I have never made,
Be it my eyes, I'll give it now, all firm and unafraid."

Then he bathed himself with sixteen pitchers of perfumed water, and adorned him in all his magnificence, and after a meal of choice food he mounted upon an elephant richly caparisoned [403] and went to the alms-hall.

Sakka, perceiving his resolution, thought, "King Sivi has determined to give his eyes to any chance comer who may ask. Will you be able to do it, or no?" He determined to try him; and, in the form of a brahmin old and blind, he posted himself on a high place, and when the king came to his alms-hall he stretched out his hand and stood crying, "Long live the king!" Then the king drove his elephant towards him, and said, "What do you say, brahmin?" Sakka said to him, "O great king! in all the inhabited world there is no spot where the fame of

your munificent heart has not sounded. I am blind, and you have two eyes." Then he repeated the first stanza, asking for an eye:

"To ask an eye the old man comes from far, for I have none:
O give me one of yours, I pray, then we shall each have one."

When the Great Being heard this, thought he, "Why that is just what I was thinking in my palace before I came! What a fine chance! My heart's desire will be fulfilled to-day; I shall give a gift which no man ever gave yet." And he recited the second stanza:

"Who taught thee hitherward to wend thy way,
O mendicant, and for an eye to pray?
The chiefest portion of a man is this,
And hard for men to part with, so they say."

(The succeeding stanzas are to be read two and two, as may easily be seen.)

"Sujampati among the gods, the same
Here among men called Maghavā by name,
[404] He taught me hitherward to wend my way,
Begging, and for an eye to urge my claim.

"'Tis the all-chiefest gift for which I pray[1].
Give me an eye! O do not say me nay!
Give me an eye, that chiefest gift of gifts,
So hard for men to part with, as they say!"

"The wish that brought thee hitherward, the wish that did arise
Within thee, be that wish fulfilled. Here, brahmin, take my eyes.

"One eye thou didst request of me: behold, I give thee two!
Go with good sight, in all the people's view;
So be thy wish fulfilled and now come true."

So much the king said. But, thinking it not meet that he should root out his eyes and bestow them there and then, he brought the brahmin indoors with him, and sitting on the royal throne, sent for a surgeon named Sīvaka. "Take out my eye," he then said.

Now all the city rang with the news, that the king wished to tear out his eyes and give them to a brahmin. Then the commander-in-chief, and all the other officials, and those beloved of the king, gathered together from city and harem, and recited three stanzas, that they might turn the king from his purpose:

"O do not give thine eye, my lord; desert us not, O king!
Give money, pearls and coral give, and many a precious thing:

"Give thorobreds caparisoned, forth be the chariots rolled,
O king, drive up the elephants all fine with cloth of gold:

[405] "These give, O king! that we may all preserve thee safe and sound,
Thy faithful people, with our cars and chariots ranged around."

[1] *Vanibbako* in line 3 seems to be written by dittography. Some genitive would be looked for, and Fausbøll's *vanibbino* may be right; the form occurs in iii. 312. 4 (Pali).

Hereupon the king recited three stanzas:

"The soul which, having sworn to give, is then unfaithful found,
Puts his own neck within a snare low hidden on the ground.

"The soul which, having sworn to give, is then unfaithful found,
More sinful is than sin, and he to Yama's house[1] is bound.

"Unasked give nothing; neither give the thing he asketh not,
This therefore which the brahmin asks, I give it on the spot."

Then the courtiers asked, "What do you desire in giving your eyes?" repeating a stanza:

"Life, beauty, joy, or strength—what is the prize,
O king, which motive for your deed supplies?
Why should the king of Sivi-land supreme
For the next world's sake thus give up his eyes?"

[406] The king answered them in a stanza:

"In giving thus, not glory is my goal,
Not sons, not wealth, or kingdoms to control:
This is the good old way of holy men;
Of giving gifts enamoured is my soul."[2]

To the Great Being's words the courtiers answered nothing; so the Great Being addressed Sīvaka the surgeon in a stanza:

"A friend and comrade, Sīvaka, art thou:
Do as I bid thee—thou hast skill enow—
Take[3] out my eyes, for this is my desire,
And in the beggar's hands bestow them now."

But Sīvaka said, "Bethink you, my lord! to give one's eyes is no light thing."—"Sīvaka, I have considered; [407] don't delay, nor talk too much in my presence." Then he thought, "It is not fitting that a skilful surgeon like me should pierce a king's eyes with the lancet," so he pounded a number of simples, rubbed a blue lotus with the powder, and brushed it over the right eye: round rolled the eye, and there was great pain. "Reflect, my king, I can make it all right."—"Go on, friend, no delay, please." Again he rubbed in the powder, and brushed it over the eye: the eye started from the socket, the pain was worse than before. "Reflect, my king, I can still restore it."—"Be quick with the job!" A third time he smeared a sharper powder, and applied it: by the drug's power round went the eye, out it came from the socket, and hung dangling at the end of the tendon. "Reflect, my king, I can yet restore it again." —"Be quick." The pain was extreme, blood was trickling, the king's

[1] The scholiast explains this to mean Hell.

[2] The scholiast adds: 'The supreme Buddha, while explaining the *Cariyā-piṭaka* to Sariputta, Captain of the Faith, to make clear the saying that omniscience was dearer even than both eyes,' quoted two lines from the *Cariyā-piṭaka*, p. 78, 16—17, beginning *na me dessā*...

[3] Reading *laddha tvaṁ* as two words.

garments were stained with the blood. The king's women and the courtiers fell at his feet, crying, "My lord, do not sacrifice your eyes!" loudly they wept and wailed. The king endured the pain, and said, "My friend, be quick." "Very well, my lord," said the physician; and with his left hand grasping the eyeball took a knife in his right, and severing the tendon, laid the eye in the Great Being's hand[1]. He, gazing with his left eye at the right and enduring the pain, said, "Brahmin, come here." When the brahmin came near, he went on—"The eye of omniscience is dearer than this eye a hundred fold, aye a thousand fold: there you have my reason for this action," and he gave it to the brahmin, who raised it and placed it in his own eye socket. There it remained fixt by his power like a blue lotus in bloom. When the Great Being with his left eye saw that eye in his head, he cried—"Ah, how good is this my gift of an eye!" [408] and thrilled straightway with the joy that had arisen within him, he gave the other eye also. Sakka placed this also in the place of his own eye, and departed from the king's palace, and then from the city, with the gaze of the multitude upon him, and went away to the world of gods.

The Master, explaining this, repeated a stanza and a half:

"So Sivi spurred on Sīvaka, and he fulfilled his mind.
He drew the king's eyes out, and to the brahmin these consigned:
And now the brahmin had the eyes, and now the king was blind."

In a short while the king's eyes began to grow; as they grew, and before they reached the top of the holes, a lump of flesh rose up inside like a ball of wool, filling the cavity; they were like a doll's eyes, but the pain ceased. The Great Being remained in the palace a few days. Then he thought, "What has a blind man to do with ruling? I will hand over my kingdom to the courtiers, and go into my park, and become an ascetic, and live as a holy man." He summoned his courtiers, and told them what he intended to do. "One man," said he, "shall be with me, to wash my face, and so forth, and to do all that is proper, and you must fasten a cord to guide me to the retiring places." Then calling for his charioteer, he bade him prepare the chariot. But the courtiers would not allow him to go in the chariot; they brought him out in a golden litter, and set him down by the lake side, and then, guarding him all around, returned. The king sat in the litter thinking of his gift.

At that moment Sakka's throne became hot; and he pondering perceived the reason. "I will offer the king a boon," thought he, "and make his eye well again." So to that place he came; and not far off from the Great Being, he walked up and down, up and down.

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[1] This scene appears to be represented on the Stupa of Bharhut: see Cunningham, Plate XLVIII. 2.

To explain this the Master recited these stanzas:

"A few days past; the eyes began to heal, and sound to appear:
The fostering king of Sivi then sent for his charioteer.

[409] "'Prepare the chariot, charioteer; to me then make it known:
I go to park and wood and lake with lilies overgrown.'

"He sat him in a litter by the waterside, and here
Sujampati, the king of gods, great Sakka, did appear."

"Who is that?" cried the Great Being, when he heard the sound of the footsteps. Sakka repeated a stanza:

"Sakka, the king of gods, am I; to visit thee I came:
Choose thou a boon, O royal sage! whate'er thy wish may name."

The king replied with another stanza:

"Wealth, strength, and treasure without end, these I have left behind:
O Sakka, death and nothing more I want: for I am blind."

Then Sakka said, "Do you ask death, King Sivi, because you wish to die, or because you are blind?"—"Because I am blind, my lord."—"The gift is not everything in itself, your majesty, it is given with an eye to the future. Yet there is a motive relating to this visible world. Now you were asked for one eye, and gave two; make an Act of Truth about it." Then he began a stanza:

"O warrior, lord of biped kind, declare the thing that's true:
If you the truth declare, your eye shall be restored to you."

On hearing this, the Great Being replied, "If you wish to give me an eye, Sakka, do not try any other means, but let my eye be restored as a consequence of my gift." Sakka said, "Though they call me Sakka, king of the gods, your majesty, yet I cannot give an eye to any one else; but by the fruit of the gift by thee given, and by nothing else, your eye shall be restored to you." Then the other repeated a stanza, maintaining that his gift was well given:

[410] "Whatever sort, whatever kind of suitor shall draw near,
Whoever comes to ask of me, he to my heart is dear:
If these my solemn words be true, now let my eye appear!"

Even as he uttered the words, one of his eyes grew up in the socket. Then he repeated a couple of stanzas to restore the other:

"A brahmin came to visit me, one of my eyes to crave:
Unto that brahmin mendicant the pair of them I gave.

"A greater joy and more delight that action did afford.
If these my solemn words be true, be the other eye restored!"

On the instant appeared his second eye. But these eyes of his were neither natural nor divine. An eye given by Sakka as the brahmin, cannot be natural, we know; on the other hand, a divine eye cannot be produced in anything that is injured. [411] But these eyes are called the

eyes of Truth Absolute and Perfect. At the time when they came into existence, the whole royal retinue by Sakka's power was assembled; and Sakka standing in the midst of the throng, uttered praise in a couple of stanzas:

"O fostering King of Sivi land, these holy hymns of thine
Have gained for thee as bounty free this pair of eyes divine.

"Through rock and wall, o'er hill and dale, whatever bar may be,
A hundred leagues on every side those eyes of thine shall see."

Having uttered these stanzas, poised in the air before the multitude, with a last counsel to the Great Being that he should be vigilant, Sakka returned to the world of gods. And the Great Being, surrounded by his retinue, went back in great pomp to the city, and entered the palace called Candaka, the Peacock's Eye. The news that he had got his eyes again spread abroad all through the Kingdom of Sivi. All the people gathered together to see him, with gifts in their hands. "Now all this multitude is come together," thought the Great Being, "I shall praise my gift that I gave." He caused a great pavilion to be put up at the palace gate, where he seated himself upon the royal throne, with the white umbrella spread above him. Then the drum was sent beating about the city, to collect all the trade guilds[1]. Then he said, "O people of Sivi! now you have beheld these divine eyes, never eat food without giving something away!" and he repeated four stanzas, declaring the Law:

"Who, if he's asked to give, would answer no,
Although it be his best and choicest prize?
People of Sivi thronged in concourse, ho!
Come hither, see the gift of God, my eyes!

[412]"Through rock and wall, o'er hill and dale, whatever bar may be,
A hundred leagues on every side these eyes of mine can see.

"Self-sacrifice in all men mortal living,
Of all things is most fine:
I sacrificed a mortal eye; and giving,
Received an eye divine.

"See, people! see, give ere ye eat, lét others have a share.
This done with your best will and care,
Blameless to heaven you shall repair."

In these four verses he declared the Law; and after that, every fortnight, on the holy day, even every fifteenth day, he declared the Law in these same verses without cessation to a great gathering of people. Hearing which, the people gave alms and did good deeds, and went to swell the hosts of heaven.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "Thus Brethren, wise men of old gave to any chance comer, who was not content with outside gifts, even their own eyes, taken out of their head." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was Sīvaka the physician, Anaruddha was Sakka, the Buddha's followers were the people, and I myself was King Sivi."

[1] This should strictly be *-seṇiyo*: perhaps all the officers or soldiers, compare ii. 12. 8, 52. 21.

No. 500.

SIRIMANDA-JĀTAKA.

"*Of wisdom full,*" *etc.*—This Problem of Sirimanda will be given at large in the Mahā-ummagga[1].

No. 501.

ROHANTA-MIGA-JĀTAKA.

[413] "*In fear of death,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, about the reverend Ānanda, who made renunciation of his life. This renunciation will be described in Book XXI., under the Culla-haṁsa Birth[2], the Subduing of Dhanapāla. When this reverend man had renounced his life for the Master's sake, they gossiped about it in the Hall of Truth: "Sirs, the reverend Ānanda, having attained to the detailed knowledge of the course of religious training, renounced his life for the Dasabala." The Master came in, asking what they spoke of as they sat there. They told him. Said he, "Brothers, this is not the first time he has laid down his life for my sake; he has done it before." Then he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, his chief consort's name was Khemā. At that time the Bodhisatta was born in the Himalaya region, as a stag: golden-hued he was and beautiful, and his younger brother, named Citta-miga, or Dapple Deer, was also of the colour of gold, and so also his younger sister Sutanā. Now the Great Being's name was Rohanta, and he was king of the deer. Traversing two ranges of the mountains, in the third he lived beside a lake called Lake Rohanta, and surrounded by a herd of eighty thousand deer. He used to support his parents, who were old and blind.

Now a hunter, who lived in a village of hunters near Benares, came to the Himalayas, and saw the Great Being. He returned to his

[1] No. 546, vol. vi. 329 (Pali).
[2] No. 533, vol. v. 333 (Pali).

village, and on his death-bed told his son, "My boy, in such a part of our hunting-ground there is a golden deer; if the king should ask, you may tell him of it."

One day Queen Khemā, in the dawning, saw a dream, and this was the manner of that dream. A gold-coloured stag sat on a golden seat, and he discoursed to the queen on the Law with a honey-sweet voice, like the sound of a golden bell tinkling. She listened with great delight to this discoursing, but before the discourse was ended the deer rose and went away; and she awoke, crying out—"Catch me the stag!" The attendants, hearing her cry, burst out a-laughing. "Here's the house shut close, door and window; not even a breath of air can get in, and at such a time my lady calls out to catch her the stag!" [414] By this time she understood that it was a dream. But she said to herself, "If I say, it is a dream, the king will make no account of it; but if I say, it is my woman's craving, he will attend to it with all care. I *will* hear the discourse of the golden stag!" Then she lay down as though sick. The king came in: "What is wrong with my queen?" said he. "Oh, my lord, only my natural craving."—"What do you wish?"—"I wish to hear the discourse of a righteous golden stag."—"Why, my lady, what you crave does not exist: there is no such thing as a golden stag." She said, "If I don't get it, die I must on the spot." She turned her back on the king, and lay still. "If there is one, it shall be caught," said the king. Then he questioned his courtiers and brahmins, just as in the Peacock Birth[1], whether there were such things as golden deer. Finding that there were, he summoned the huntsmen, and asked, "Which of you has seen or heard of such a creature?" The son of the hunter we spoke of told the story as he heard it. "My man," said the king, "when you bring me this deer I will reward you richly; go and bring it here." He gave the money for his expenses, and dismissed him. The man said, "Never fear: if I cannot bring the stag I will bring his skin; if I can't get that I will bring his hair." Then the man returned home, and gave the king's money to his family. Then he went out and saw the royal stag. "Where shall I lay my snare," he mused, "so as to catch him?" He saw his chance at the drinking-place. He twisted a stout cord of leather thongs, and set it with a pole at the place where the Great Being went down to drink water.

Next day, the Great Being with the eighty thousand deer during his search for food came thither to drink water at the usual ford. Just as he was going down, he was caught in the noose. Then he thought, "If I cry out the cry of capture[2], all my troop will flee in

[1] *Mora-jātaka:* No. 129, Vol. ii. p. 53.

[2] Correct vol. ii. 153 (trans. p. 109) and iii. 184 (p. 122), where it is translated (with Childers) 'loud and long,' 'a succession of cries.'

terror without drinking." [415] Although he was fast at the end of the pole, he stood pretending to drink, as if he were free. When the eighty thousand deer had drunk, and now stood clear of the water, he thrice jerked at the noose, to break it if possible. The first time he cut his skin, the second time cut into his flesh, and the third time he strained a tendon, so that the snare touched the bone. Then, unable to break it, he uttered the cry of capture: all the herd of deer fled terrified in three troops. Citta-miga could not see the Great Being in any of the three troops: "This danger," thought he, "which has come upon us, has fallen on my brother." Then returning, he saw him there fast caught. The Great Being caught sight of him, and cried, "Don't stand there, brother, there is danger here!" Then, urging him to flee, he repeated the first stanza:

"In fear of death, O Cittaka, those herds of creatures flee:
Go thou with them, and linger not, for they shall live with thee."

The three stanzas which follow are said by the two alternately:

"No, no, Rohanta, I'll not go; my heart has drawn me near;
I'm ready to lay down my life, I will not leave thee here."

"Then blind, with none to care for them, our parents[1] both must die:
O go, and let them live with thee: O do not linger nigh!"

"No, no, Rohanta, I'll not go; my heart has drawn me near;
I'm ready to lay down my life, I will not leave thee here."

[416] He took his stand, supporting the Bodhisatta on the right side, and cheering him.

Sutanā also, the young doe, ran about among the deer, but could not find her brothers anywhere. "This danger," she thought, "must have fallen upon my brothers." She turned back and came to them; and the Great Being, as he saw her come, repeated the fifth stanza:

"Go, timid doe, and run away; an iron snare holds me:
Go with the rest, and linger not, and they shall live with thee."

The three next stanzas are said alternately as before:

"No, no, Rohanta, I'll not go; my heart has drawn me near;
I'm ready to lay down my life, I will not leave thee here."

"Then blind, with none to care for them, our parents both must die:
O go, and let them live with thee: O do not linger nigh!"

"No, no, Rohanta, I'll not go; my heart has drawn me near;
I'll lose my life, but never leave thee snared and captured here."

Thus she also refused to obey; and stood by his left side consoling him.

Now the huntsman saw the deer scampering off, and heard the cry of capture. "It must be the king of the herd is caught!" he said; and, tightening his girdle, he grasped the spear to give him the death,

[1] The word 'parents' is supplied by the scholiast: it is 'those' in the text.

and ran quickly up. The Great Being repeated the ninth stanza as he saw him coming:

"The furious hunter, arms in hand, see him approaching near!
And he will slay us here to-day with arrow or with spear."

[417] Citta did not flee, though he saw the man. But Sutanā, not being strong enough to stand still, ran a little way for fear of death. Then with the thought—"Where shall I flee if I desert my two brothers?" she returned again, renouncing her own life[1], with death on her brow, and stood by the left side of her brother.

To explain this, the Master recited the tenth stanza:

"The tender doe in panic fear a little way did fly,
Then did a thing most hard to do, for she returned to die."

When the hunter came up, he saw these three creatures standing together. A pitiful thought arose in his heart, as he guessed they were brothers and sister born of one womb. "Only the king of the herd," thought he, "is caught in the snare; the other two are bound with the ties of honour. What kin can they be to him?" which question he asked thus:

"What are these deer that wait upon the prisoner, though free,
Nor for the sake of very life will leave him here, and flee?"

Then the Bodhisatta answered:

"My brother and my sister these, of one same mother born:
Nor for the sake of very life will leave me here forlorn."

These words made his heart more exceedingly soft. Citta, that royal stag, perceiving that his heart grew soft, said, "Friend hunter, do not imagine that this creature is a deer and no more. He is king of fourscore thousand deer, one of virtuous life, tenderhearted to all creatures, of great wisdom; he supports his sire and dam, now blind and old. If you slay a righteous being like this, in slaying him you slay dam and sire, my sister and me, all five; but if you grant my brother his life, you bestow life on the five of us." [418] Then he repeated a stanza:

"Grown blind, with none to care for them, they both will perish so:
O grant thou life to all the five, and let my brother go!"

When the hunter heard this pious discourse, he was glad at heart. "Fear not, my lord," said he, and repeated the next stanza:

"So be it: see I now set free the parent-fostering deer:
His parents when they find him safe shall make a merry cheer."

[1] i.e. accepting death as her fate (written on the forehead).

As he said this, he thought: "What do I want with the king and his honours? If I hurt this royal deer, either the earth will gape and swallow me up, or a thunderbolt will fall and strike me. I will let him go." So approaching the Great Being, he pulled down the pole, and cut the leather thong; then he embraced the deer, and laid him close to the water, tenderly and gently loosed him out of the noose, joined the ends of the tendon, and the lips of the flesh-wound, and the edges of the skin, washed off the blood with water, pitifully chafed him again and again. By the power of his love and the Great Being's perfection all grew whole again, sinews, flesh, and skin: hide and hair covered the foot: no one could have guessed where he had been wounded. The Great Being stood there, full of happiness. Citta looked on him and rejoiced, and rendered thanks to the hunter in this stanza:

"Hunter, be happy now, and may thy kindred happy be,
As I am happy to behold the mighty stag set free."

Now the Great Being thought, "Is it of his own doing this hunter snared me, or at the bidding of another?" and he asked the cause of his capture. The huntsman said: "My lord, I have nothing to do with you; but the king's consort, Khemā, desires to hear you discourse of righteousness; therefore I snared you at the king's bidding."—"That being so, my good friend, you did a bold thing to set me free. [419] Come, bring me to the king, and I will discourse before the queen."—"Indeed, my lord, kings are cruel. Who knows what may come of it? I don't care for any honour the king might show me: go where you will." But again the Great Being thought it was a bold thing to set him free; he must give him a chance of winning the promised honour. So he said, "Friend, chafe my back with your hand." He did so; his hand became covered with golden hairs. "What shall I do with these hairs, my lord?"—"Take them, my friend, show them to the king and queen, tell them here are hairs from that golden stag; take my place, and discourse to them in the words of these verses I shall repeat: when she hears you, that will alone be sufficient to satisfy her craving." "Recite the Law, O king!" said the man; and the other taught him ten stanzas of the holy life, and described the Five Virtues, and dismissed him with a warning to be vigilant. The hunter treated the Great Being as one would treat a teacher: thrice he walked round him right-wise, did the four obeisances, and wrapping the hairs in a lotus leaf went away. The three animals accompanied him for a little way, then after feeding and drinking, returned to their parents.

Father and mother questioned him: "Rohanta, my son, we heard you were caught, and how came you free?" They put the question in a stanza:

"How didst thou win thy liberty when life was nearly done:
How did the hunter set thee free from treacherous trap, my son?"

In answer to which the Bodhisatta repeated three stanzas:

"Cittaka won me liberty with words that charmed the ear,
That touched the heart, that pierced the heart, words uttered sweet and clear.

"Sutanā won me liberty with words that charmed the ear,
That touched the heart, that pierced the heart, words uttered sweet and clear.

[420] "The hunter gave me liberty, these charming words to hear,
That touched the heart, that pierced the heart, words uttered sweet and clear."

His parents expressed their gratitude, saying:

"He with his wife and family, O happy may they be,
As we are happy to behold Rohanta now set free!"

Now the huntsman came out of the wood, and went to the king; then saluting him stood on one side. The king when he saw him said:

"Come tell me, hunter: dost thou say, 'See the deer's hide I bring':
Or hast thou no deer's hide to show because of any thing?"

The hunter replied:

"Into my hands the creature came, into my privy snare,
And was fast caught: but others, free, attended on him there.

"Then pity made my flesh to creep, a pity strange and new.
If I should slay this deer (thought I) then I shall perish too."

"What were these deer, O hunter, what their nature and their ways,
What colour theirs, what quality, to merit such high praise?"

The king put this question several times over, as one much astonished. The hunter replied in this stanza:

[421] "With silvery horns and graceful shape, with hide and fell most bright,
Red slot, and shining brilliant eyes all lovely to the sight."

As he repeated this stanza, the huntsman placed in the king's hand those golden hairs of the Great Being, and in another verse summed up the description of the character of these deer:

"Such is their nature and their ways, my lord, and such these deer:
They used to find their parents food: I could not fetch them here."

In these words he described the qualities of the Great Being, and of the stag Citta, and of Sutanā the doe; adding this, "The royal stag, O king, showed me his hairs, commanding me to take his place, and to declare the Law before the queen in ten stanzas of a holy life[1]." [422] Then sitting upon a golden throne, he declared the Law in those stanzas.

[1] The Burmese recension reads: Then the king seated him on his royal throne inlaid with seven kinds of jewels; and sitting himself with his queen on a lowly seat, placed to one side, with a reverential obeisance, he begged him to speak. The hunter spoke thus, declaring the Law:

"Unto thy parents, warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous life to heaven the king shall go.

"To wife and child, O warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous life to heaven the king shall go.

The queen's craving was satisfied. The king was pleased, and repeated these stanzas, as he rewarded the huntsman with great honour:

"A jewelled earring give I thee, a hundred drachms of gold,
A lovely throne like flower of flax, with cushions laid fourfold[1],

"Two wives of equal rank and worth, a bull and kine five score,
My benefactor! and I'll rule with justice evermore.

"Trade, farming, gleaning[2], usury, whate'er thy calling be,
See that thou sin not, but by these support thy family."

[423] When he heard these words of the king's, he answered, "No house or home for me; grant me, my lord, to become an ascetic." The king's consent given, he handed over the king's rich gifts to his wife and family, and went away to Himalaya, where he embraced the ascetic life, and cultivated the Eight Attainments, and became destined for Brahma's world. And the king clave to the Great One's teaching, and went to swell the hosts of heaven. The teaching endured for a thousand years.

This discourse ended, the Master said, "Thus, Brethren, long ago as now Ānanda renounced life for my sake." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time, Channa was the huntsman, and Sāriputta the king, a sister was Queen Khemā; some of the king's family were the father and mother, Uppalavannā was Sutanā, Ānanda was Citta, the Sākiya clan were the eighty thousand deer, and I was myself the royal stag Rohanta."

"To friends and courtiers, warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous life to heaven the king shall go.

"In war and travel, warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous life to heaven the king shall go.

"In town and village, warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous life to heaven the king shall go.

"In every land and realm, O king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous life to heaven the king shall go.

"To brahmins and ascetics all, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous life to heaven the king shall go.

"To beasts and birds, O warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous life to heaven the king shall go.

"Do righteously, O warrior king; from this all blessings flow:
By following a righteous life to heaven the king shall go.

"With watchful vigilance, O king, on paths of goodness go:
The brahmins, Indra, and the gods have won their godhead so.

"These are the maxims told of old: and following wisdom's ways
The goddess of all happiness herself to heaven did raise."

In this manner did the huntsman declare the Law, as the Great Being had shown him, with a Buddha's skill, as though he were bringing down to earth the heavenly Ganges. The crowd with a thousand voices cried approval. The queen's longing was satisfied when she heard the discourse.

[1] *catussado* is so explained by the scholiast. On p. 309. 26 (=p. 195 note 2 above) he paraphrases it as 'rich in four different things' there specified. The word *ussado* is derived by Childers from Skt. *utsad* and rendered 'protuberance.' It also may mean 'sprinkled' or 'covered' (Skt. *utsādita*), iii. 512. 10, iv. 60. 6.

[2] The MS. *uñchācariyāya* gives a syllable too many, and should perhaps be *uñchācariyā*, then the sentence is anacoluthic.

No. 502.

HAṀSA-JĀTAKA.

"*There go the birds*," *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, about Elder Ānanda's renunciation of life. Then also the Brethren were talking in the Hall of Truth about the Elder's good qualities, when the Master came in and asked them what they sat talking of there. He said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Ānanda has renounced his life for my sake, but he did the same before." And then he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, there reigned in Benares a king named Bahuputtaka, or the Father of Many Sons, and his Queen Consort was Khemā. At that time the Great Being dwelt on Mount Cittakūṭa, and he was the chief of ninety thousand wild geese, having come to life as a golden goose. [424] And at that time, as already recounted, the queen saw a dream, and told the king she had conceived a woman's craving to hear a Golden Goose discourse of the Law. When the king enquired, were there any such creatures as golden geese, he was told yes, there were on Mount Cittakūṭa. Then he had made a lake which he called Khemā, and caused to be planted all manner of food-corn, and daily in the four quarters made proclamation of immunity to be cried, and sent forth a hunter to catch geese. How this man was sent forth, and his watching of the birds, and how news was told the king when the golden geese came, and in what manner the snare was set and the Great Being was caught in the snare, how Sumukha chief captain of the geese saw him not in the three divisions of the geese, and returned, all this will be set forth in the Mahāhaṁsa Birth[1]. Now as then the Great Being was caught in the noose and stick; and even as he hung in the noose at the end of the stick, he stretched forth his neck looking along the way that the geese had gone, and espying Sumukha as he came, thought, "When he comes I will put him to the test." So when he came, the Great Being repeated three stanzas:

"There go the birds, the ruddy geese, all overcome with fear:
O golden-yellow Sumukha, depart! what want you here?

"My kith and kin deserted me, away they all have flown,
Without a thought they fly away: why are you left alone?

"Fly, noble bird! with prisoners no fellowship can be:
Sumukha, fly! nor lose the chance while you may yet be free."

[1] No. 534, where the king of the geese is named Dhataraṭṭha.

[425] To which Sumukha replied, sitting on the mud—

"No, I'll not leave you, Royal Goose, when trouble draweth nigh:
But stay I will, and by your side will either live or die."

Thus Sumukha, with a lion's note; and Dhataraṭṭha answered with this stanza:

"A noble heart, brave words are these, Sumukha, which you say:
'Twas but to put you to the test I bade you fly away."

As they were thus conversing together, up comes the huntsman, staff in hand, at the top of his speed. Sumukha encouraged Dhataraṭṭha, and flew to meet the man, respectfully declaring the virtues of the royal bird. Immediately the hunter's heart was softened; which Sumukha perceiving, went back, and stood encouraging the king of the geese. And the hunter approaching the king of the geese, recited the sixth stanza:

"They foot it by unfooted ways, birds flying in the sky:
And did you not, O noble Goose, afar the snare espy?"

The Great Being said:

"When life is coming to an end, and death's hour draws anigh,
Though you may close upon it come nor trap nor snare you spy[1]."

[426] The hunter, pleased with the bird's remark, then addressed three stanzas to Sumukha.

"There go the birds, the ruddy geese, all overcome with fear:
And you, O golden-yellow fowl, are still left waiting here.

"They ate and drank, the ruddy geese: uncaring, they are flown;
Away they scurry through the air, and you are left alone.

"What is this fowl, that when the rest deserting him have flown,
Though free, you join the prisoner—why are you left alone?"

Sumukha replied:

"He is my comrade, friend, and king, dear as my life is he:
Forsake him—no, I never will, until death calls for me."

On hearing this the hunter was much pleased, and thought within him —"If I should harm virtuous creatures like these, the earth would gape open and swallow me up. What care I for the king's reward? I will set them free." And he repeated a stanza:

"Now seeing that for friendship's sake you are prepared to die,
I set your king and comrade free, to follow where you fly."

This said, he drew down Dhataraṭṭha from the stick, and loosed the noose, and took him to the bank, and pitifully washed the blood from him, [427] and set the dislocated muscles and tendons. And by reason of his

[1] This couplet occurs in ii. 52 (p. 35 of translation), and iii. 331 (p. 204, "When ruin...").

kindness of heart, and by the might of the Great Being's Perfections[1], on the instant his foot became whole again, and not a mark showed where he had been caught. Sumukha beheld the Great Being with joy, and gave thanks in these words:

"With all your kindred and your friends, O hunter, happy be[2],
As I am happy to behold the King of birds set free."

When the hunter heard this, he said, "Now you may depart, friend." Then the Great Being said to him, "Did you capture me for your own purposes, my good sir, or at the bidding of another?" He told him the facts. The other wondered whether it were better to return to Citta-kūṭa, or go to the town. "If I go to the town," he thought, "the hunter will be rewarded, the queen's craving will be appeased, Sumukha's friendship will be made known, then also by virtue of my wisdom I shall receive the lake Khemā, as a free gift. It is better therefore to go to the city." This determined, he said, "Huntsman, take us on your carrying-pole to the king, and he shall set me free if he will."—"My lord, kings are hard; go your ways."—"What! I have softened a hunter like thee, and shall I not find favour with a king? Leave that to me; your part, friend, is to convey us to him." The man did so.

When the king set eyes on the geese, he was delighted. He placed both the geese on a golden perch, gave them honey and fried grain to eat and sweetened water to drink, and holding his hands out in supplication prayed them to speak of the Law. The king of the geese seeing how eager he was to hear first addressed him in pleasant words. These are the stanzas expressing the converse of king and goose one with another.

"Now has his honour health and wealth, and is the kingdom full
Of welfare and prosperity, and does he justly rule?"

[428] "O here is health and wealth, O Goose, and here's a kingdom full
Of welfare and prosperity, with just and righteous rule."

"Is there no blemish seen amid your court, and are your foes
Far off, and like the shadow on the south, which never grows[3]?"

"There is no blemish seen amid my courtiers, and my foes
Far off are like the shadow on the south, which never grows[3]."

"And is your queen of equal birth, obedient, sweet of speech,
Fruitful, fair, famous, waiting on your wishes, doing each?"

"O yes, my queen's of equal birth, obedient, sweet of speech,
Fruitful, fair, famous, waiting on my wishes, doing each."

"O fostering ruler! have you sons a many, nobly bred,
Quickwitted, easy men to please whatever thing be sped?"

[1] The Ten Perfections of the Bodhisatta are given in Childers' Dictionary, p. 335 a.
[2] This line occurs in iii. 331 (p. 204 of translation, "O hunter..").
[3] The last three words come from the scholiast's note.

"O Dhataraṭṭha! sons I have of fame, five score and one:
Tell them their duty: they'll not leave your good advice undone."

On hearing this, the Great Being gave them admonition in five stanzas:

"He that puts off until too late the effort to do good,
Though nobly bred, with virtue dowered, yet sinks beneath the flood.

[429] "His knowledge fades, great loss is his; as one moonblind at night[1]
Sees all things swollen twice their size with his imperfect sight.

"Who sees the truth in falsity no wisdom gains at all,
As on a rugged mountain-path the deer will often fall.

"If any strong courageous man loves virtue, follows right,
Though but a low-born churl, he burns like bonfires in the night.

"By using this similitude all wisdom's truths explain,
Cherish your sons till wise they grow, like seedlings in the rain."

[430] Thus did the Great Being discourse to the king the livelong night. The queen's craving was appeased. By sunrise he established him in the virtues of kings, and exhorted him to be vigilant, then with Sumukha flew out of the northern window and to Cittakūṭa away.

After this discourse, the Master said, "Thus, Brethren, this man offered his life for me before," and then he identified the Birth: "At that time Channa was the huntsman, Sāriputta the king, a sister was Queen Khemā, the Sākiya tribe was the flock of geese, Ānanda was Sumukha, and I was the Goose King myself."

No. 503.

SATTIGUMBA-JĀTAKA[2].

"*With a great host,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while sojourning in the deer-park Maddakucchi, about Devadatta. When Devadatta threw the stone[3], and a fragment pierced the Blessed One's foot, there was great pain in it. Numbers of the Brethren gathered to see the Tathāgata. Now when the Blessed One saw the people gathered together, he said to them, "Brethren, this place is crowded: there will be a great gathering. Come now, carry me in

[1] *Nyctalops.*

[2] Comp. no. 513 (*Jayaddisa*) in vol. v.

[3] Hardy, *Manual*, p. 320.

a litter to Maddakucchi." So then the Brethren did. Jīvaka made the Tathāgata's foot well. The Brethren sitting before the Master talked of it: "Sirs, a sinner is Devadatta and sinners are all his people; the sinner keeps company with the sinful." The Master asked, "What do ye talk of, Brethren?" They told him. Said he, "It has been so before, and this is not the first time Devadatta the sinner has kept sinful company." Then he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, a king named Pañcāla reigned in the city of Uttara-Pañcāla. The Great Being was born as the son of the king of the Parrots, in a grove of silk-cotton trees which grew on a high table-land in the heart of a forest: there were two brothers. Up wind from this hill was a robber village, where five hundred robbers dwelt: under its lee was a hermitage with five hundred sages.

About the time when the parrots were moulting came a whirlwind that carried off one of the parrots, [431] and he fell in the robber village among the robbers' weapons: and because he fell there, they called him Sattigumba, or Bristling Spears. The other parrot fell in the hermitage, among the flowers which grew on a sandy spot, from which cause he was named Pupphaka, the Flower-bird. Sattigumba grew up amongst the robbers, Pupphaka with the sages.

One day the king in brave array, at the head of a great company, drove out in his splendid chariot to hunt the deer. Not far from the city, he entered a grove beautiful with a rich crop of flowers and fruit. He said, "If any one lets a deer go by him, he shall answer it!" Then he descended from the chariot, and took cover, standing, bow in hand in the hut assigned him. The beaters beat the bushes to put up the game. An antelope rose and looked for a way; he saw a gap by the king, got through it, and away. Everyone asked who had let the deer go past. It was the king! Hearing this they went and made fun of him. The king in his self-conceit could not stomach the sport. "Now I'll catch that deer!" cried he, and up into his chariot. "Full speed!" he said to the charioteer, and away he went after the deer. So quick went the king, that the others could not keep up with him: king and charioteer, these two alone, went on till midday, but saw no deer. The king then turned back; and seeing near the robber village a delightful glen, he alighted, bathed and drank, and came up from the water. Then the charioteer brought out a rug from the chariot, and spread it beneath the shade of a tree; the king lay on it, the charioteer sat at his feet chafing them: the king now dozed, now awoke. The people of the robber village, all the robbers even, had gone forth into the woods to attend the king: thus in the village no one was left but Sattigumba and the cook, a man named Patikolamba. At that moment Sattigumba coming out of

the village, and seeing the king, thought, "What if we kill yon fellow as he sleeps, and take his ornaments!" So he returned to Patikolamba, and told him all about it.

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[432] To explain this the Master recited five stanzas:

"With a great host Pañcāla's king went out to hunt the deer;
Deep in the woods the monarch strayed, and not a soul was near.

"Lo, he beholds within the wood a shelter thieves had made,
Out came a Parrot and forthwith these cruel words he said:—

"'A young man riding in a car, with jewels many a one,
And on his brow a golden crown shines ruddy like the sun!

"'Both king and driver lie asleep there in the high midday:
Come, let us spoil them of their wealth and take it quick away!

"''Tis quiet as the deep midnight: both king and driver sleep:
Their wealth and jewels let us take and keep,
Kill them, and pile boughs on them in a heap.'"

Thus addressed, the man went out and looked, and seeing that it was a king, he was frightened, and recited this stanza:

"Why, Sattigumba, art thou mad? what words are these I hear?
Kings are like blazing bonfires, and most perilous to come near."

The bird answered in another stanza:

"Fool's talk, Patikolamba, this; and thou art mad, not I:
My mother's naked; why contemn the calling we live by[1]?"

[433] Now the king awoke, and hearing them talk together in the language of men, perceiving the danger, he recited the following stanza to arouse his charioteer:

"Up with you quick, friend charioteer, and yoke the chariot:
Seek we another shelter, since this parrot I like not."

He rose quickly, and put to the team, then recited a stanza:

"The car is yoked, O mighty King, is yoked and ready there:
Step in, O King! and let us go seek shelter otherwhere."

No sooner was he inside, than away flew the thoroughbreds swift as the wind. When Sattigumba saw the chariot departing, overwhelmed with excitement he repeated two stanzas:

"Now where are all the fellows gone that used to haunt this spot?
Away Pañcāla flies, let go because they saw him not.

"Shall he get clear away with life? Take javelin, spear, and bow:
Away Pañcāla flies, behold! O do not let him go!"

[1] "He means the robber chief's wife, who went about clad in a garment of branches. 'My mother is naked': why do you despise the robber's trade?"—*Scholiast.* The Juāngs or Patuas in Orissa, or 'leaf-wearers,' wear only a bunch of leaves tied before and behind.

So he raved, fluttering to and fro: meanwhile in due course the king came to the hermitage of the sages. At that time the sages were all gone gathering fruits and roots, [434] and only the Parrot Puppha[1] was left in the hermitage. When he saw the king, he went to meet him, and addressed him courteously.

Then the Master recited four stanzas to explain:

The parrot with his ruddy beak right courteously did say,
"Welcome, O King! a happy chance directed thee this way!
Mighty thou art and glorious: what errand brings thee, pray?

"The tindook and the piyal leaves, and kāsumārī sweet[2],
Though few and little, take the best we have, O King, and eat.

"And this cool water, from a cave high hidden on a hill,
O mighty monarch, take of it, drink if it be thy will.

"All gleaning in the wood are they who here are wont to live:
Arise, O King, thyself and take: I have no hands to give."

The king pleased at this courteous address, answered with a couple of stanzas:

"No better fowl was ever hatched; a very righteous bird:
But the other parrot over there said many a cruel word.

"'O let him not go hence alive, O come and slay or bind!'
He cried: I sought this hermitage, and safety here I find."

Thus addressed by the king, Pupphaka uttered two stanzas:

"Brothers we are, O mighty King, of one self mother bred,
Reared both together in one tree, in different pastures fed.

"For Sattigumba to the thieves, I to the sages came;
Those bad, these good, and hence it comes our ways are not the same."

[435] He then explained the differences in detail, repeating a pair of stanzas:

"There wounds and bonds and trickery, cheating and shabby turns,
Raiding, and deeds of violence: such is the lore he learns.

"Here self-control, sobriety, kindness, the right and true,
Shelter and drink for strangers: these were round me as I grew."

Next he declared the Law to the king in the following stanzas:

"To whomsoever, good or bad, a man shall honour pay,
Vicious or virtuous, that man holds him beneath his sway.

"Like as the comrade one admires, like as the chosen friend,
Such will become the man who keeps beside him, in the end.

"Friendship makes like, and touch by touch infects, you'll find it true:
Poison the arrow, and ere long the quiver's poisoned too.

[1] *Sic.*

[2] *Diospyros embryopteris* and *Buchanania latifolia* are named.

"The wise eschews bad company, for fear of staining touch:
Wrap rotten fish in grass, you'll find the grass stinks just as much.
And they who keep fool's company themselves will soon be such.

[436] "Sweet frankincense wrap in a leaf, the leaf will smell as sweet.
So they themselves will soon grow wise, that sit at wise men's feet.

"By this similitude the wise should his own profit know,
Let him eschew bad company and with the righteous go:
Heaven waits the righteous, but the bad are doomed to hell below."

The king was pleased with this exposition. Then the sages returned also. The king greeted the sages, saying, "Be gracious, sirs, come and take up your abode in my grounds," and prevailed on them to accept the invitation. When he got home again, he proclaimed immunity for all parrots. The sages came thither too and visited him. And the king gave them his park to live in, and took care of them so long as he lived. When he went to swell the hosts of heaven, his son had the royal umbrella raised over him, and he also took care of the sages, and so it went on from father to son through seven generations of kings all bounteous in alms. And the Great Being dwelt in the woods, until he passed away according to his deeds.

When this lesson was ended, the Master said, "Thus, Brethren, you see that Devadatta kept bad company before, as he now does." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time, Devadatta was Sattigumba, [437] his followers were the robbers, Ānanda was the king, the Buddha's followers were the sages, and I myself was Parrot Pupphaka."

No. 504.

BHALLĀṬIYA-JĀTAKA.

"*Was a king Bhallāṭiya*," *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana about Mallikā, the Jessamine Bride[1]. One day we are told there was a quarrel between her and the king about conjugal rights. The king was angry and would not look at her. "I suppose," she thought, "the Tathāgata does not know that the king is wroth with me." When the Master learnt of it, next day, he sought alms in Benares, accompanied by the Brethren, and then repaired to the gate of the king's palace. The king came to meet him, and relieved him of his bowl, took him up on the terrace, set the Brethren

[1] The pretty story of King Pasenadi and this 'beggar-maid' is told in Hardy's *Manual*, p. 285. For this introduction cf. no. 306 in vol. iii.

down in due order, gave them the water of welcome, offered them excellent food; after the meal he sat down on one side. "Why," asked the Master, "why does not Mallikā appear?" He said, "'Tis her own foolish pride in her prosperity." The Master said, "O great king! long, long ago when you were a fairy, you kept apart for one night from your mate, and then went mourning for seven hundred years." Then at his request, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, a king named Bhallāṭiya reigned in Benares. Seized with a desire to eat venison broiled on charcoal, he gave the kingdom in charge to his courtiers, girt himself with the five weapons, and with a well-trained pack of clever pedigree hounds he issued forth from the city and went to Himalaya. He travelled along the Ganges until he could get no higher, then followed a tributary stream for some distance, killing deer and pig, and eating the flesh broiled, until he had climbed to a great height. There when the pleasant stream ran full, the water was breast-high, but at other times, it was no more than knee-deep. At that time there were fish and tortoises of all sorts gambolling, sand at the water's edge like silver, trees on both banks bending beneath a load of flowers and fruit, many a bird and bee well drunken with the juice of fruit and honey of flowers flitted about in the shade, whither herds of all manner of deer did frequent. Now on the bank of this beautiful mountain stream [438] two fairies fondly embraced and kissed one another, then fell a weeping and wailing most pitifully.

As the king climbed Mount Gandhamādana by way of this river bank, he espied these two fairies. "What can they be weeping about in this manner?" thought he. "I will question them." A glance to his hounds, a snap of the fingers, and at this sign the thoroughbred dogs, which knew their work well, crept into the underwood and crouched down on their bellies. As soon as he saw they were out of the way, he laid down his bow and quiver and other weapons by a tree that stood near, and without letting his footsteps be heard stole gently up to the fairies, and asked them, "Why do you weep?"

To explain this, the Master repeated three stanzas:

"Was a king Bhallāṭiyo
And out a-hunting he would go;
Climbs the Fragrant Mount, and finds it
Full of sprites and flowers that blow.

"Straight he quiets every hound,
Lays bow and quiver on the ground,
Forward steps, to ask a question
Where a pair of fays were found.

"'Winter's gone: then why return
To talk and talk beside the burn?
O you human-seeming creatures,
What men call you I would learn.'"

To the king's question, the male fairy said nothing; but his mate answered as follows:

"Malla, Three-peak, Yellow Hill[1]
We traverse, following each cool rill.
[439] Human-like the wild things deem us:
Huntsmen call us[2] goblins still."

Then the king recited three stanzas:

"Though like lovers you caress
You weep as full of deep distress.
O you human-seeming creatures,
Why this weeping? come, confess!

"Though like lovers you caress
You weep as full of deep distress.
O you human-seeming creatures,
Why this sorrowing? come, confess!

"Though like lovers you caress
You weep as full of deep distress.
O you human-seeming creatures,
Why this mourning? come, confess!"

The stanzas which follow were said by each in course of address and answer:

"We apart one night had lain,
Both loveless, full of bitter pain,
Thinking each of each: but never
Will that night come back again."

"Why then spend that night alone
Which cost you many a sigh and groan,
[440] O you human-seeing creatures—
Money lost? a father gone?"

"Shaded thick yon river flows
Between the rocks: a storm arose:
Then with anxious care to find me
Right across my loved one goes.

"All the while with busy feet
I gathered thyme and meadowsweet[3]
All to make my love a garland
And myself, when we should meet.

"Clustering harebell, violet blue,
And white narcissus fresh with dew,
All to make my love a garland
And myself, when we should meet.

[1] The names given are Mallaṁgiri, Tikūṭa, Paṇḍaraka.

[2] Reading *ti* for *va* with one MS.

[3] The flowers given in the translation are not the same as those named in the text, which proudly defy English verse. Amongst them are: Alangium Hexapetalum, Gaertnera Racemosa, Cassia Fistula, Bignonia Suaveolens, Vitex Nigundo, Shorea Robusta.

"Then I plucked a bunch of rose,
That is the fairest flower that grows,
All to make my love a garland
And myself, when we should meet.

"Flowers next and leaves I found,
And strewed them thickly on the ground,
Where the livelong night together
We might slumber soft and sound.

"Sandal and sweet woods anon
I pounded small upon a stone,
Perfume for my love's limbs making,
Sweetest perfume for my own.

"By the river flowing fast
I gathered lilies[1] to the last:
[441] Evening came—the river swelling
Made it hopeless to get past.

"There we stood on either shore,
Each on other gazing o'er.
How we laughed and cried together!
Ah! that night we suffered sore.

"Morning came, the sun was high
And soon we saw the river dry.
Then we crossed, and close embracing
Both at once we laugh and cry.

"Seven hundred years but three
Since we were parted, I and he.
When two loving hearts are severed
Seems a whole long life to be."

"What the limit of your years?
If this by rumour old appears.
Or the teaching of the elders,
Tell it me, and have no fears."

"A thousand summers, strong and hale,
Never deadly pains assail,
Little sorrow, bliss abundant,
To the end love's joys prevail."

[442] The king thought as he listened, "These creatures, who are less than human, go weeping for seven hundred years for one night's parting: and here am I, lord of a realm of three hundred leagues, leaving all my magnificence and wandering about the forest. It is a great mistake." He returned immediately. Arrived at Benares, the courtiers asked him whether he had seen any marvellous thing in the Himalayas. [443] He told them the whole story, and thenceforward gave alms and enjoyed his wealth.

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[1] Pterospermum Acerifolium.

Explaining this matter, the Master repeated this stanza:

"Thus instructed by the fays
The King returned upon his ways,
Ceased to hunt, and fed the needy,
And enjoyed the fleeting days."

Two more stanzas he added:

"Take a lesson from the fays:
And quarrel not, but mend your ways.
Lest you suffer, like the fairy,
Your own error all your days.

"Take a lesson from the fays:
And bicker not, but mend your ways.
Lest you suffer, like the fairy,
Your own error all your days."

Now rose the Lady Mallikā from her couch, when she heard the Tathāgata's admonition, and joining hands she made reverent obeisance, while she repeated the last stanza:

"Holy man, with willing mind
I hear thy words so good and kind.
Blessings on thee! thou hast spoken,
All my sorrow's left behind."

[444] Ever afterwards the King of Kosala lived with her in harmony.

This discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the King of Kosala was the fairy, Lady Mallikā was his mate, and I myself was King Bhallāṭiya."

No. 505.

SOMANASSA-JĀTAKA.

"*Who does thee harm, etc.*"—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, how Devadatta went about to slay him. Then the Master said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Devadatta has sought to slay me, but he did the same thing before." Then he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Kuru and the city of Uttara-pañcāla, a king reigned whose name was Reṇu. At that time there was an ascetic Mahārakkhita, who dwelt in Himalaya with a company of five hundred other ascetics. While visiting the country to get salt and

seasoning, he came to Uttarapañcāla, and then abode in the royal park. Seeking alms with his people, he came to the king's door, and the king beholding the sages and being pleased with their manners, invited them to be seated upon a magnificent dais, and gave them good food to eat. He then asked them to remain in his park for the rain-season. He accompanied them into the park, and provided places to dwell in, gave them the things necessary for the religious life, and took leave of them. After that they all received their meals in the palace. Now the king was childless, and desired sons, but no sons were born to him.

When the season of rains was over, Mahārakkhita said, "Now the Himalaya region is pleasant; let us return thither." Then he took leave of the king, who showed them all honour and bounty, and departed. On the journey at noontide he left the high road, and with his people sat down on the soft grass beneath a shady tree. The ascetics began to talk. "There is no son," they said, "in the palace to keep up the royal line. It would be a blessing if the king could get a son, and continue the succession." Mahārakkhita hearing their talk, pondered: [445] "Will the king have a son, or no?" He perceived that the king would have a son, and said, "Do not be anxious, sirs; this night at dawn a son of the gods will come down, and will be conceived by the queen consort." A sham ascetic heard it, and thought—"Now I will become a confidant of the royal house." When the time came for the ascetics to leave, he lay down and made as though he were sick. "Come, let us go," they said. "I cannot," said he. Mahārakkhita learnt why the man lay still. "Follow us when you can," he said, and with the rest of the sages went on to Himalaya.

Now the cheat ran back as fast as he could, and standing at the palace door, sent in a message that one of Mahārakkhita's attendants was come. He was summoned at once by the king, and going up to the terrace, sat in a seat which they showed him. The king greeted him, and sitting on one side, asked after the health of the sages. "You have come back very soon," he said; "what is the cause of your so speedy return?" "O mighty king," he replied, "as the sages were all sitting comfortably together, they began to say how great a blessing it would be if the king could have a son to keep up his line. When I heard it, I pondered whether the king should get a son or no; and by divine vision I beheld a mighty son of the gods, and saw that he was about to descend, that he might be conceived by your queen consort Sudhammā. Then I thought, If they know not, they may perchance destroy the life conceived, so I must tell them; and to tell you the news, O king, I am come. Now I have told it, let me depart again." "No, no, friend," quoth the king, "that must not be"; and highly delighted he brought the cheat into his park, and assigned him a place to dwell in. Thenceforward he lived in the king's household, and got his food there, and his name was Dibbacakkhuka, the man of Divine Vision.

Then the Bodhisatta came down from the heaven of the Thirty-three, and was conceived there; and when he was born they gave him the name of Somanassa Kumāra, Prince Delight, and he was reared after the manner of princes.

Now the false ascetic in a corner of the park used to plant vegetables and pot-herbs and runners, and by selling these to the market gardeners he amassed much wealth. When the Bodhisatta was seven years old, [446] there was a rebellion on the frontier. The king went out to quell it, giving the ascetic Dibbacakkhuka into the prince's charge, with orders not to neglect him. One day the prince went out to see the ascetic. He found him with both yellow robes, upper and under, knotted up, holding a water-jar in each hand, and watering his plants. "This false ascetic," thought he, "instead of doing the ascetic's duty, does the work of a gardener." Then he asked—"What are you doing, gardener, worldling?" So he put him to shame, and left him without salute. "Now I have made an enemy of this fellow," thought the man. "Who knows what he will do? I must make an end of him at once."

About the time when the king was to return, the man threw his stone bench on one side, broke his waterpot to bits, scattered grass about in his hut, smeared all his body with oil, went into the hut and lay down on his pallet, wrapped up head and all, making as though he were in much pain. The king returned, and made a circuit about the city right-wise. But before he would enter his own house, he went to see his friend Dibbacakkhuka. Standing by the door of the hut, he saw all in disorder, and entered wondering what was the matter. There was the man lying down. The king chafed his feet, repeating the first stanza:

"Who does thee harm or scorn?
Why dost thou sorrow sore?
Whose parents now must mourn?
Who lies here on the floor?"

At this the impostor rose up groaning, and said the second stanza:

"Thee I rejoice to see
O King, though absent long!
[447] Your son, who came to me,
Wrought unprovoked this wrong."

The connexion of the following verses is clear; they are arranged in due succession.

"'Executioners, what ho!
Servants, take your swords and go,
Strike Prince Somanassa dead,
Hither bring his noble head!'

"The royal messengers went forth, and to the prince they cry—
'His majesty has cast thee off, and thou O prince must die!'

"There the prince lamenting stands,
Craving grace with folded hands:
'Spare me yet awhile, and bring
Me alive to see the King!'

"They heard his prayer, and to the King his son the servants led.
He saw his father from afar, and thus to him he said:

"'Let thy men take sword and slay,
Only hear me first, I pray!
O great monarch! tell me this—
What is it I've done amiss?'"

[448] The king answered, "High estate is fallen very low: your error is very great," and explained it in this stanza:

"Water morn and eve he draws,
Tends the fire without a pause.
Dare you call this holy man
Worldling? answer if you can!"

"My lord," said the prince, "if I call a worldling a worldling, what harm is done!" and he repeated a stanza:

"He possesses trees and fruits,
And, my lord, all kinds of roots,
Tends them with incessant care:
Then he's worldly, I declare."

"And that is the reason," he went on, "why I called him a worldling. If you do not believe me, enquire of the market gardeners at the four gates." The king made enquiry. [449] They said, "Yes, we buy from him vegetables and all sorts of fruit." When he found out this green-grocery business, he made it known. The prince's people went into the man's hut, and ferreted out a bundle of rupees and small coins, the price of the green food, which they showed to the king. Then the king knew the Great Being was guiltless, and said a stanza:

"True it was that trees and roots
He possessed, with many fruits,
Tending with incessant care,
Worldly, as thou didst declare."

Then the Great Being thought, "While an ignorant fool like this is of the king's household, the best thing to do is to go to Himalaya and embrace the religious life. First I will proclaim his sin before the company here assembled, and then this very day I will go and become a religious." So with a bow to the company, he cried,

"Hear ye people as I call,
Country folk and townsmen all:
By this fool's advice the King
Guiltless men to death would bring."

This said, he asked leave to do it in the next stanza:

"Thou a strong wide spreading tree,
I an offshoot fixt in thee,
Here beseech thee, bending low,
Leave to quit the world and go!"

[450] The following stanzas give the conversation of the king with his son.

"Prince, enjoy the wealth you own,
And ascend the Kuru throne.
Do not leave the world, to bring
Sorrow on yourself—be King!"

"What of joy can this world give?
When in heaven I used to live
There were sights and sounds and smell,
Taste and touch[1], the heart loves well!

"Joys of heaven, and nymphs divine,
I renounced, that once were mine.
With a King so weak as thou
I will stay no longer now."

"If I am foolish-weak, my son,
This once forgive me what I've done.
And if I do the same again,
Do what thou wilt, I'll not complain."

The Great Being then repeated eight stanzas, admonishing the king.

[451] "A thoughtless act, or done without premeditation had,
Like the miscarriage of a drug, the issue must be bad.

"A thoughtful act, wherein is careful policy pursued,
Like a successful medicine, the issue must be good.

"The idle sensual layman I detest,
The false ascetic is a rogue confest;
A bad King will a case unheard decide;
Wrath in a sage can ne'er be justified[2].

"The warrior prince takes careful thought, and well-weighed judgement gives:
When Kings their judgement ponder well, their fame for ever lives[2].

"Kings should give punishment with careful measure:
Things done in haste they will repent at leisure.
Are there good resolutions in the heart,
No late repentance brings her bitter smart.

"They who do deeds which no repentance bring,
Carefully weighing every single thing,
Gain what is good, and do what satisfies
The holy, win the approval of the wise.

"'What ho, my executioners!' you cried,
'Go seek my son, and where you find him, slay!'
Where I was sitting by my mother's side
They found me, dragged me cruelly away.

[1] *passehi* is probably for *phassehi* (objects of touch): *rūpa* corresponds to the eye.
[2] These stanzas occur in Vol. iii. pp. 105 and 154 (translation, pp. 70, 103).

"A tender nursling, treated in this way,
I felt their cruel handling very sore.
Delivered from a cruel doom to-day
I'll leave the world, and live in it no more."

[452] When the Great Being had thus discoursed, the king said to his queen,

"So my young son, Sudhammā, says me nay,
Prince Somanassa, delicate and kind.
Now since I cannot gain my end to-day,
Thyself must see if thou canst turn his mind."

But she urged him to renounce the world in this stanza:

"O be the holy life thy pleasure, son!
Renounce the world, to righteousness stick fast:
Who of all creatures cruel is to none,
Blameless to Brahma's world will come at last."

Then the king repeated a stanza:

"This is a marvel which I hear from thee,
Sorrow to sorrow heaping up on me.
[453] I asked thee to persuade our son to stay,
Thou dost but urge him more to haste away."

Again the queen repeated a stanza:

"There are who live from sin and sorrow free,
Blameless, and who Nirvana's height attain:
If of their noble path the prince would be
A partner, to withhold him is in vain."

In reply the king recited the last stanza:

"Surely 'tis good to venerate the wise,
In whom deep wisdom and high thoughts arise[1].
The queen has heard their words and learned their lore,
She feels no pain and has no longing more."

The Great Being then saluted his parents, asking them to pardon him if he did amiss, and with a reverent obeisance to the company set his face towards Himalaya. When the people had returned, he, with the deities who had come thither in human shape, traversed the seven ranges of hills and arrived at Himalaya. In a leaf-hut made by the heavenly architect Vissakamma he entered upon the religious life, and there he was waited upon by deities in the shape of a princely retinue until his sixteenth year. But the deceitful ascetic was set upon by the crowd and beaten to death. The Great Being cultivated the Faculty of Ecstasy, and became destined to Brahma's heaven.

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[454] This discourse ended, the Master said, "Thus Brethren, he went about to slay me in former days, as now," and then he identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the impostor, Mahāmāyā was the mother, Sāriputta was Rakkhita, and I myself was Prince Somanassa."

[1] These two lines occur in iii. 306 (translation, p. 191).

No. 506.

CAMPEYYA-JĀTAKA.

"*Who is it like,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about the fast-day vows. The Master said, "It is well done, lay Brethren, that ye have taken upon you the fast-day vows. Wise men of old likewise even renounced the glory of being a Serpent King, and lived under these vows." Then at their request he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Aṅga was king in the kingdom of Aṅga, and Magadha king in Magadha, betwixt the realms of Aṅga and Magadha was a river Campā, where was a place where serpents dwelt, and here a serpent king Campeyya held sway.

Sometimes King Magadha took the Aṅga country, sometimes King Aṅga took Magadha. One day King Magadha, having fought a battle with Aṅga and got the worse, mounted his charger and took to flight, pursued by Aṅga's warriors. When he came to the Campā river, it was in flood. But he said, "Better death drowned in this river than death at the hands of my enemies!" Then man and horse plunged in the stream.

Now the serpent king Campeyya had built him under the water a jewelled pavilion; and there at this moment in the midst of his court he was carousing deep. But the king and his horse plunged into the river just in front of the Serpent King. The serpent, beholding this magnificent monarch, conceived a liking for him. Rising from his seat, he made the king sit down upon his own throne, bidding him fear nought, and asked why he came plunging into the water. The king told him all as it was. Then said the serpent, "Fear nothing, O great king! I will make you master of both kingdoms." Thus he consoled him, and for seven days he showed him high honour. On the seventh day he with King Magadha left the serpent palace. Then by the Serpent King's power, King Magadha got possession of King Aṅga, and slew him, and ruled over the two realms together. From that time there was firm affiance between him and the Serpent King. [455] Year by year he caused a jewelled pavilion to be built on the bank of the river Campā, and offered tribute to the Serpent King at great cost: the Serpent King would come forth with a large retinue from his palace to receive the tribute, and all the people beheld the glory of the Serpent King.

At that time the Bodhisatta was one of a poor family, and he used to go down with the king's people to the riverside. There seeing the Serpent King's glory, he became covetous of it; and in this desire[1] he died, and seven days after the death of the serpent king Campeyya, the Bodhisatta, having given alms and lived a virtuous life, came into being in his palace on his royal couch: his body was like a great festoon of jessamine. When he saw it, he was filled with remorse. "As a consequence of my good deeds," quoth he, "I have power laid up in the six chief worlds of sense[2], as corn is laid up in a granary. But see, here am I born in this reptile shape; what care I for life!" And so he had thoughts of putting an end to himself. But a young female serpent, named Sumanā, seeing him, gave the lead to the rest, "This must be Sakka, mighty in power, born here to us!" Then they all came and made offering to him, with all manner of musical instruments in their hands. That serpent's palace of his became as it were the palace of Sakka, the thought of death left him: he put off his serpent shape, and sat on the couch in magnificence of dress and adornment. From that time great was his glory, and he ruled over the serpents. Another time again he repented, thinking, "What care I for this reptile shape? I will live under the fasting vows, and from this place I will shake myself free, amongst men I will go, and learn the Truths, and I will make an end of pain." But afterwards he still remained in that same palace, fulfilling the fasting vows, and when the young female serpents came about him all gaily adorned, he generally violated his rule of virtue. After that he went forth from the palace into the park, but they followed him thither, and his vow was broken as before. Then he thought: "I must leave this palace, and go into the world of men, and there must I live under the fasting vows." [456] So then on the fast-days he went forth from the palace, and lay on the top of an antheap by the high road, not far from a frontier village. Said he, "Those who desire my skin or any part of me, let them take it; or if any would have me a dancing snake, let them make me so." Thus did he yield his body as a gift, and contracting his hood he lay there observing the fast-day vows.

Those who went to and fro on the highway espying him, did him worship with scents and perfumes. And the dwellers in that frontier village, holding him to be a serpent king of great power, set up a pavilion over him, spread sand before it, did worship with perfumes and scented things. Now people began to crave sons by his aid, having faith in the Great Being and doing him worship. The Great Being kept there the fasting vows on the fourteenth and fifteenth days of the half-moon, lying upon the antheap; and on the first day of the lunar half he would return to his palace; and as he thus fulfilled his vows, time went by.

[1] Reading with two MS., *patthayamāno*.

[2] The six *devalokā*.

One day his consort Sumanā spoke to him thus: "My lord, you are wont to go among men to keep your fast-vows. The world of men is dangerous, full of fear. Suppose some danger should come upon you, tell me now by what sign I shall learn of it." Then the Great Being led her to the side of a lucky pond, and said, "If any one strike me or do me hurt, the water in this pond will become turbid. If a roc bird carry me off, the water will disappear. If a snake-charmer seize me, the water will turn to the colour of blood." These three signs explained to her, he went forth from his palace to keep the fast of the fourteenth day, went and lay down on the antheap, illuminating the antheap with the sheen of his body. White was his body as a coil of pure silver, like a ball of red wool was his head: now in this Birth the Bodhisatta's body was thick as a plough-head, in the Bhūridatta Birth[1] thick as a thigh, in the Saṅkhapāla Birth[2] as big round as a trough-canoe with an outrigger.

In those days there was a young brahmin of Benares come to Takkasilā to study at the feet of a world-renowned teacher, from whom [457] he had learned the charm which commands all things of sense. Going home along that road, what should he see but the Great Being. "This snake I will catch," thinks he, "and I will travel through town and village and royal city, making him dance and amassing great profits." Then he procured magical herbs, and repeating the magic charm he approached the snake. No sooner he heard the sound of this charm, than the Great Being felt his ears as it were pierced by burning splinters, his head was as though broken by the blow of a sword. "What have we here!" thought he; putting forth his head from the hood, he beheld the snake-charmer. Then he thought, "My poison is powerful, and if I am angry and send forth the breath of my nostrils[3] his body will be shattered and scattered like a fist-full of chaff; then my virtue will be broken. I will not look upon him." Closing his eyes he drew his head within the hood. The brahmin snake-charmer ate a herb, repeated his charm, spat upon him: by virtue of herb and charm, wherever the spittle touched him, blains arose. Then the man seized him by the tail, dragged him, laid him out at full length: with a goat's-foot staff he squeezed him till he was weak, then catching tight hold on his head, crushed him hard. The Great Being opened his mouth wide; the man dropt spittle in it, and by the herb and charm broke his teeth; the mouth was full of blood. But the Great Being so feared lest he break his virtue, that he bore all this torment and never so much as opened an eye to glance at him. Then the man said, "I'll weaken this royal snake!" From tail to head he squeezed the snake's body as though he would crush his very bones to powder. Then he wrapt him in

[1] No. 543 (vi. 157 Pali). [2] No. 524 (v. 161 Pali).
[3] Reputed to be poisonous. Compare ii. 55 and 206 of this translation.

what they call the cloth-wrap, gave him what they call the rope-rubbing, caught him by the tail and gave him the cotton blow, as they call it[1]. The Great Being's body was all smeared with blood, and he was in great pain. Seeing that the serpent was now weak, [458] the man made an osier basket in which he laid the snake. Then he carried him to the village, and made him perform to the crowd. Black or blue or what not, round figure and square figure, little or large—whatever the brahmin desires, that the Great Being will do, dancing, spreading his hood as if by hundreds or by thousands[2]. The people were so pleased that they gave much money: in one day he would take a thousand rupees, and things worth another thousand. At the first the man had intended to let him go free when he should gain a thousand pieces of money; but when he got it, he thought, "In a small frontier village I have gained all this: from kings and courtiers how much wealth may I look to win!" So he bought a cart and a pleasure-car, and in the cart loaded his goods, while he sat in the carriage. Thus with an attendant throng he traversed town and village, making the Great Being perform, and went on with the intent to show him off before King Uggasena in Benares; and then he would let him go.

He used to kill frogs and give them to the royal snake. But the snake each time refused to eat, that none might be killed for his sake. Then the man gave him honey and fried corn. But the Great Being refused to eat these also; for he thought, "If I take food, I shall be in this basket till I die."

In a month's time the brahmin was come to Benares. There he got much money by making the snake perform in the villages beyond the gates. The king also sent for him, and commanded a performance: the man promised this for the morrow, which was the last day of the half-month. Then the king sent a drum beating about the city, with proclamation, that on the morrow a royal snake would dance in the palace court; let the people then gather to see it in their multitudes. Next day the courtyard of the palace was adorned, and the brahmin summoned. He brought in the Great Being in a jewelled basket on a gay rug, which he set down, and himself took a seat. The king came down from the upper storey, and sat on his royal seat in the midst of a great concourse of people. The brahmin took out the Great Being, and made him dance. The people could not keep still: thousands of kerchiefs waved in the air; a shower of jewels in all seven kinds fell about the Bodhisatta.

It was now the full month since the Serpent was caught; and for all that time he had taken no food. [459] Now Sumanā began to think—

[1] These appear to be technical terms.

[2] That is, by his swift motion giving the appearance of thousands of hoods.

"My dear husband tarries long. It is now a month since he has not returned: what can the matter be?" So she went and looked at the pond: lo, the water was red as blood! Then she knew that he must have been caught by a snake-charmer. Forth from the palace she came, and to the antheap; she saw the place where he had been caught, and the place where he had been tormented, and she wept. Then she went to the frontier village, and enquired; and learning all the fact, she went on to Benares, and in the midst of the people, above the palace court in the air she stood now lamenting. The Great Being as he danced looked up in the air, and saw her, and being ashamed crept into his basket, and there he lay. When he crept into the basket, the king cried out, "What is the matter now?" Looking this way and that way, he saw her poised in the air, and recited the first stanza:

"Who is it like the lightning shines, or like a blazing star?
Goddess or Titaness? methinks no human thing you are."

Their conversation is given in the stanzas following:

"No Goddess I, nor Titaness, nor human, mighty king!
A female of the serpent kind, come for a certain thing."

"Full of wrath and rage you show,
From your eyes the teardrops flow:
Say what wrong or what desire
Brings you, lady? I would know."

"Crawling serpent, fierce as flame!
So they called him: one there came,
Seized him for his profit, sire:
Freedom for my lord I claim!"

"How could such a starveling wight
Catch a creature full of might?
Daughter of the serpents, say,
How to discern the snake aright?"

[460] "Such his might, that e'en this town
He could burn to cinders down.
But he loves the holy way,
And seeks austerity's renown."

Then the king asked how the man had caught him. She replied in the following stanza:

"On holy days[1] the royal snake
At the four-ways used to take
Holy vows: a juggler caught him.
Free my husband for my sake!"

After these words she added yet these other two stanzas, begging his release:

"Lo sixteen thousand women gay with jewel and with ring,
Beneath the waters counted him their refuge and their king.

[1] Fourteenth and fifteenth are named.

"Justly, gently set him free,
Buy the Serpent liberty,
With gold, a hundred kine, a village:
That will merit win for thee."

[461] Then the king recited three stanzas:

"Justly now and gently see
I buy the Serpent liberty
With gold, a hundred kine, a village,
That will merit win for me."

"A jewelled earring give I thee, a hundred drachms of gold,
A lovely throne like flower of flax with cushions laid fourfold![1]

"A bull, a hundred kine, two wives of equal birth with thee:
Release the holy Snake: the deed will meritorious be."

To this the hunter made reply:

"I want no gifts, your majesty,
But let the Serpent now go free.
Thus I now release the Serpent:
The deed will meritorious be."

After this speech he took the Great Being out of his basket. The Serpent King came forth and crept into a flower, where he put off his shape and reappeared in the form of a young man magnificently arrayed: there he stood, as though he had cleft the earth and come through. And down from the sky came Sumanā, and stood beside him. The Serpent King stood reverently joining his hands in respect to the king.

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[462] To make all clear, the Master recited two stanzas:

"The Serpent King Campeyyaka addressed the King, now free:
'O King of Kāsi, fostering lord, all honour now to thee!
I do thee reverence, ere I go again my home to see'."

"'Superhuman beings may
Hardly win belief, they say.
If you speak the truth, O Serpent,
Where's your palace? Show the way.'"

But the Great Being, to make him believe, swore an oath as follows in these two stanzas:

"Should the wind move mountains high,
Moon and sun fall from the sky,
Flow upstream the running rivers,
I, O King! could never lie.

"Split the sky, the sea run dry,
Bounteous mother earth awry
Crumpling[2] roll, uproot Mount Meru,
Yet, O King, I could not lie!"

[1] This couplet, and half the next, occur above, p. 422.

[2] Reading *saṁvaṭṭaye*, as Fausböll suggests.

But notwithstanding this assurance, he still disbelieved the Great Being, and said—

"Superhuman beings may
Hardly win belief, they say.
[463] If you speak the truth, O Serpent!
Where's your palace? Show the way."

Again he repeated the same stanza, adding, "You must be grateful for the good deeds wrought by me: whether I should believe you to be right or not, however, that is for me to decide." This he made clear in the next stanza:

"Deadly envenomed, full of might,
Quick in quarrel, shining bright,
You are freed by me from prison:
Then is gratitude my right."

The Great Being made oath thus to win his belief:

"He that will no thanks return,
Happiness should never learn:
He should die in basket-prison,
He in horrid hell should burn!"

Now the king believed him, and thanked him thus:

"As that vow of thine is true,
Anger flee and hate eschew:
As we flee the fire in summer,
May the roc-birds flee from you!"[1]

The Great Being too on his part said another stanza meaning to thank the king:

"As a mother would have done
To an only well-loved son,
You are kind to all the serpents:
We will serve you, every one."

[464] Now the king eager to visit the serpent's world, gave command that his army should be made ready to go in the following stanza:

"Yoke the royal cars, and stand
Trained Cambodian mules at hand,
Elephants in golden trappings:
We will visit serpent-land!"

The next is a stanza of the Perfect Wisdom:

"Bounce the tabors, thump the drums,
Conch and cymbal sounds and thrums,
Glorious mid a host of women
See King Uggasena comes."

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[1] 'The serpent tribe' is the literal translation.

At the moment he left the city, the Great Being by his power made visible in the serpent world an enclosing wall of seven precious things, and gate-towers, and all the road of approach to the abode of the serpents he made to be gloriously adorned. By this road the king with his following entered the palace, and saw a delightful spot with mansions in it.

Explaining this, the Master said:

"The lord of Kāsi saw the ground sprinkled with golden sand,
Fair flowers of coral[1] strewn around, gold towers on every hand.

"So then the King did enter in Campeyya's halls divine,
Which like the brazen thunderbolt[2] or ruddy sun did shine.

"Into Campeyya's halls divine the King his entrance made:
A thousand perfumes scent the air, a thousand trees give shade.

"Within Campeyya's palace once the King his step advanced,
Celestial harps made melody, fair serpent-maidens danced."

[465] "He is shown a golden seat
Cushioned and with sandal sweet,
Where the bevy of fair maidens
Tread the halls with thronging feet."

No sooner was he there seated, than they set before him food divine of choice flavour, and they gave it also to the sixteen thousand women and to the rest of the company. For seven days he with his retinue partook of the divine food and drink, and enjoyed all manner of pleasure. Sitting in his fair seat he praised the glory of the Great Being. "O King of the serpents," said he, "why did you leave all this magnificence, to lie on an ant-heap, in the world of men, and to keep the fast-day vows?" The other told him.

To explain this, the Master said:

"There the King in pleasure stayed.
To Campeyya then he said:
'Glorious mansions these of thine!
Ruddy like the sun they shine.
Such on earth are none to see:
Why wouldst thou a hermit be?

"'Fair and fine these damsels stand,
Who with taper-fingers hold
Drink in either red-stained hand,
Breast and body girt with gold.
Such on earth are none to see:
Why wouldst thou a hermit be?

[1] See Schol. p. 142.

[2] Bronze thunderbolts, shaped somewhat like those which Zeus grasps in Greek vase paintings, are still used in North India as charms.

[466] "'River, fishpond, glassy-fair,
Each with well-built landing-stair,
Such on earth are none to see:
Why wouldst thou a hermit be?

"'Heron, peacock, heavenly geese,
Charms of cuckoo like to these,
Such on earth are none to see:
Why wouldst thou a hermit be?

"'Mango, sal, and tilak grown,
Cassia[1], trumpet-flower[2] full-blown,
Such on earth are none to see:
Why wouldst thou a hermit be?

"'See the lakes! and wafted o'er
Scents divine on every shore:
Such on earth are none to see:
Why wouldst thou a hermit be?'

"'Not for life or sons or pelf
Do I wrestle with myself;
Tis my craving, if I can,
To be born again as Man.'"

To this answer the king replied:

"Bravely drest, eyes red and bleared,
Broad-shouldered, shaven head, and beard,
Like an angel-King addressing
All the world, with sandal smeared.

"Great in might, in power divine,
Lord of all desires, incline,
Serpent-King, to rede my question—
How our world surpasses thine?"

[467] This was answered by the Serpent-King as follows:

"Comes control and cleansing when
One is in the world of men,
Only there: once man, I'll never
See nor birth nor death again."

The king listened, and thus replied:

"Surely tis good to venerate the wise
In whom deep wisdom and high thoughts arise[3].
When thee and all these maids I behold,
I will do virtuous actions manifold."

To him the Serpent-King said:

"Surely tis good to venerate the wise
In whom deep wisdom and high thoughts arise.
When me and all these maids thou dost behold,
Then do thou virtuous actions manifold."

[1] *Cassia Fistula.*

[2] *Bignonia Suaveolens.*

[3] See above, p. 280; and iii. 306 (translation, p. 190).

After this speech, Uggasena wished to go, and he took leave, saying, "Serpent King, I have stayed long here, and I must go." The Great Being pointed to his treasure, and offered him whatever he wished to take, saying this,

"I renounce it, gold untold,
Tree-high silver-heaps, behold!
Take and make you walls of silver,
Take and houses make of gold.

[468] "Pearls, five thousand loads, I ween,
Coral blushing in between,
Take and spread them in thy palace
Till nor earth nor dirt be seen.

"Such a mansion as I tell
Build, and there, O monarch! dwell:
Rich will be Benares city:
Rule it wisely, rule it well."

The king agreed to this suggestion. Then the Great Being sent proclamation about the city by beat of drum: "Let all the attendants of the king take what they will of my wealth, gold and fine gold!" And he sent the treasure to the king loaded in several hundred carts. After this the king left the serpent world with great pomp, and returned to Benares. From that time, they say, the ground was all golden throughout India.

This discourse ended, the Master said, "Thus wise men of old left the glories of the serpent world, to keep the fast-day vows." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time, Devadatta was the snake-charmer, Rāhula's mother was Sumanā, Sāriputta was Uggasena, and I was myself Campezya King of the Snakes."

No. 507.

MAHĀ-PALOBHANA-JĀTAKA.

"*From Brahma's heaven,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about the defilement of the sanctified. The circumstances have already been given. Here again said the Master, "Women cause defilement even in sanctified souls," and then told this story of the past.

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[469] Once upon a time in Benares—here the story of the past is to be expanded as in the Culla-palobhana Birth[1]. Now once again the Great Being came down from Brahma's world as the King of Kāsi's son, and his name was Prince Anitthi-gandha, the Woman-hater. In the hands of a woman he would not be; they must needs dress as men to give him the breast; he dwelt in a closet of meditation, and never a woman he saw.

To explain this, the Master repeated four stanzas.

"From Brahma's heaven a god came down, and here upon this earth
As a King's son whose every wish was law, he had his birth.

"To Brahma's heaven no deed of lust, no mention, ever came:
So born into this world, the prince now loathed its very name.

"Within the palace he had made a closet all his own,
Where deep in meditation plunged he passed his days alone.

"The King, grown anxious for his son, laments to know him there:
'One only son I have, and he for pleasures will not care.'"

The fifth stanza describes the king's lamentation:

"O who can tell me what to do! O is there no device?
Who'll teach him joys of love to crave, and who can him entice?"

The next stanza and half a stanza, are those of perfect wisdom:

"A girl there was, of graceful shape, of fair and lovely skin:
She knew a world of pretty songs, and well could dance and spin.
This maiden sought his majesty, and thus she did begin."

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[470] The other line is spoken by the young girl:

"'I will entice him, if thou wilt in marriage grant him me.'

The king made answer to the maid, and thus and thus said he:

'Do but succeed in tempting him, thy husband he shall be.'"

The king now gave orders that all opportunity should be afforded her, and sent her to attend upon the prince. In the morning, taking her lute she went and stood just without the prince's sleeping chamber, and touching the lute with her finger-tips tried to tempt him by singing in a sweet voice.

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[1] No. 263, vol. ii. p. 227 of this translation.

[2] Reading, as Fausball suggests, *ugacchat' orena.*

To explain this, the Master said:

"The maiden went within the house, and where she stood apart,
Sang ditties sweet and languishing, to pierce a lover's heart.

"There as the maiden stood and sang, the prince, who heard the sound,
Straight fell in fancy, and he asked the servants waiting round—

"'What is that sound of melody that comes to me so clear,
Piercing the heart with thoughts of love, delightful to my ear?'

"'A maid, your highness, fair to see, of dalliance infinite:
Wouldst thou enjoy the sweets of love, yield, yield to this delight.'

"'Ho, hither, nearer let her come, and let her sing yet more,
Here let her sing before my face within my closet door!'

"She who had sung without the wall stood in the chamber there:
She caught him, as an elephant is caught in woodland snare.

"He felt the joy of love, and lo! see jealousy full-grown:
'No other man shall love!' cries he, 'but I will love alone!'

"'No other man, but I alone!' he cries; and then away—
Seizes a sword, and runs amuck all other men to slay!

[471] "The people shouting in alarm all to the palace fly:
'Thy son is slaying every one all unprovoked!' they cry.

"Him did the warrior King arrest, and banish from his face:
'Within the boundaries of my realm thou shalt not find a place.'

"He took his wife and travelled on till by the sea he stood;
There built a hut of leaves, and lived on gleanings from the wood.

"A holy hermit flying came over the ocean high,
Entered the hut what time the meal was standing ready by.

"The woman tempted him:—now see how vile a thing was done!
He fell from chastity, and all his magic power was gone!

"The evening came; the prince returns, and from his gleaning brings
Hung to his pole a plenteous store of roots and wild-wood things.

"The hermit sees the prince approach: down to the shore goes he,
Thinking to travel through the air, but sinks into the sea!

"But when the prince beheld the sage down-sinking in the sea,
Pity sprang up within him, and these verses then said he:—

"'Hither not sailing on the sea, by magic power you came,
But now you sink; an evil wife has brought you to this shame[1].

"'Seducing traitresses, they tempt the holiest to his fall:
Down—down they sink: who women know should flee afar from all[2].

"'Soft-speaking, hard to satisfy, as rivers hard to fill;
Down—down they sink: who women know should flee far from them still[2].

"'And whomsoever they may serve for gold or for desire,
They burn him up, as fuel burns cast in a blazing fire.'[2]

"The hermit heard the prince's word; he loathed the world so vain:
Turned to his former Path[3], and rose up in the air again.

[1] These are the same as the first two stanza, ii. 228 (translation).

[2] These are the same as the first six lines, ii. 226 (translation).

[3] That is, he returned to the Path of holiness.

"No sooner had the prince beheld how in the air he rose,
He grieved and with a purpose firm the holy life he chose;

"Then, turned religious, wholly quelled his lust and hot desire;
And passion quelled, to Brahma's world henceforth he did aspire."

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[473] This discourse ended, the Master said, "Thus, Brethren, for woman's sake even sanctified souls do sin;" then he declared the Truths: (now at the conclusion of the Truths, the backsliding Brother achieved sainthood:) after which he identified the Birth, saying, "At that time I myself was Prince Anitthigandha."

No. 508.

Pañca-paṇḍita Jātaka.

The Birth of the Five Wise Men will be given in the Mahā-ummagga[1].

No. 509.

Hatthi-pāla Jātaka.

"*At last we see," etc.*—This story the Master told, while dwelling at Jetavana, about the Renunciation. Then with these words,—"It is not the first time, Brethren, that the Tathāgata made the Renunciation, but it was so before,"—the Master told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time there reigned in Benares a king named Esukārī. His chaplain had been from the days of his youth his favourite companion. They were both childless. As the two were sitting together one day in a friendly manner, they thought, "We have great glory, but never a

[1] Vol. vi. p. 339 (Pali).

son or a daughter: now what is to be done?" Then the king said to the chaplain, "Friend, if a son is born in your house, he shall be lord of my kingdom; but if I have a son, he shall be master of your wealth." The two made a bargain of it on these terms.

One day, as the chaplain approached his revenue-village, and entered by the southern gate, outside the gate he saw a wretched woman who had many sons: [474] seven sons she had, all hale and hearty; one held pot and plate for cooking, one mat and bedding, one went on before and one followed behind, one held a finger of her, one sat on her hip and one on her shoulder. "Where," asked the chaplain, "is the father of these lads?" "Sir," she replied, "the lads have no father at all for certain." "Why then," said he, "how did you get seven fine sons like that?"[1] Disregarding the rest of the jungle, she points out a banyan tree that stood by the city gate, and quoth she, "I offered prayer, Sir, to the deity which inhabits this tree, and he answered me by giving these lads." "You may go, then," said the chaplain; and descending from his chariot, he went up to the tree and taking hold of a branch shook it, saying, "O divinity, what has the king failed to give thee? Year by year he offers thee tribute of a thousand pieces of money, and thou givest him no son. What has this beggar wife done for thee, that thou givest her seven? Thou shalt grant the king a son within seven days, or I will have thee cut down by the roots and chopt up piecemeal." Thus upbraiding the deity of the banyan tree, he went away. Day after day for six days he did the same, and on the sixth, grasping the branch he said—"Only one night is left, tree-god; if you do not grant a son to my king, down you come!"

The deity of the tree reflected, till she knew exactly what was the matter. "Yon brahmin," thought she, "will destroy my home if he gets no son: well, by what means can I get him a son?" Then she went before the four great kings[2], and told them. "Well," said they, "we cannot give the man a son." To the eight-and-twenty war-lords of the Goblins she went next, and all they said was the same. To Sakka king of the gods she came, and told him. He pondered within himself: "Shall the king get sons worthy of him, or no?" [475] Then he looked about and saw four meritorious sons of the gods. These, it is said, had been in a former existence weavers of Benares; and all their winnings by that trade they would divide into five heaps; of these four were their own shares, but the fifth they gave away in common. When born anew from that place they came to the Heaven of the Thirty-three, thence

[1] Or (taking the reading in the text), 'not seeing any other way out of it.' Courtesans in India were said to be married to certain trees: perhaps this woman belongs to that class.

[2] Four Lords of the Earth, North, South, East, and West.

again they were born into the Yāma world[1], thence in due succession they past up and down through the six celestial worlds and enjoyed much glory. Just then the time was when they were due to go from the Heaven of the Thirty-three to the Yāma Heaven. Sakka went to seek them, and summoned them, and said, "Holy sirs, you must go to the world of men, to be conceived in the womb of King Esukārī's chief consort." "Good, my lord," said they to these words, "we will go. But we do not want anything to do with a royal house: we will be born in the chaplain's family, and while yet young we will renounce the world." Then Sakka approved them for their promise, and returned, and told all to the deity that lived in the tree. Much pleased, the tree-god took leave of Sakka, and went to her dwelling place.

But next day up came the chaplain, and with him strong men whom he had gathered, having each a razor-adze or the like. The chaplain approached the tree, and seizing a branch, cried out—"What ho, god of the tree! This is now the seventh day since I begged a favour of you: the time of thy destruction is come!" The tree-deity by her great power cleft the tree-trunk and came forth, and in a sweet voice addressed him thus: 'One son, brahmin? pooh! I will give you four." Said he, "I want no sons; give one to my king." "No," she said, "I will give only to you." "Then give two to the king and two to me." "No, the king shall have none, you shall have all four; but they shall be only given to you, for they will not live in a worldly household: in the days of their youth they will renounce the world." "Just give me the sons, and I will see to it they do not renounce the world," said he. Thus the deity granted his prayer for children, and returned to her dwelling place. Ever afterwards that deity was held in high honour.

Now the eldest god came down, [476] and was conceived by the brahmin's wife. On his name day they called him Hatthipāla, the Elephant Driver; and to hinder him from renouncing the world, they entrusted him to the care of some keepers of elephants, amongst whom he grew up. When he was old enough to walk on his feet, the second was born of the same woman. At his birth they named him Assapāla, or Groom, and he grew up amongst those who kept horses. The third at his birth was called Gopāla, the Cowherd, and he grew up amongst the cattle-breeders. Ajapāla, or Goatherd, was the name given to the fourth, when he also was born; and he grew up among the goat-herds. When they grew older they were lads of auspicious omen.

Now for fear of their renouncing the world, all the ascetics who had so done were banished from the kingdom: in the whole realm of Kāsi not one was left. The lads were rough: in what way soever they

[1] Third of the Heavens of Sense, Hardy: *Manual*, p. 25.

went, they plundered those gifts of ceremony which were sent here or there.

When Hatthipāla was sixteen years old, the king and the chaplain seeing his bodily perfection, thought thus within them. "The lads are grown big. When the umbrella of royalty is uplifted, what shall be done with them?—As soon as the ceremony of sprinkling is done upon them, they will grow very masterful: ascetics will come, they will see them and will become ascetics also; once they have done this, the whole country will be in confusion. First let us test them, and afterwards have the ceremonial sprinkling." So they both dressed themselves up like ascetics, and went about seeking alms until they came to the door of the house where Hatthipāla lived. The lad was pleased and delighted to see them; approaching, he greeted them with respect, and recited three stanzas:

"At last we see a brahmin like a god, with top-knot great,
With teeth uncleansed, and foul with dust, and burdened with a weight[1].

"At last we see a sage, who takes delight in righteousness,
With robes of bark to cover him, and with the yellow dress.

"Accept a seat, and for your feet fresh water; it is right
To offer gifts of food to guests—accept, as we invite."

[477] Thus he addressed them one after the other. Then the chaplain said to him: "Hatthipāla my son, you say this because you do not know us. You think we are sages from the Himalayas, but such we are not, my son. This is King Esukārī, and I am your father the chaplain." "Then," said the lad, "why are you dressed like sages?" "To try you," said he. "Why try me?" he asked. "Because, if you see us without renouncing the world, we are ready to perform the ceremony of sprinkling, and make you king." "Oh, my father," quoth he, "I want no royalty; I will renounce the world." Then his father replied, "Son Hatthipāla, this is not a time for renouncing the world;" and he explained his intent in the fourth stanza:

"First learn the Vedas, get you wealth and wife
And sons, enjoy the pleasant things of life,
Smell, taste, and every sense: sweet is the wood
To live in then, and then the sage is good."

Hatthipāla replied with a stanza:

"Truth comes not by the Vedas nor by gold;
Nor getting sons will keep from getting old;
[478] From sense there is release, as wise men know;
In the next birth we reap as now we sow."

[1] See *Saṃyutta Nikāya*, p. 1.

In answer to the young man, the king now recited a stanza:

"Most true the words that from thy lips do go:
In the next birth we reap as now we sow,
Thy parents now are old: but may they see
A hundred years of health in store for thee."

"What do you mean, my lord?" asked the prince, and repeated two stanzas:

"He who in death, O King, a friend can find,
And with old age a covenant hath signed;
For him that will not die be this thy prayer,
A hundred years of life to be his share.

"As one who on a river ferries o'er
A boat, and journeys to the other shore,
So mortals do inevitably tend
To sickness and old age, and death's the end."

[479] In this manner he showed these persons how transient are the conditions of mortal life, adding this advice: "As you stand there, O great king, and as I speak with you, even now sickness, old age, and death are drawing nearer to me. Then be vigilant!" So saluting the king and his father, he took with him his own attendants, and forsook the kingdom of Benares, and departed with the intent to embrace the religious life. And a great company of people went with the young man Hatthipāla; "for," said they, "this religious life must be a noble thing." The company extended a league long. He with this company proceeded until he came to the Ganges bank. There he induced the mystic trance by gazing at the water of the Ganges. "There will be a great concourse here," thought he. "My three younger brothers will come, my parents, king, queen, and all, they with their attendants will embrace the religious life. Benares will be empty. Until they come I will remain here." So he sat there, exhorting the crowd assembled.

Next day the king and his chaplain thought, "And so Prince Hatthipāla has really renounced his claim on the kingdom, and is sitting on the Ganges bank, whither he went to follow the religious life, and took a great multitude with him. But let us try Assapāla, and sprinkle him to be king." So as before in the dress of ascetics they went to his door. Pleased he was when he saw them, and went up to them, and repeating the lines "At last," and so forth, he did as the other had done. The others did as before, and told him the cause of their coming. He said, "Why is the White Umbrella offered first to me, seeing I have a brother Prince Hatthipāla?" They answered, "Your brother has gone away, my son, to embrace the religious life; he would have nothing to do with royalty." "Where is he now?" [480] asked the lad. "Sitting on the bank of the Ganges." "Dear ones," he said, "I care not for that which my brother has spewed out of his mouth. Fools and they who are

scant of wisdom cannot renounce this sin, but I will renounce it." Then he declared the Law to father and king in two stanzas which he recited:

"Pleasures of sense are but morass and mire[1];
The heart's delight brings death, and troubles sore.
Who sink in these morasses come no nigher
In witless madness to the further shore[2].

"Here's one who once inflicted grief and pain:
Now he is caught, and no release is found.
That he may never do such things again
I'll build impenetrable walls around."

"There you stand, and even as I speak with you, sickness, old age, and death are approaching nearer." With this admonition, [481] and followed by a company of people a league long, he went to his brother Prince Hatthipāla. Who declared the Law to him, being poised in the air, and said, "Brother, there will be a great concourse to this place; let us both stay here together." The other agreed to stay there.

Next day king and chaplain went in the same manner to the house of Prince Gopāla: and by him being greeted with the same gladness, they explained the cause of their coming. He like Assapāla refused their offer. "For a long time," said he, "I have desired to embrace the religious life; like a cow gone astray in the forest, I have been wandering about in search of this life. I have seen the path by which my brothers have gone, like the track of a lost cow; and by that same path I will go." Then he repeated a stanza:

"Like one who seeks a cow has lost her way,
Who all perplext about the wood doth stray.
So is my welfare lost; then why hang back,
King Esukārī, to pursue the track?"

"But," they replied, "come with us for a day, son Gopālaka, for two or three days come with us; make us happy and then you shall renounce the world." He said, "O great king! never put off till the morrow what ought to be done to-day; if you want luck, take to-day by the forelock." Then he recited another stanza:

"To-morrow! cries the fool; next day! he cries.
No freehold in the future! says the wise;
The good within his reach he'll ne'er despise."

[482] Thus spake Gopāla, declaring the Law in the two stanzas; and added, "There you stand, and even as I talk with you, are approaching disease, old age, and death." Then followed by a company of people a league in length, he made his way to his two brothers. And Hatthipāla poised in the air declared the Law to him also.

[1] This line occurs in iii. 241 (iii. 158 of the translation).
[2] Nirvana.

Next day in the same manner king and chaplain repaired to the house of Prince Ajapāla, who greeted them with joy as the others had done. They told the cause of their coming, and proposed to upraise the umbrella of royalty. The prince said: "Where are my brothers?" They answered, "Your brothers will have nothing to do with the kingdom; they have renounced the White Umbrella, and with a company that covers three leagues they are sitting upon the Ganges bank." "I will not put upon my head that which my brothers have spewed out of their mouths, and so live; but I too will undertake the religious life." They said, "My son, you are very young; your welfare is our care; grow older, and you shall embrace the religious life." But the lad said, "What is this you say? Surely death comes in youth as in age! No one has a mark in hand or foot to show whether he will die young or die old. I know not the time of my death, and therefore I will now renounce the world altogether." He then recited two stanzas:

"Oft have I seen a maiden young and fair,
Bright-eyed[1], intoxicate with life, her share
Of joy untasted yet, in youth's first spring:
Death came and carried off the tender thing.

"So noble, handsome lads, well-made and young,
Round whose dark chins the beard[2] in clusters clung—
I leave the world and all its lusts, to be
A hermit: go thou home, and pardon me."

[483] Then he went on, "There you stand, and even as I talk with you disease, old age, and death are approaching me." He saluted them both, and at the head of a league-long company he repaired to the Ganges bank. Hatthipāla poised in the air declared the Law to him also, and sat down to wait for the great gathering which he expected.

Next day the chaplain began to meditate as he sat upon his couch. "My sons," thought he, "have embraced the religious life; and now I am alone the withered stump of a man. I will follow the religious life also." Then he addressed this stanza to his wife:

"That which has branching boughs a tree they call:
Disbranched, it is a trunk, no tree at all.
So is a sonless man, my high-born wife:
'Tis time for me to embrace the holy life."

This said, he summoned the brahmins before him: sixty thousand of them came. Then he asked them what they meant to do. [484] "You are our teacher," they said. "Well," quoth he, "I shall seek out my son and embrace the religious life." They answered, "Hell is not hot for you alone; we will do likewise." He handed over his treasure, eighty crores,

1 "With eyes like the flower of *Pandanus Odoratissimus*."

2 "Beard as it were covered with *Carthamus Tinctorius*."

to his wife, and at the head of a league-long train of brahmins departed to the place where his sons were. And unto this company as before Hatthipāla declared the Law, poised on high in the air.

Next day thought the wife to herself, "My four sons have refused the White Umbrella to follow the life of the religious; my husband has left his fortune of eighty thousand, and his position of royal chaplain to boot, and gone to join his sons:—what am I to do all by myself? By the way my son has gone I will go also." And quoting an ancient saw she recited this stanza of aspiration:

"The rain-months past, the geese break net and snare,
With a free flight like herons through the air;[1]
So by the path of husband and of son
I'll seek for knowledge as they two have done."

"Since this I know," she said to herself, "why should I not renounce the world?" With this purpose she summoned the brahmin women, and said to them: [485] "What do you mean to do with yourselves?" They asked, "What do you?"—"As for me, I shall renounce the world."—"Then we will do the same." So leaving all her splendour, she went after her sons, taking with her a league-long company of women. To this company also Hatthipāla declared the Law, sitting poised in the air.

Next day the king asked, "Where is my chaplain?" "My lord," they replied, "the chaplain and his wife have left all their wealth behind, and have gone after their sons with a company that covers two or three leagues." Said the king, "Masterless money comes to me," and sent to fetch it from the chaplain's house. The chief queen now wanted to know what the king was doing. "He is fetching the treasure," she was told, "from the chaplain's house." "And where is the chaplain?" she asked. "Gone to be a religious, wife and all." "Why," thought she, "here is the king fetching into his own house the dung and the spittle dropt by this brahmin and his wife and his four sons! Infatuate fool! I will teach him by a parable." She got some dog's-flesh, and made a heap of it in the palace courtyard. Then she set a snare round it, leaving the way open straight upwards. The vultures seeing it from afar swooped down. But the wise among them noticed that a snare had been set around it; and feeling they were too heavy to rise up straight, they disgorged what they had eaten, and without being caught in the snare rose up and flew away. Others blind with folly devoured the vomit of the first, and being heavy could not get clear away but were caught in the snare. They brought

[1] The scholiast refers to a story describing how a spider in the rains wove a net that enclosed a flock of golden geese, how two of the younger birds at the end of the rains broke through by main force, and how the rest followed by the same gap and flew away.

one of the vultures to the queen, and she carried it to the king. "See, O king!" said she, "there is a sight for us in the courtyard." Then opening a window, "Look at those vultures, your majesty!" Then she repeated two stanzas:

"The birds that ate and vomited in the air are flying free:
But those which ate and kept it down are captured now by me.

[486] "A brahmin vomits out his lusts, and wilt thou eat the same?
A man who eats a vomit, sire, deserves the deepest blame."

At these words the king repented; the three states of existence[1] seemed as blazing fires; and he said, "This very day I must leave my kingdom and embrace the religious life." Full of grief, he lauded his queen in a stanza:

"Like as a strong man lends a helping hand
To weaker, sunk in mire or in quicksand:
So, Queen Pañcātī, thou hast saved me here,
With verses sung so sweetly in mine ear."

No sooner had he thus said, than on the instant he sent for his courtiers, eager to undertake the religious life, and said to them, "And what will you do?" They answered, "What will you?" He said, "I will seek Hatthipāla and become a religious." "Then," said they, "we, my lord, will do the same." The king left his sovranty over Benares, that great city, twelve leagues in extent, and said, "Let who will upraise the White Umbrella." Then surrounded by his courtiers, at the head of a column three leagues in length, he went to the presence of the young man. To this body also Hatthipāla declared the Law, sitting high in the air.

The Master repeated a stanza which told how the king renounced this world.

"Thus Esukārī, mighty king, the lord of many lands,
From King turned hermit, like an elephant that bursts his bands."

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[487] Next day the people who were left in the city gathered before the palace door, and sent in word to the queen. They entered, and saluting the queen, stood on one side, repeating a stanza:

"It is the pleasure of our noble king
To be a hermit, leaving everything.
So in the king's place now we pray thee stand;
Cherish the realm, protected by our hand."

[1] Sensual, Bodily, and Formless, referring to the three correspondent worlds.

She listened to what the crowd said, and then repeated the remaining stanzas:

"It is the pleasure of the noble king
To be a hermit, leaving everything.
Now know that I will walk the world alone,
Renouncing lusts and pleasures every one.

"It is the pleasure of the noble king
To be a hermit, leaving everything.
Now know that I will walk the world alone,
Where'er they be, renouncing lusts each one.

"Time passes on, night after night goes by[1],
Youth's beauties one by one must fade and die:
Now know that I will walk the world alone,
Renouncing lusts and pleasures every one.

"Time passes on, night after night goes by,
Youth's beauties one by one must fade and die:
Now know that I will walk the world alone,
Where'er they be, renouncing lusts each one.

"Time passes on, night after night goes by,
Youth's beauties one by one must fade and die:
Now know that I will walk the world alone,
Each bond thrown off, nor passion's power I own."

[488] In these stanzas she declared the Law to the great crowd; then summoning the courtier's wives said to them, "And what will you do?" "Madam," say they, "what will you?"—"I will embrace the religious life."—"Then so will we do." So the queen set open the doors of all the storehouses of gold in the palace, and she caused to be engraved on a golden plate, "In such a place is a great treasure hidden"; any one who chose might have it. This gold plate she fastened to a pillar upon the great dais, and sent the drum beating the proclamation about the city. Then leaving all her magnificence she departed from the city. Then was the whole city in a garboil: the cry was, "Our king and queen have left the city to join the religious; what are we to do now?" Thereupon the people all left their houses, and all that was in them, and went out, taking their sons by the hand; all the shops stood open, but no one so much as turned to look at them: the whole city was empty.

And the queen with an attendant train of three leagues in length went to the same place as the others. To this company also Hatthipāla declared the Law, poised in the air above them; and then with the whole train a dozen leagues long he set out for Himalaya.

All Kāsi was in an uproar, crying how young Hatthipāla had emptied the city of Benares, twelve leagues in extent, and how with a huge company he is off to Himalaya to embrace the religious life; "surely then," said they, "much more should we do it!" In the end this company grew so that it covered thirty leagues; [489] and he with this great company went to Himalaya.

[1] See *Saṁyutta Nikāya*, I. p. 3.

Sakka in his meditation perceived what was afoot. "Prince Hatthipāla," he thought, "has made the Renunciation; there will be a great gathering of people, and they must have a place to live in." He gave orders to Vissakamma: "Go, make a hermitage six and thirty leagues long and fifteen broad, and gather in it all that is necessary for the religious." He obeyed; and made on the Ganges bank in a pleasant spot a hermitage of the required size, prepared in the leaf-huts pallets strewn with twigs or strewn with leaves, made ready all things necessary for the religious. Each hut had its doors, each its promenade; there were separate places for night and day living; all was neatly worked over with whitewash; there were benches for rest. Here and there were flowering-trees all laden with fragrant blooms of many colours; at the end of each promenade was a well for drawing water, and beside it a fruit-tree, and each tree bore all manner of fruits. This was all done by divine power. When Vissakamma had finished the hermitage, and provided the leaf huts with all things needful, he inscribed in letters of vermilion upon a wall—"Whoso will embrace the religious life is welcome to these necessary things." Then by his supernatural power he banished from that place all hideous sounds, all hateful beasts and birds, all unhuman beings, and went back to his own place.

Hatthipāla came upon this hermitage, Sakka's gift, by a footpath, and saw the writing. Then he thought, "Sakka must have perceived that I have made the Great Renunciation." He opened a door, and entered a hut, and taking those things which mark the ascetic he went out again, and along the promenade, walking up and down a few times. Then he admitted the rest of the company to the religious life, and went to inspect the hermitage. He set apart in the midst a habitation for women with young boys, one next it for the old women, the next for childless women; the other huts all round he allotted to men.

[490] Then a certain king, hearing that there was no king in Benares, went to see, and found the city adorned and decorated. Entering the royal palace, he saw the treasure lying in a heap. "What!" said he, "to renounce a city like this, and to become a religious so soon as the chance came, this is truly a noble thing!" Asking the way of some drunken fellow he went to find Hatthipāla. When Hatthipāla perceived he was come to the skirt of the forest, he went out to meet him, and poised in the air declared the Law to his company. Then he led them to the hermitage, and received the whole band into the Brotherhood. In the same manner six other kings joined them. These seven kings renounced their wealth. The hermitage, six and thirty leagues in extent, was filling continually. When some great man had thoughts of lust or any such thing, he would declare the Law to him, and teach them the thought of the Perfections and the Ecstasy; these then generally developed

the mystic trance; and two-thirds of them were born again in Brahma's world, while the third being divided into three parts, one part was born in Brahma's world, one in the six heavens of sense, one having performed a seer's mission was born in the world of men. Thus they enjoyed each of the three their own merit[1]. Thus Hatthipāla's teaching saved all from hell, from animal birth, from the world of ghosts, and from being embodied as a Titan.

In this island of Ceylon, those who made the Renunciation were: Elder Dhammagutta, who made the earth to quake; Elder Phussadeva, a citizen of Kaṭakandhakāra; Elder Mahāsaṁgharakkhita, from Uparimaṇḍalakamalaya; Elder Malimahādeva; Elder Mahādeva, from Bhaggiri; Elder Mahāsīva, from Vāmantapabbhāra; Elder Mahānāga, from Kāḷavallimaṇḍapa; those in the company of Kuddāla, of Mūgapakkha, of Cūlasutasoma, of Ayoghara the Wise, and last of all Hatthipāla. Therefore said the Blessed One, "Make haste, ye happy!" etc.[2], that is, happiness will come only if they use all speed.

[491] When he had ended this discourse, the Master said, "Thus, Brethren, the Tathāgata made the Great Renunciation long ago, as now"; which said he identified the Birth: "At that time, King Suddhodana was King Esukārī, Mahāmāyā his queen, Kassapa the chaplain, Bhaddakāpilānī his wife, Anuruddha was Ajapāla, Moggallāna was Gopāla, Sāriputta was Hatthipāla, the Buddha's followers were the rest, and I myself was Hatthipāla."

No. 510.

AYOGHARA-JĀTAKA.

"*Life once conceived, etc.*" This story the Master told about the Great Renunciation. Here again he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that the Tathāgata has made the Great Renunciation, for he did the same before." And he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the queen consort conceived, and when her full time was come she brought forth a son just after dawn of day. Now in a former existence, another wife of the same husband had prayed that she might be able to devour the child of this woman; she, it is said, was barren, and being angry with mother and son uttered this prayer, for which cause she came into being as

[1] For the three *Kusalasampattayo* see Childers, p. 439.

[2] *Dhammapada*, 116.

a goblin. The other became the king's consort, and brought forth this son. Well, the she-goblin found her chance, and putting on a horrific shape caught up the child from under the mother's eyes and made off. The queen screamed with a loud voice—"A goblin is carrying off my son!" The other champed and mumbled him like an onion, and swallowed him down; then after various transformations of her limbs, which annoyed and frightened the queen, departed. When the king heard, he was dumb: what could be done, thought he, against a goblin?

Next time the queen was in childbed, he set a strong guard about her. She bore another son; the goblin again came, and devoured him too, and departed.

The third time it was the Great Being conceived in her womb. The king gathered a number of people together, and said: "Each son my queen has brought forth, a she-goblin comes and devours him. [492] What is to be done?" Then some one said, "Goblins are afraid of a palm-leaf; you should bind one such leaf on each of her hands and feet." Another said, "It is an iron house they fear; one should be made." The king was willing. He summoned all the smiths in his realm and bade them build him an iron house, and set overseers over them. Right in the town in a pleasant place they builded a house; pillars it had, and all the parts of a house, all made of nothing but iron: in nine months there it stood finished, a great hall foursquare: it shone, lighted continually with lamps.

When the king knew that she drew near her time, he had the iron house fitted up, and took her into it. She brought forth a son with the marks of goodness and luck upon him, and they gave him the name of Ayoghara-Kumāra, the Prince of the Iron House. The king gave him in charge to nurses, and placed a great guard about the place, while he with his queen made the circuit of the whole city rightwise, and then went up to his magnificent terrace. Meanwhile the she-goblin wanting water to drink had been destroyed in trying to fetch some of the water of Vessavaṇa.

In the iron house the Great Being grew up, and increased in wisdom, and there also he was educated in all the sciences.

The king asked his courtiers, "What is my son's age?" They replied, "He is sixteen years old, my lord: a hero, mighty and strong, fit to master a thousand goblins!" The king determined to place the kingdom in his son's hands. He had the city decorated, and gave order that the lad be brought to him out of the iron house. The courtiers obeyed: all Benares was decorated, that great city of twelve leagues in extent; they decked out the state elephant in magnificent caparison, and drest the boy in his best, and placed him upon the elephant's back, saying, "My lord, make a circuit rightwise about the rejoicing city, your inheritance, and salute your father the King of Kāsi; for this day you shall receive the

White Umbrella." The Great Being made his ceremonial circuit rightwise, and seeing the beautiful parks, the beautiful colours, lakes, plots of ground, all the beautiful houses and so forth, [493] thought thus within himself: "All this while my father has kept me close in prison, never let me see this city so richly adorned. What fault can there be in me?" He put this question to the courtiers. "My lord," they said, "there is no fault in you; but a she-goblin devoured your two brothers, therefore your father made you live in an iron house, and the iron house has saved your life." These words made him think again, "For ten months I was in my mother's womb, as it might have been the Hell of the Iron Caldron or the Hell of Dung[1]; and when I came forth from the womb, for sixteen years I dwelt in this prison, never a chance of looking outside. Though I have escaped the hands of the goblin I am neither free from old age nor death. What care I for royalty? Once established in the royal place it is hard for one to get away. This very day will I ask my father's leave to embrace the religious life, and I will go to Himalaya and do so."

Accordingly after his procession about the city was over, he went to the king's palace, and saluted the king, and stood waiting. The king seeing his bodily beauty, looked at his courtiers with strong love in his eyes. "What do you wish us to do, Sire?" they asked. "Take my son and put him on a pile of jewels, sprinkle him from the three conchs, uplift the White Umbrella with its festoons of gold." But the Great Being saluted his father, and said, "Father, I want nothing to do with royalty. I wish to embrace the religious life, and I crave your leave to do so." "Why would you leave your royalty, my son, and embrace the religious life?"—"My lord, for ten months I was in my mother's womb, as it were the Hell of Dung; once born, for fear of a goblin I dwelt sixteen years in a prison, with never a chance even of looking outside,—I seemed as it were cast into the Ussada hell. Now safe from the goblin I am neither safe from old age nor death, for death no man can conquer. I am weary of existence. Until disease, old age, death comes upon me I will follow the life of the religious, walking in righteousness. No kingdom for me! My lord, grant your permission!" Then he declared the Law to his father thus:

[494] "Life once conceived within the womb, no sooner has begun,
Than on it goes continually, its course is never done[2].

[1] *Gūthanirayo.*

[2] The scholiast explaining this quotes the following lines:

"First seed, then embryo, then shapeless flesh,
Then something solid, out of which soon grow
Thighs, hair on head and body, with the nails:
Whatever food or drink the mother takes,
The baby lives on, in his mother's womb."

"No warlike prowess nor no mighty strength
Can keep men from old age and death at length;
All being plagued with birth and age I see:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Great kings by force and violence subdue
Hosts of four arms[1], terrific to the view;
Over death's host they win no victory:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Though horses, elephants, and cars, and men
Surround them, some have yet got free again;
But from the hands of death no man gets free:
So I'm resolved--a holy life for me.

"With horses, elephants, and cars, and men,
Heroes destroy and crush and crush again;
But to crush death no man so strong I see:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Mad elephants in rut with oozing skin
Trample whole towns and slay the men within,
To trample death no one so strong I see:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Archers who most strong-armed and skilful are,
Wound like a flash of lightning from afar,
But to wound death no man so strong I see:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Great lakes, their woods and rocks, to ruin fall,
After a while ruin shall come to all,
In time all brought to nothing they shall be
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Like as a tree upon a river brink,
Or as a drunkard sells his coat for drink[2],
Such is the life of those who mortals be:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me."

[495] "The body's elements dissolve—they fall
Young, old, the middle-aged, men, women—all,
Fall as the fruit falls from a shaken tree:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Man's prime is all unlike the queen whose reign
Rules o'er the stars[3]: it ne'er will come again.
For worn-out eld what joy or love can be?
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"While ghost and sprite and horrid goblin can
When angry breathe their poison-breath on man,
Gainst death their poison-breath no help can be:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"While ghost and sprite and horrid goblin can
When angry, be appeased by deed of man,
Work it with death, no softening knows he:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

[1] Horse, Foot, Chariots, Elephants.

[2] The text is: "like a drunkard's cloth," but this cryptic utterance is thus explained by the scholiast.

[3] The Moon.

"Those who do crime, and wrong, and hurtful things,
When known, are punished by the act of kings,
But against death no punishment can be:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Those who do crime, and wrong, and hurtful things
Can find a way to stay the hand of kings,
But how to stay death's hand no way can be:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Warriors or brahmins, men of high estate,
Men of much wealth, the mighty and the great,—
King Death no pity has, no ruth has he:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Lions and tigers, panthers, seize their prey,
And all devour it, struggle as it may;
From fear of their devouring death is free:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Upon the stage a juggler with his sleight
Performing can deceive the people's sight,
To cozen death, no trick so quick can be:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

[496] "Serpents enraged will with envenomed bite
Attack at once and kill a man outright;
For death no fear of poison-bite can be:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Serpents enraged with venomed fangs may bite,
The skilful leach can stay the poison's might;
To cure death's bite no man so strong can be:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Physicians' skill could cure the serpent's bite;
Now they are dead themselves and out of sight,
Bhoga, Vetaraṇī, Dhammantarī:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Some who in spells and magic lore are wise
Can walk invisible to other eyes,
Yet not so invisible but death can see:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Safe is the man who walks in righteousness;
Religion well observed has power to bless;
Happy the righteous man and never he
While he is righteous falls in misery[1].

"Is it not true, his proper fruit from right or wrong shall spring?
Right leads to heaven, unrighteousness a man to hell must bring[2]."

[499] When the Great Being had thus declared the Law in twenty-four stanzas, he said, "O great king! keep your kingdom to yourself; I want none of it. Even as I am talking with you, disease, old age, and death draw nearer to me. Stay where you are." Then, as a mad

[1] This stanza is given in the Introduction to the Jataka book, no. 224 (not in our translation): see Rhys Davids, *Buddhist Birth Stories*, p. 34. Also in *Dhammapada*, p. 126, *Theragāthā* 35.

[2] See *Dhammapada*, p. 90 in Fausboll's Commentary, l. 3.

elephant might burst his steel chains, as a young lion might break out of a golden cage, he burst his carnal desires; and saluting his parents, he departed. Then his father said, "I want not the Kingdom!" and leaving it went with him. When he was gone, the queen and courtiers, brahmins, householders, and everyone else who dwelt in the city, left their houses and went away. There was a great concourse; the crowd covered twelve leagues. With this crowd he set out for Himalaya.

When Sakka perceived that he had departed, he sent Vissakamma to make a hermitage twelve leagues long and seven wide, and bade him put within it all things requisite for the ascetic life. How the Great Being proceeded to admit these into the Brotherhood, and admonished them, and how they became destined for Brahma's world, or entered upon the Third Path, all must be repeated again as before.

This discourse ended, the Master said: "Thus, Brethren, the Tathāgata has made the Great Renunciation before"; after which he identified the Birth:—"At that time the king's parents were the mother and father, the Buddha's followers were their followers, and I was myself the Wise Ayoghara."

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